564F

B/—

2 Vols

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memoirsleland01lelaiala

Cloth 527

MEMOIRS

LELAND.

Yours truly
Charles G. Leland.

MEMOIRS

BY

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND
(HANS BREITMANN)

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1893
[*All rights reserved*]

PREFACE

It happened once in Boston, in the year 1861 or 1862, that I was at a dinner of the Atlantic Club, such as was held every Saturday, when the question was raised as to whether any man had ever written a complete and candid autobiography. Emerson, who was seated by me at the right, suggested the "Confessions" of Rousseau. I objected that it was full of untruths, and that for plain candour it was surpassed by the "Life of Casanova." Of this work (regarding which Carlyle has said, "Whosoever has looked therein, let him wash his hands and be unclean until even") neither Emerson nor Lowell, nor Palfrey nor Agassiz, nor any of the others present seemed to have any knowledge, until Dr. Holmes, who was more adventurous, admitted he knew somewhat thereof. Now, as I had read it thrice through, I knew it pretty well. I reflected on this, but came to the conclusion that perhaps the great reason why the world has so few and frank autobiographies is really because the world exacts too much. It is no more necessary to describe everything cynically than it is to set forth all our petty diseases in detail. There are many influences which, independent of passion or shame, do far more to form character.

Acting from this reflection, I wrote this book with no intention that it should be published; I had, indeed, some idea that a certain friend might use it after my death as a source whence to form a Life. Therefore I wrote, as fully and honestly as I could, *everything* which I could remember which had made me what I am. It occurred to me as a leading motive that a century or two hence the true inner life of *any* man who had actually lived from the time when railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, gas, percussion-caps, fulminating matches, the opera and omnibuses, evolution and socialism were quite unknown to his world, into the modern age, would be of some value. So I described my childhood or youth exactly as I recalled, or as I felt it. Such a book requires very merciful allowance from humane reviewers.

It seemed to me, also, that though I have not lived familiarly among the princes, potentates, and powers of the earth, yet as I have met or *seen* or corresponded with about five hundred of the three thousand set down in "Men of the Time," and been kindly classed among them, it was worth while to mention my meetings with many of them. Had the humblest scribbler of the age of Elizabeth so much as mentioned that he had ever exchanged a word with, or even looked at, any of the great writers of his time, his record would now be read with avidity. I have really never in my life run after such men, or sought to make their acquaintance with a view of extending my list; all that I

can tell of them, as my book will show, has been the result of chance. But what I have written will be of some interest, I think—at least "in the dim and remote future."

I had laid the manuscript by, till I had time to quite forget what I had written, when I unexpectedly received a proposal from William Heinemann to write my memoirs. I then read over my work, and determined "to let it go," as it was. It seemed to me that, with all its faults, it fulfilled the requisition of Montaigne in being *ung livre de bonne foye*. So it has gone forth into print. *Jacta est alea.*

The story of what is to me by far the most interesting period of my life remains to be written. This embraces an account of my labour for many years in introducing Industrial Art as a branch of education in schools, my life in England and on the Continent for more than twenty years, my travels in Russia and Egypt, my researches among Gypsies and Algonkin Indians, my part in Oriental and Folklore and other Congresses, my discovery of the Shelta or Ogham tongue in Great Britain, and the long and very strangely adventurous discoveries, continued for five years, among *witches* in Italy, which resulted in the discovery that all the names of the old Etruscan gods are still remembered by the peasantry of the Toscana Romagna, and that ceremonies and invocations are still addressed to them. All this, however, is still too near to be written about. But if the present volumes meet

with public favour, it may, perhaps, some day form a second series of reminiscences, as it will consist simply of narrative, and I shall be able in it to profit by such criticisms, adverse or favourable, as this work may attract.

As some of my readers (and assuredly a great many of the American) will find these volumes are wanting in personal adventure and lively variety of experiences, and perhaps dull as regards "incidents," I would remind them that it is, after all, only the life of a mere literary man and quiet, humble scholar, and that such existences are seldom very dramatic. English readers, who are more familiar with such men or literature, will be less exacting. What I have narrated is nowhere heightened in colour, retouched in drawing, or made the utmost of for effect, and I might have gone much further as regards my experiences in politics with the *Continental Magazine*, and during my connection with Colonel Forney, or life in the West, and have taken the whole, not more from my memory than from the testimony of others. But if this work be, as Germans say, at first too subjective, and devoted too much to mere mental development by aid of books, the "balance" to come of my life will be found to differ materially from it, though it is indeed nowhere in any passage exciting. This present work treats of my infancy in Philadelphia, with some note of the quaint and beautiful old Quaker city as it then was, and many of its inhabitants who still remembered Colonial times and

Washington's Republican Court; reminiscences of boyhood in New England; my revolutionary grandfathers and other relatives, and such men as the last survivor of the Boston Tea-party (I also saw the last signer of the Declaration of Independence); an account of my early reading; my college life at Princeton; three years in Europe passed at the Universities of Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, in what was emphatically the prime of their quaint student-days; an account of my barricade experiences of the French Revolution of Forty-Eight, of which I missed no chief scene; my subsequent life in America as lawyer, man of letters, and journalist; my experiences in connection with the Civil War, and my work in the advancement of the signing the Emancipation by Abraham Lincoln; recollections of the Oil Region when the oil mania was at its height; a winter on the frontier in the debatable land (which was indeed not devoid of strange life, though I say it); my subsequent connection for three years with Colonel John Forney, during which Grant's election was certainly carried by him, and in which, as he declared, I "had been his right-hand man;" my writing of sundry books, such as the "Breitmann Ballads," and my subsequent life in Europe to the year 1870.

I can enumerate in my memory distinctly half-a-dozen little-known men whom I have known, and could with time recall far many more, compared to whose lives my uneventful and calm career has been as that of the mole before the eagle's.

Yet not one of their lives will ever be written, which is certainly a pity. The practice of writing real autobiographies is rapidly ceasing in this our age, when it is bad form to be egoistic or to talk about one's self, and we are almost shocked in revising those chronicled in the *Causeries de Lundi* of Sainte-Beuve. Now-a-days we have good gossipy reminiscences of *other* people, in which the writer remains as unseen as the operator of a Punch exhibition in his *schwassel* box, while he displays his puppets. I find no fault with this—*à chacun sa manière.* But it is very natural under such influences that men whose own lives are full of and inspired with their *own* deeds will not write them on the model of Benvenuto Cellini. One of the greatest generals of modern times, Lord Napier of Magdala, told me that he believed I was the only person to whom he had ever fully narrated his experiences of the siege of Lucknow. He seemed to be surprised at having so forgotten himself. In ancient Viking days the hero made his *début* in every society with a "*Me voici, mes enfants!* Listen if you want to be astonished!" and proceeded to tell how he had smashed the heads of kings, and mashed the hearts of maidens, and done great deeds all round. It was bad form—and yet we should never have known much about Regner Lodbrog but for such a canticle. If I, in this work, have not quite effaced myself, as good taste demands, let it be remembered that if I had, at the time of writing, distinctly felt that it would be printed as

put down, there would, most certainly, have been much less of "me" visible, and the dead-levelled work would have escaped much possible shot of censure. It was a little in a spirit of defiant reaction that I resolved to let it be published as it is, and risk the chances. As Uncle Toby declared that, after all, a mother must in some kind of a way be a relation to her own child, so it still appears to me that to write an autobiography the author must say *something* about himself; but it is a great and very popular *tour de force* to quite avoid doing this, and all art of late years has run to merely skilfully overcoming difficulties and avoiding interesting *motives* or subjects. It may be, therefore, that in days to come, my book will be regarded with some interest, as a curious relic of a barbarous age, and written in a style long passed away—

> "When they sat with ghosts on a stormy shore,
> And spoke in a tongue which men speak no more;
> Living in wild and wondrous ways,
> In the ancient giant and goblin days."

Once in my younger time, one of the most beautiful and intellectual women whom I ever knew, Madame Anita de Barréra—(Daniel Webster said she was beautiful enough to redeem a whole generation of blue-stockings from the charge of ugliness)—once made a great and pathetic fuss to me about a *grey hair* which had appeared among her black tresses. "And what difference," I said, "can one white hair make to any friend?" "Well," she

replied, "I thought if I could not awaken any other feeling, I might at least inspire in you veneration for old age." So with this work of mine, if it please in naught else, it may still gratify some who love to trace the footsteps of the past, and listen to what is told by one who lived long "before the war."

Now for a last word—which involves the only point of any importance to me personally in this preface — I would say that there will be certain readers who will perhaps think that I have exaggerated my life-work, or blown my own trumpet too loudly. To these I declare in plain honesty, that I believe there have been or are in the United States *thousands* of men who have *far* surpassed me, especially as regards services to the country during the Civil War. There were leaders in war and diplomacy, editors and soldiers who sacrificed their lives, to whose names I can only bow in reverence and humility. But as it was said of the great unknown who passed away—the *fortes ante Agamemnon*—"they had no poet, and they died." These most deserving ones have not written their lives or set themselves forth, "and so they pass into oblivion"—and I regret it with all my soul. But this is no reason why those who did something, albeit in lesser degree, should not chronicle their experiences exactly as they appear to them, and it is not in human nature to require a man to depreciate that to which he honestly devoted all his energies. Perhaps it never yet entered into

the heart of man to conceive how much has really been done by everybody.

And I do most earnestly and solemnly protest, as if it were my last word in life, that I have said nothing whatever as regards my political work and its results which was not seriously said at the time by many far greater men than I, so that I believe I have not the least exaggerated in any trifle, even unconsciously. Thus I can never forget the deep and touching sympathy which Henry W. Longfellow expressed to me regarding my efforts to advance Emancipation, and how, when some one present observed that perhaps I would irritate the Non-Abolition Union men, the poet declared emphatically, "But it is a great idea" or "a noble work." And Lowell and George Curtis, Bayard Taylor, and many more spoke to the same effect. And what they said of me I may repeat for the sake of History and of Truth.

C. G. L.

CONTENTS

I.

PAGE

Early Life (1824–1837) 1

II.

Boyhood and Youth (1837–1845) 89

III.

University Life and Travel in Europe (1845–1848) . 149

IV.

The Return to America (1848–1862) 263

I.

EARLY LIFE.

1824–1837.

I.

EARLY LIFE.

1824–1837.

My birthplace—Count Bruno and Dufief—Family items—General Lafayette—The Dutch witch-nurse—Early friends and associations—Philadelphia sixty years ago—Early reading—Genealogy—First schools—Summers in New England—English influences—The Revolutionary grandfather—Centenarians—The last survivor of the Boston Tea-party and the last signer of the Declaration—Indians—Memories of relations—A Quaker school—My ups and downs in classes—Arithmetic—My first ride in a railway car—My marvellous invention—Mr. Alcott's school—A Transcendental teacher—Rev. W. H. Furness—Miss Eliza Leslie—The boarding-school near Boston—Books—A terrible winter—My first poem—I return to Philadelphia.

I WAS born on the 15th of August 1824, in a house which was in Philadelphia, and in Chestnut Street, the second door below Third Street, on the north side. It had been built in the old Colonial time, and in the room in which I first saw life there was an old chimney-piece, which was so remarkable that strangers visiting the city often came to see it. It was, I believe, of old carved oak, possibly mediæval, which had been brought from some English manor as a relic. I am indebted for this information to a Mr. Landreth, who lived in the house at the time.[1]

[1] As I was very desirous of learning more about this celebrated fireplace, I inserted a request in the *Public Ledger* for information regarding

It was then a boarding-house, kept by a Mrs. Rodgers. She had taken it from a lady who had also kept it for boarders. The daughter of this latter married President Madison. She was the well-known "Dolly Madison," famous for her grace, accomplishments, and *belle humeur*, of whom there are stories still current in Washington.

My authority informed me that there were among the boarders in the house two remarkable men, one of whom often petted me as a babe, and took a fancy to me. He was a Swedish Count, who had passed, it was said, a very wild life as pirate for several years on the Spanish Main. He was identified as the Count Bruno of Frederica Bremer's novel, "The Neighbours." The other was the famous philologist, Dufief, author of "Nature Dis-

it, which elicited the following from some one to me unknown, to whom I now return thanks :—

"Mr. City-Editor of the *Public Ledger*,—In your edition of this date, I notice a communication headed 'To Local Antiquarians.' Without any well-founded pretensions to the designation 'Antiquarian,' as I get older I still take a great interest in the early history of our beloved city. I remember *distinctly* the fact, but not the date, of reading a description of the 'mantelpiece.' It was of wood, handsomely carved on the pillars, and under the shelf, and on the centre between the pillars, was the following quaint and witty *hieroglyphic* inscription :—

When the grate is M. T. put :
When it is . putting :

which is a little puzzling at first sight, but readily translated by converting the punctuation points into written words.

"Senior.

"Frankford, *May* 24, 1892."

I can add to this, that the chimney-piece was originally made for wood-fires, and that long after a grate was set in and the inscription added.

played," a work of such remarkable ability that I wonder that it should have passed into oblivion.

My mother had been from her earliest years devoted to literature to a degree which was unusual at that time in the United States. She had been, as a girl, a special *protégée* of Hannah Adams, the author of many learned works, who was the first person buried in the Mount Auburn Cemetery of Boston. She directed my mother's reading, and had great influence over her. My mother had also been very intimate with the daughters of Jonathan Russell, the well-known diplomatist. My maternal grandfather was Colonel Godfrey, who had fought in the war of the Revolution, and who was at one time an aide-de-camp of the Governor of Massachusetts. He was noted for the remarkable gentleness of his character. I have heard that when he went forth of a morning, all the animals on his farm would run to meet and accompany him. He had to a miraculous degree a certain sympathetic power, so that all beings, men included, loved him. I have heard my mother say that as a girl she had a tame crow who was named Tom, and that he could distinctly cry the word "What?" When Tom was walking about in the garden, if called, he would reply "What?" in a perfectly human manner.

When I was one month old, General Lafayette visited our city and passed in a grand procession before the house. It is one of the legends of my infancy that my nurse said, "Charley shall see the General too!" and held me up to the window.

General Lafayette, seeing this, laughed and bowed to me. He was the first gentleman who ever saluted me formally. When I reflect how, in later life, adventure, the study of languages, and a French Revolution came into my experiences, it seems to me as if Count Bruno, Dufief, and Lafayette had all been premonitors of the future.

I was a great sufferer from many forms of ill-health in my infancy. Before my second birthday, I had a terrible illness with inflammation of the brain. Dr. Dewees (author of a well-known work on diseases of women and children), who attended me, said that I was insane for a week, and that it was a case without parallel. I mention this because I believe that I owe to it in a degree whatever nervousness and tendency to "idealism" or romance and poetry has subsequently been developed in me. Through all my childhood and youth its influence was terribly felt, nor have I to this day recovered from it.

I should mention that my first nurse in life was an old Dutch woman named Van der Poel. I had not been born many days before I and my cradle were missing. There was a prompt outcry and search, and both were soon found in the garret or loft of the house. There I lay sleeping, on my breast an open Bible, with, I believe, a key and knife, at my head lighted candles, money, and a plate of salt. Nurse Van der Poel explained that it was done to secure my rising in life—by taking me up to the garret. I have since learned from a witch that the same is

still done in exactly the same manner in Italy, and in Asia. She who does it must be, however, a *strega* or sorceress (my nurse was reputed to be one), and the child thus initiated will become deep in darksome lore, an adept in *occulta*, and a scholar. If I have not turned out to be all of this *in majoribus*, it was not the fault of my nurse.

Next door to us lived a family in which were four daughters who grew up to be famous belles. It is said that when the poet N. P. Willis visited them, one of these young ladies, who was familiar with his works, was so overcome that she fainted. Forty years after Willis distinctly recalled the circumstance. Fainting was then fashionable.

Among the household friends of our family I can remember Mr. John Vaughan, who had legends of Priestley, Berkley, and Thomas Moore, and who often dined with us on Sunday. I can also recall his personal reminiscences of General Washington, Jefferson, and all the great men of the previous generation. He was a gentle and beautiful old man, with very courtly manners and snow-white hair, which he wore in a queue. He gave away the whole of a large fortune to the poor. Also an old Mr. Crozier, who had been in France through all the French Revolution, and had known Robespierre, Marat, Fouquier Tinville, &c. I wish that I had betimes noted down all the anecdotes I ever heard from them. There were also two old ladies, own nieces of Benjamin Franklin, who for many years continually took tea with us. One of them, Mrs. Kinsman,

presented me with the cotton quilt under which her uncle had died. Another lady, Miss Louisa Nancrede, who had been educated in France, had seen Napoleon, and often described him to me. She told me many old French fairy-tales, and often sang a ballad (which I found in after years in the works of Cazotte), which made a great impression on me—something like that of "Childe Roland to the dark tower came." It was called *Le Sieur Enguerrand*, and the refrain was "*Oh ma bonne j'ai tant peur.*"

That these and many other influences of culture stirred me strangely even as a child, is evident from the fact that they have remained so vividly impressed on my memory. This reminds me that I can distinctly remember that when I was eight years of age, in 1832, my grandmother, Mrs. Oliver Leland, told my mother that the great German poet Goethe had recently died, and that they bade me remember it. On the same day I read in the *Athenæum* (an American reprint of leading articles, poems, &c., from English magazines, which grandmother took all her life long) a translation of Schiller's "Diver." I only read it once, and to this day I can repeat nearly the whole of it. I have now by me, as I write, a silver messenger-ring of King Robert, and I never see it without thinking of the corner of the room by the side-door where I stood when grandmother spoke of the death of Goethe. But I anticipate.

My father was a commission merchant, and had his place of business in Market Street below Third

Street. His partner was Charles S. Boker, who had a son, George, who will often be mentioned in these Memoirs. George became in after life distinguished as a poet, and was Minister for many years at Constantinople and at St. Petersburg.

From Mrs. Rodgers' my parents went to Mrs. Shinn's, in Second Street. It also was a very old-fashioned house, with a garden full of flowers, and a front doorstep almost on a level with the ground. The parlour had a large old fireplace, set with blue tiles of the time of Queen Anne, and it was my delight to study and have explained to me from them the story of Joseph and his brethren and Æsop's fables. Everything connected with this house recurs to me as eminently pleasant, old-fashioned, and very respectable. I can remember something very English-like among the gentlemen-boarders who sat after dinner over their Madeira, and a beautiful lady, Mrs. Stanley, who gave me a sea-shell. Thinking of it all, I seem to have lived in a legend by Hawthorne.

There was another change to a Mrs. Eaton's boarding-house in Fifth Street, opposite to the side of the Franklin Library. I can remember that there was a very good marine picture by Birch in the drawing-room. This was after living in the Washington Square house, of which I shall speak anon. I am not clear as to these removals. There were some men of culture at Mrs. Eaton's—among them Sears C. Walker, a great astronomer, and a Dr. Brewer, who had travelled in Italy and brought back with him pieces of sculpture. We were almost

directly opposite the State House, where liberty had been declared, while to the side, across the street, was the Library founded by Dr. Franklin, with his statue over the door. One of his nieces often told me that this was an absolutely perfect likeness. The old iron railing, now removed—more's the pity!—surrounded the Square, which was full of grand trees.

It was believed that the spirit of Dr. Franklin haunted the Library, reading the books. Once a coloured woman, who, in darkey fashion, was scrubbing the floor after midnight, beheld the form. She was so frightened that she fainted. But stranger still, when the books were removed to the New Library in Locust Street, the ghost went with them, and there it still "spooks" about as of yore to this day, as every negro in the quarter knows.

In regard to Franklin and his apparition, there was a schoolboy joke to this effect: that *whenever* the statue of Franklin over the Library door heard the clock strike twelve at night, it descended, went to the old Jefferson Wigwam, and drank a glass of beer. But the sell lay in this, that a statue cannot hear.

And there was a dim old legend of a colony of Finns, who, in the Swedish time, had a village all to themselves in Wiccacoe. They were men of darksome lore and magic skill, and their women were witches, who at tide and time sailed forth merrily on brooms to the far-away highlands of the Hudson, where they held high revel with their Yankee, Dutch,

and Indian colleagues of the mystic spell. David MacRitchie, in a recent work, has made a note of this curious offshoot of the old Philadelphia Swedes.

And I can also remember that before a marble-yard in Race Street there were two large statues of very grim forbidding-looking dogs, of whom it was said that when there was any one about to die in the quarter, these uncanny hounds came down during a nightly storm and howled a death duet.

And when I was very young there still lingered in the minds of those invaluable living chronicles (whether bound in sheepskin or in calf), the oldest inhabitants, memories from before the Revolution of the Indian market, when on every Saturday the natives came from their rural retreats, bringing pelts or skins, baskets, moccasins, *mocos* or birch boxes of maple-sugar, feathers, and game for sale. Then they ranged themselves all along the west side of Independence Square, in tents or at tables, and sold—or were sold themselves—in bargains. Even now the Sunday-child, or he who is gifted to behold the departed, may see the ghostly forms of Red-men carrying on that weekly goblin market. Miss Eliza Leslie's memory was full of these old stories, which she had collected from old people.

As for the black witches, as there were still four negro sorcerers in Philadelphia in 1883 (I have their addresses), it may be imagined to what an extent *Voodoo* still prevailed among our Ebo-ny men and brothers. Of one of these my mother had a sad ex-

perience. We had a black cook named Ann Lloyd, of whom, to express it mildly, one must say that she was "no good." My mother dismissed her, but several who succeeded her left abruptly. Then it was found that Ann, who professed to be a witch, had put a spell of death on all who should take her place. My mother learned this, and when the last black cook gave warning she received a good admonition as to a Christian being a slave to the evil one. I believe that this ended the enchantment. There is or was in South Fifth Street an African church, over the door of which was the charming inscription, "Those who have walked in Darkness have seen a great light." But this light has not even yet penetrated to the darksome depths of Lombard or South Streets, if I may believe the strange tales which I have heard, even of late, of superstition there.

Philadelphia was a very beautiful old-fashioned city in those days, with a marked character. Every house had its garden, in which vines twined over arbours; and the magnolia, honeysuckle, and rose spread rich perfume of summer nights, and where the humming-bird rested, and scarlet tanager or oriole with the yellow and blue bird flitted in sunshine or in shade. Then swallows darted at noon over the broad streets, and the mighty sturgeon was so abundant in the Delaware that one could hardly remain a minute on the wharf in early morn or ruddy evening, without seeing some six-foot monster dart high in air, falling on his side with a plash. In the winter-time the river was allowed to freeze over,

and then every schoolboy walked across to Camden and back, as if it had been a pilgrimage or religious duty, while meantime there was always a kind of Russian carnival on the ice, oxen being sometimes roasted whole, and all kinds of "fakirs," as they are now termed, selling doughnuts, spruce-beer, and gingerbread, or tempting the adventurous with thimblerig; many pedestrians stopping at the old-fashioned inn on Smith's Island for hot punch. Juleps and cobblers, and the "one thousand and one American fancy drinks," were not as yet invented, and men drank themselves unto the devil quite as easily on rum or brandy straight, peach and honey, madeira and punch, as they now do on more varied temptations. Lager beer was not as yet in the land. I remember drinking it in after years in New Street, where a German known as *der dicke Georg* first dealt it in 1848 to our American public. Maize-whisky could be bought then for fifteen cents a gallon; even good "old rye" was not much dearer; and the best Havanna cigars until 1840 cost only three cents a-piece. As they rose in price they depreciated in quality, and it is now many years since I have met with a really aromatic old-fashioned Havanna.

It was a very well-shaded, peaceful city, not "a great village," as it was called by New Yorkers, but like a pleasant English town of earlier times, in which a certain picturesque rural beauty still lingered. The grand old double houses, with high flights of steps, built by the Colonial aristocracy—such as the

Bird mansion in Chestnut Street by Ninth Street—had a marked and pleasing character, as had many of the quaint black and red-brick houses, whose fronts reminded one of the chequer-board map of our city. All of this quiet charm departed from them after they were surrounded by a newer and noisier life. I well remember one of these fine old Colonial houses. It had been the old Penington mansion, but belonged in my early boyhood to Mr. Jones, who was one of my father's partners in business. It stood at the corner of Fourth and Race Streets, and was surrounded on all sides by a garden. There was a legend to the effect that a beautiful lady, who had long before inhabited the house, had been so fond of this garden, that after death her spirit was often seen of summer nights tending or watering the flowers. She was a gentle ghost, and the story made a great impression on me. I still possess a pictured tile from a chimney-piece of this old mansion.

The house is gone, but it is endeared to me by a very strange memory. When I was six or seven years of age, I had read Shakespeare's "Tempest," and duly reflected on it. The works of Shakespeare were very rare indeed in Quaker Philadelphia in those days, and much tabooed, but Mr. Jones, who had a good library in the great hall upstairs, possessed a set in large folio. This I was allowed to read, but not to remove from the place. How well I can remember passing my Saturday afternoons reading those mighty tomes, standing

first on one leg, then on the other for very weariness, yet absorbed and fascinated!

About this time I was taken to the theatre to see Fanny Kemble in "Much Ado About Nothing"—or it may have been to a play before that time—when my father said to me that he supposed I had never heard of Shakespeare. To which I replied by repeating all the songs in the "Tempest." One of these, referring to the loves of certain sailors, is not very decent, but I had not the remotest conception of its impropriety, and so proceeded to repeat it. A saint of virtue must have laughed at such a declamation.

As it recurs to me, the spirit which was over Philadelphia in my boyhood, houses, gardens, people, and their life, was strangely quiet, sunny, and quaint, a dream of olden time drawn into modern days. The Quaker predominated, and his memories were mostly in the past; ours, as I have often said, was a city of great trees, which seemed to me to be ever repeating their old poetic legends to the wind of Swedes, witches, and Indians.

Among the street-cries and sounds, the first which I can remember was the postman's horn, when I was hardly three years old. Then there were the watchmen "who cried the hour and weather all night long." Also a coloured man, who shouted in a strange musical strain, which could be heard a mile:—

"*Tra-la-la, la la la loo.*
Le—mon—ice—cream!
An'-wanilla-too!"

Also the quaint old Hominy-man :—

"De Hominy man is on his way,
Frum de Navy-Yard !
Wid his *harmony !*

(*Spoken*) "Law bress de putty eyes ob de young lady ! Hominy's good fur de young ladies.

"De harmony man is on his way," &c.

Also "*Hot*-corn !" "Pepper-pot !" "Be-au-ti-ful clams !" with the "Sweep-oh !" cry, and charcoal and muffin bells.

One of the family legends was, that being asked by some lady, for whom I had very little liking, to come and visit her, I replied with great politeness, but also with marked firmness, "I am very much obliged to you, ma'am, and thank you—but I *won't*."

In Washington Square, three doors from us, at the corner of Walnut Street, lived Dr. George Mac-lellan. He had two sons, one, John, of my own age, the other, George, who was three years younger. Both went to school with me in later years. George became a soldier, and finally rose to the head of the army in the first year of the War of Rebellion, or Emancipation, as I prefer to term it.

Washington Square, opposite our house, had been in the olden time a Potter's Field, where all the victims of the yellow fever pestilence had been interred. Now it had become a beautiful little park, but there were legends of a myriad of white confused forms seen flitting over it in the night, for it was a mysterious haunted place to many still, and I

can remember my mother gently reproving one of our pretty neighbours for repeating such tales.

I have dreamy yet very oft-recurring memories of my life in childhood, as, for instance, that just before I was quite three years old I had given to me a copy of the old New England Primer, which I could not then read, yet learned from others the rhymes with the quaint little cuts—

"In Adam's fall
We sin-nèd all."

"My book and heart
Shall never part," &c.

Also of a gingerbread toy, with much sugar, colour, and gilding, and of lying in a crib and having the measles. I can remember that I understood the meaning of the word *dead* before that of *alive*, because I told my nurse that I had heard that Dr. Dewees was dead. But she replying that he was not, but alive, I repeated "live" as one not knowing what it meant.

I recollect, also, that one day when poring over the pictures in a toy-book, my Uncle Amos calling me a good little boy for so industriously reading, I felt guilty and ashamed because I could not read, and did not like to admit it. Whatever my faults or follies may be, I certainly had an innate rectitude, a strong sense of honesty, just as many children have the contrary; and this, I believe, is due to inherited qualities, though these in turn are greatly modified by early association and influences. That

I also had precocious talent and taste for the romantic, poetic, marvellous, quaint, supernatural, and humorous, was soon manifested. Even as an infant objects of *bric-à-brac* and of antiquity awoke in me an interest allied to passion or awe, for which there was no parallel among others of my age. This was, I believe, the old spirit which had come down through the ages into my blood—the spirit which inspired Leland the *Flos Grammaticorum*, and after him John Leland, the antiquary of King Henry VIII., and Chrs. (Charles) Leland, who was secretary of the Society of Antiquaries in the time of Charles I. Let me hereby inform those who think that "Chrs." means Christopher, that there has been a Charles in the family since time immemorial, alternated with an Oliver since the days of Cromwell.

John Leyland, an Englishman, now living, who is a deep and sagacious scholar, and the author of the "Antiquities of the Town of Halifax" (a very clever work), declares that for *four hundred years* there has not been a generation in which some Leland (or Leyland) of the old Bussli de Leland stock has not written a work on antiquity or allied to antiquarianism, though in one case it is a translation of Demosthenes, and in another a work on Deistical Writers. He traces the connection with his own family of the Henry Leland, my ancestor, a rather prominent political Puritan character in his time, who first went to America in 1636, and acquired land which my grandfather still owned. It was very extensive.

There is a De la Laund in the roll of Battle Abbey,[1] but John says our progenitor was *De Bussli*, who came over with the Conqueror, ravaged all Yorkshire, killing 100,000 men, and who also burned up, perhaps alive, the 1000 Jews in the Tower of York. For these eminent services to the State he was rewarded with the manor of Leyland, from which he took his name. The very first *complete* genealogical register of any American family ever published was that of the Leland family by Judge Leland of Roxbury, Mass. (but for which he was really chiefly indebted to another of the name), in which it is shown that Henry Leland had had in 1847 fifteen thousand descendants in America. In regard to which I am honoured with a membership in the Massachusetts Genealogical Society. The crest of Bussli and the rest of us is a raven or crow transfixed by an arrow, with a motto which I dearly

[1] Also given as Delaund or Dellaund in one copy. De Quincey was proud of his descent from De la Laund. I may here say that John Leyland, who is a painstaking and conscientious antiquarian and accomplished genealogist, has been much impressed with the extraordinary similarity of disposition, tastes, and pursuits which has characterised the Lelands for centuries. Any stranger knowing us would think that he and I were nearly related. It is told of the manor of Leyland that during the early Middle Ages it was attempted to build a church there in a certain place, but every morning the stones were found to be removed. Finally, it was completed, but the next dawn beheld the whole edifice removed to the other spot, while a spirit-voice was heard to call (one account says that the words were found on a mystic scroll):—

"Here shall itt bee,
And here shall itt stande;
And this shall bee called:
Ye Churche of Leyland."

love. It is *Cui debeo, fidus.* Very apropos of this crow or raven is the following:—Heinrich Heine in his "Germany" (vol. ii. p. 211, Heinemann's edition) compares the same to priests "whose pious croaking is so well known to our ears." This is in reference to such birds which fly about the mountain of Kyffhäuser, in which the Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa is sleeping, and where he will sleep till they disappear. And then, praising himself, Heine adds:—"But old age has weakened them, and there are good marksmen who know right well how to bring them down. I know one of these archers who now lives in Paris, and who knows how, even from that distance, to hit the crows which fly about the Kyffhäuser. When the Emperor returns to earth, he will surely find on his way more than one raven slain by this archer's arrows. And the old hero will say, smiling, 'That man carried a good bow.'" In my note to this I remarked that "the raven or crow transfixed by an arrow is the crest of the coat of arms of the name of Leland, or of my own. I sincerely trust that Bussli, the first who bore it, did not acquire the right to do so by shooting a clergyman." As a single crow is an omen of ill-luck, so the same transfixed signifies misfortune overcome, or the forcible ending of evil influences by a strong will. It is a common belief or saying among all the Lelands, however widely related, that there has never been a convicted criminal of the name. *Dii faxint!*

At four years of age, while still living in Washington Square, I was sent to an infant school in Walnut

Street, above Eighth Street, south side, near by. It was kept by the Misses Donaldson. We all sat in a row, on steps as in an amphitheatre, but in straight lines. Miss Donaldson, senior, sat at a desk, prim and perpendicular, holding a rod which was fifteen or twenty feet in length, with which she could hit on the head or poke any noisy or drowsy child, without stirring from her post. It was an ingenious invention, and one which might be employed to advantage in small churches.

I can remember that at this time I could not hear a tune played without stringing my thoughts to it; not that I have any special ear for music, but because I am moved by melody. There was a rhyme that was often sung to me to the tune of "Over the Water"—

"Charley Buff
Had money enough,
And locked it in his store;
Charley die
And shut his eye,
And never saw money no more."

The influence of this and other tunes on my thought was so great, that I have often wondered whether anybody ever realised how much we may owe to metre acting on thought; for I do not believe that I ever penned any poetry in my life unless it was to a *tune;* and even in this prose which I now write there is ever and anon a *cadence* as of a brook running along, then rising, anon falling, perceptible to me though not to you, yet which has many a time been noted down by critics speaking gently of my

work. This induced me to learn betimes an incredible number of songs; in fact, at the age of ten or eleven I had most of Percy's "Relics" by heart. This naturally enough led me to read, and reading understand, an amount of poetry of such varied character that I speak with strictest truth in saying that I have never met with, and never even read of, any boy who, as a mere little boy, had mastered such a number and variety of ballads and minor poems as I had done—as will appear in the course of this narrative.

While living at Mrs. Eaton's I was sent to a school kept by two very nice rather young Quaker ladies in Walnut Street. It was just opposite a very quaint old-fashioned collection of many little dwellings in one (modelled after the Fuggerei of Augsburg?) known as the Quaker Almshouse. One morning I played truant, and became so fearfully weary and bored lounging about, that I longed for the society of school, and never stayed from study any more. Here I was learning to read, and I can remember "The History of Little Jack," and discussing with a comrade the question as to whether the word *history* really meant *his* story, or was ingeniously double and inclusive. I also about this time became familiar with many minor works, such as are all now sold at high prices as chap-books, such as "Marmaduke Multiply," "The World Turned Upside Down," "Chrononhotonthologos," "The Noble History of the Giants," and others of Mr. Newberry's gilt-cover toy-books. All of our juvenile

literature in those days was without exception London made, and very few persons can now realise how deeply Anglicised I was, and how all this reading produced associations and feelings which made dwelling in England in later years seem like a return to a half-forgotten home, of which we have, however, pleasant fairy-tale reminiscences.

The mistress of the school was named Sarah Lewis, and while there, something of a very extraordinary nature—to me, at least—took place. One day, while at my little desk, there came into my head with a strange and unaccountable intensity this thought: "I am I—I am *Myself*—I myself *I*," and so on. By forcing this thought on myself very rapidly, I produced a something like suspension of thought or syncope; not a vertigo, but that mental condition which is allied to it. I have several times read of men who recorded nearly the same thing among their youthful experiences, but I do not recall that any of them induced this *coma* by reflecting on the ego-ism of the I, or the me-ness of the Me.[1] It often recurred to me in after years when studying Schelling and Fichte, or reading works by Mystics, Quietists, and the like. At a very early age I was indeed very much given to indulging in states of mind resembling metaphysical abstraction—a kind of vague marvelling what I *was* and what others were; whether they and everything were not spirits

[1] A similar incident is recorded in *Kenelm Chillingly*. I had long before the publication of the work conversed with Lord Lytton on this subject—which is also touched on in my *Sketch Book of Meister Karl*, of which the illustrious author had a copy.

playing me tricks, or a delusion — a kind of psychology without material or thought, like a workman without tools.

For a short time, while five or six years old, and living at Mrs. Eaton's, I was sent to a school of boys of all ages, kept by a man named Eastburn, in Library Street, whom I can only recall as a coarse, brutal fiend. From morning to night there was not a minute in which some boy was not screaming under the heavy rattan which he or his brother always held. I myself—infant as I was—for not learning a spelling-lesson properly, was subjected to a caning which would have been cruel if inflicted on a convict or sailor. In the lower storey this man's sister kept a girls' school, and the ruffian was continually being called down-stairs to beat the larger girls. My mother knew nothing of all this, and I was ashamed to tell that I had been whipped. I have all my life been opposed to corporal punishment, be it in schools or for criminals. It brings out of boys all that is evil in their nature and nothing that is good, developing bullying and cruelty, while it is eminently productive of cowardice, lying, and meanness—as I have frequently found when I came to hear the private life of those who defend it as creating "manliness." It was found during the American war that the soldiers who had been most accustomed to beating and to being beaten were by far the greatest cowards, and that "Billy Wilson's" regiment of pugilists was so absolutely worthless as to be unqualified for the field at any time. One thing is very certain, that I have

found that boys who attend schools where there is no whipping, and little or no fighting, are freest from that *coarseness* which is so invariably allied to meanness, lying, and dishonesty. I had about 2000 children in the *public schools* of Philadelphia pass under my teaching, and never met with but one instance of direct rudeness. There was also only one of dishonesty or theft, and that was by a fighting boy, who looked like a miniature pugilist. Philadelphia manners were formed by Quakers. When I visited, in 1884, certain minor art-work classes established in the East End of London, Mr. Walter Besant said to me that I would find a less gentle set of pupils. In fact, in the first school which I examined, the girls had, the week before, knocked down, kicked, and trampled on an elderly lady who had come to teach them art-work out of pure benevolence. I am often told that whipping put an end to garotting. If this be true, which it is *not* (for garotting was a merely temporary fancy, which died out in America without whipping), it only proves that the garotters, who were all fighting and boxing roughs, were mere cowards. Red Indians never whip children, but they will die under torture without a groan.

My parents were from Massachusetts, and every summer they returned to pass several months in or near Boston, generally with their relatives in Worcester county, in Dedham, in the "Hub" itself, or in Milford, Mendon, or Holliston, the home of my paternal grandfather, Oliver Leland. Thus I grew to be familiar with New England, its beautiful

scenery and old-fashioned Yankee rural ways. Travelling was then by stage-coach, and it took two days to go from Philadelphia to Boston, stopping on the way overnight at Princeton, Perth-Amboy, or Providence. This is to me a very interesting source of reminiscences. In Dedham, for three summers, I attended school. I remember that we stayed with Dr. Jeremy Stimson, who had married a sister of my mother. I studied French; and can recall that my cousins Caroline and Emily, who were very beautiful young ladies, generally corrected my exercises. I was then seven or eight years of age. Also that I was very much alone; that I had a favourite bow, made by some old Indian; that I read with great relish "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote," and especially books of curiosities and oddities which had a great influence on me. I wandered for days by myself fishing, strolling in beautiful wild places among rocks and fields, or in forests by the River Charles. I can remember how one Sunday during service I sat in church unseen behind the organ, and read Benvenuto Cellini's account of the sorcerer in the Colosseum in Rome: I shall see his Perseus ten minutes hence in the Signoria of Florence, where I now write.

Then there were the quiet summer evenings in the drawing-room, where my cousins played the piano and sang "The Sunset Tree," "Alknoomuk," "I see them on the winding way," and Moore's melodies. *Tempi passati*—"'Tis sixty years since." Caroline meantime married a Mr. Wight, who had passed most of his life in England, and was thor-

oughly Anglicised. There was also an English lady visiting America who stayed a while in Dedham to be with my cousin. She was *jeune encore*, but had with her a young English gentleman relative who *would* call her "Mamma!" which we thought rather *niais*. From my reading and my few experiences I, however, acquired a far greater insight into life than most boys would have done, for I remembered and thought long over everything I heard or learned. Between my mother and cousins and our visitors there was much reading and discussion of literary topics, and I listened to more than any one noted, and profited by it.

I was always reading and mentally reviewing. If my mother made a call, I was at once absorbed in the first book which came to hand. Thus I can remember that one summer, when we came to Dr. Stimson's, during the brief interval of our being shown into the "parlour," I seized on a Unitarian literary magazine and read the story of Osapho, the Egyptian who trained parrots to cry, "Osapho is a god!" Also an article on Chinese acupuncture with needles to cure rheumatism; which chance readings and reminiscences I could multiply *ad infinitum*.

My cousin Caroline, whom I remember as very beautiful and refined, with a *distinguée* manner, had a small workbox, on the cover of which was a picture of the Pavilion in Brighton. She spoke of the building as a rubbishy piece of architecture; but I, who felt it through the "Arabian Nights," admired

it, and pitied her want of taste. *Now* I have lived altogether three years in Brighton, but I never saw the Pavilion without recalling the little yellow work-box. In some mysterious way the picture seems to me to be grander than the original. Dickens has expressed this idea.

I was too grave and earnest as a child to be called a cheerful or happy one, which was partly due to much ill-health; yet, by a strange contradiction not uncommon in America, I was gifted with a precociously keen sense of humour, and not only read, but collected and preserved every comic almanac and scrap of droll anecdote which I could get. Thus there came into my possession half-a-dozen books of the broadest London humour of the time, all of which entered into my soul; such things as—

> "Ladies in furs and gemmen in spurs,
> Who lollop and lounge all day;
> The Bazaar in Soho is completely the go,
> Walk into the shop of Grimaldi."

Reader mine, you can have no conception how deeply I, as a mere little boy, entered into and knew London life and society from such songs, sketches, anecdotes, books, and caricatures as I met with. Others read and forget them, but I took such trifles deep into my soul and *dwelt* on them. It is only of late years, since I have lived in England, that I have learned how extensively—I may say incredibly well—I was informed for my age as to many phases of English life. Few of us know what may be got out of reading the current light literature of the day, if

we only read it *earnestly* and get it by heart. This I did to a great extent, as my reminiscences continually awakened in England prove.

There was in Dedham a very old house of somewhat superior style, which had been built, if not in 1630, at least within a very few years after. It was inhabited by three sisters named Fairbanks, who were very peculiar indeed, and their peculiarity consisted in a strange devotion to the past, and above all to old *English* memories of colonial times before the Revolution. Even in England this resistance can hardly be understood at the present day, and yet it may still be found alive in New England. In the house itself was a well, dug to supply water when besieged by Indians, and the old ladies used to exhibit an immense old gun once used by Puritans, and an ox-saddle and other relics. They had also a very ancient book of prayer of the Church of England, and an old Bible, and thereby hangs a tale. They were all still living in 1849 or 1850, when I visited them with my very pretty cousin Mary Elizabeth Fisher, and as I professed the Episcopal faith, and had been in England, the precious relics were shown to me as to one of the initiated. But they showed a marked aversion to letting Miss Fisher see them, as she was a Unitarian. So they went on, as many others did in my youth, still staunch adherents to England, nice old Tories, believers in the King or Queen, for whom they prayed, and not in the President. I remember that Miss Eliza Leslie told me in later years of just such another trio.

My grandfather in Holliston was, as his father and brothers and uncles had all been, an old Revolutionary soldier, who had been four years in the war and taken part in many battles. He had been at Princeton (where I afterwards graduated) and Saratoga, and witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates. I was principally concerned to know whether the conqueror had *kept the sword* handed to him on this occasion, and was rather disappointed to learn that it was given back. Once I found in the garret a bayonet which my grandma' said had been carried by grandfather in the war. I turned it with a broom-handle into a lance and made ferocious charges on the cat and hens.

This grandfather, Oliver Leland, exerted an extraordinary influence on me, and one hard to describe. He was great, grim, and taciturn to behold, yet with a good heart, and not devoid of humour. He was gouty, and yet not irritable. He continually recurs to me while reading Icelandic sagas, and as a kind of man who would now be quite out of the age anywhere. All his early associations had been of war and a half-wild life. He was born about 1758, and therefore in a rude age in rural New England. He, I may say, deeply interested me.

All boys are naturally full of the romance of war; the Revolution was to us more than the Crusades and all chivalry combined, and my grandfather was a living example and chronicle of all that I most admired. Often I sat on a little cricket at his feet, and listened to tales of battles, scoutings, and

starving; how he had been obliged to live on raw wheat, which produced evil results, and beheld General Washington and other great men, and had narrow escapes from Indians, and been at the capturing of a fort by moonlight, and seen thousands of pounds' worth of stores destroyed. I frequently thought of old grandfather Oliver when "out" myself during the Civil War, and was half-starved and chilled when scouting, or when doing rough and tough in West Virginia.

My grandfather often told me such stories of the war, and others of his father and grandfather, who had fought before him in the old French war in Canada, and how the latter having gone up to trade among the Indians one winter, endeared himself so much to them that they would not let him go, and kept him a captive until the next summer. I came across traces of this ancestor in an old Canadian record, wherein it appears that he once officiated as interpreter in the French and Indian tongues. Whereby critics may remark that learning French and Algonkin runs in our blood, and that my proclivity for Indians is legitimately inherited. I would that I knew all the folk-lore that my great-grandsire heard in the Indian wigwams in those old days!

I can remember seeing my grandfather once sitting and talking with five other veterans of the war. But I saw them daily in those times, and once several hundreds, or it may be thousands, of them in a great procession in Philadelphia in 1832. And here I may mention that in 1834 I often saw one

named Rice, whose age, as authenticated by his pension papers, was 106, and that in 1835 I shook hands with Thomas Hughes, aged 95, who was the last survivor of the Boston Tea-party. He had come to visit our school, and how we boys cheered the old gentleman, who was in our eyes one of the greatest men alive! But all the old folk in my boyhood could tell tales of the Revolution, which was indeed not very much older then than the Rebellion is to us now.

I can also recollect seeing Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, though my memory of the man is now confused with that of a very perfect portrait which belonged to his grand-daughter, Mrs. Jackson, who was a next-door but one neighbour in after years in Walnut Street, Philadelphia. He was a very venerable-looking man.

My father served for a short time in the war of 1812, and I have heard him relate that when the startling news of peace arrived in Boston, where he was, he at once took a sleigh and fast horses and drove full speed, being the first to disseminate the news in the country. That was as good as Browning's "Ride to Ghent" in its way—apropos of which, Mr. Browning once startled me by telling me, "I suppose you know that it is an invention of mine, and not founded on any real incident." But my father's headlong sleigh-ride—he was young and wild in those days—was real and romantic enough in all conscience. It set bells to ringing, multitudes to cheering, bonfires

a-blazing on hills and in towns, and also some few to groaning, as happened to a certain old deacon, who had invested his all in English goods, and said, when he heard the cheers caused by the news, "Wife, if that's war news, I'm saved; but if it's peace, I'm ruined!" Even so it befell me, in after years, to be the first person to announce in the United States, far in advance of any others, the news of the French Revolution of 1848, as I shall fully prove in the sequence.

It may be here remarked, that, though not "professionals," all of our family, without a break in the record, have successively taken turns at fighting, and earned our pay as soldiers, since time lost in oblivion; for I and my brother tried it on during the Rebellion, wherein he indeed, standing by my side, got the wound from a shell of which he eventually died; while there were none who were not in the old Indian wars or the English troubles of Charles the Second and First, and so on back, I dare say, to the days of Bussli de Leland, who laid all Yorkshire waste.

My grandfather, though not wealthy, owned a great deal of land, and I can remember that he one afternoon showed me a road, saying that he owned the land on each side for a mile. I myself, in after years, however, came to own in fee-simple a square mile of extremely rich land in Kansas, which I sold for sixteen hundred dollars, while my grandfather's was rather of that kind by which men's poverty was measured in Virginia—that is to say, the more land

a man had, the poorer he was considered to be. It is related of one of these that he once held great rejoicing at having got rid of a vast property by the ingenious process of giving some person one half of it to induce him to take the other. However, as there is now a large town or small city on my grandfather's whilome estate, I wish that it could have been kept. *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan*, or the ducats of Panurge?

There was a "home-pasture," a great field behind my grandfather's house, where I loved to sit alone, and which has left a deep impression on my memory, as though it were a fairy-haunted or imagined place. It was very rocky, the stones being covered with clean, crisp, dry lichens, and in one spot there was the gurgling deep down in some crevice of a mysterious unseen spring or rivulet. Young as I was, I had met with a line which bore on it—

"Deep from their vaults the Loxian murmurs flow."

And there was something very voice-like or human in this murmur or chattering of the unseen brook. This I distinctly remember, that the place gave me not only a feeling, but a faith that it was haunted by something gentle and merry. I went there many a time for company, being much alone. An Indian would have told me that it was the *Un à games-suk* —the spirit-fairies of the rock and stream. These beings enter far more largely, deeply, and socially into their life or faith than elves or fairies ever did into those of the Aryan races, and I might well have

been their *protégé*, for there could have been few little boys living, so fond as I was of sitting all alone by rock and river, hill and greenwood tree. There are yet in existence on some of this land which was once ours certain mysterious walls or relics of heavy stone-work, which my friend Eben C. Horsford thinks were made by the Norsemen. I hope that they were, for I have read many a saga in Icelandic, old Swedish, and Latin, and the romance thereof is deep in my soul; and as my own name is Godfrey, it is no wonder that the god Frey and his Freya are dear to me. In my boyhood—and it may be still the case—the "Injuns" got the credit of having built these mysterious works.

Not far from Holliston is Mendon, where I had an uncle, Seth Davenport, who had a large pleasant, old-fashioned New England farm, which was more productive than my grandfather's, since there were employed on it sixteen men, three of whom were Natick Indians of the old local stock. There were many of them when my mother was young, but I suppose that the last of the tribe has long since died. One of these Indians, Rufus Pease, I can recall as looking like a very dark-ruddy gypsy, with a pleasant smile. He was very fond of me. He belonged to a well-known family, and had a brother —and thereby hangs a tale, or, in this case, a scalp-lock.

"Marm" Pease, the mother of Rufus, had on one occasion been confined, and old Doctor—I forget his name—who officiated at the birth, had been asked

to give the infant a name. Now he was a dry wag, of the kind so dear to Dr. Holmes, and expressed much gratification and gratitude at such a compliment being paid to him. "He had long been desirous," he said, "of naming a child after his dear old friend, Dr. Green." So the name was bestowed, the simple Indians not realising for some time after the christening that their youngest bore the name of Green Pease. Whether he was ever called a duck, I know not.

Everything about Uncle Seth and Aunt Betsy was, as I remember, delightfully comfortable, old-fashioned, and in a way beautiful. There was their daughter Rebecca, who was pretty and gentle, so that several wild birds came every morning to feed from her hand and perch on her fingers. Uncle Seth himself wore a scarlet waistcoat, and, as I recall him, seemed altogether in figure to belong to the time of Cromwell, or to earlier days. There was a hall, hung round with many old family portraits in antique dresses, and an immense dairy—the pride of Aunt Betsy's heart—and a garden, in which I was once shown a humming-bird's nest; and cousin Rebecca's mantelpiece, over a vast old fireplace, heaped with mosses, birds' nests, shells, and such curiosities as a young girl would gather in the woods and fields; and the cider-press, in which Uncle Seth ground up the sixteen hundred bushels of apples which he had at one crop, and the new cider gushing in a stream, whereof I had a taste. It was a charming, quiet old homestead, in which books and culture were not

wanting, and it has all to me now something of the chiaroscuro and Rembrandt colour and charm of the *Mährchen* or fairy-tale. The reality of this charm is apt to go out of life as that of literature or culture comes in. To this day I draw the deepest impression or sentiment of the *pantheism* or subtle spiritual charm of Nature far more from these early experiences of rural life than from all the books, poetry included, which I have ever perused. Note this well, ye whose best feelings are only a *rechauffé* of Ruskin and Browning—*secundem ordinem*—for I observe that those who do not think at second hand are growing rare.

In the town of Milford lived my uncle, William Godfrey, with my aunt Nancy, and of them and their home I have many pleasant memories. The very first of them all was not so pleasant to me at the time. My parents had just arrived, and had not been ten minutes in the house ere a tremendous squall was heard, and my mother, looking from the window, beheld me standing in the open barn-door holding a tiny chicken in my right hand, while an old hen sat on my head flapping her wings and pecking me in wrath. I, seeing the brood, had forthwith captured one, and for that was undergoing penance. It was a beautiful tableau, which was never forgotten! We went there on visits for many summers. Uncle William was a kind-hearted, "sportive" man, who took *Bell's Life*, and I can remember that there was a good supply of English reading in the house. My uncle had three sons,

all much older than I. The eldest, Stearns, was said to have first popularised the phrase "posted up," to signify well-informed. The second, Benjamin, became in after years a great manufacturer and somewhat noted politician, and owner of a famous racehorse. The third, Samuel, went into business in Philadelphia, and crossed the Atlantic with me. He died quite young. All of them, like their father and grandfather, were very good-natured or gentle, and men of perfect integrity. The Lelands, however, were rather *dour* and grim in their honesty, or more Northern than the Godfreys. This was accounted for by the fact, that while my father's family was Puritan of the purest, and only intermarried with Puritan stock, the Godfreys had in Rhode Island received an infusion of French Huguenot blood, which was indeed very perceptible in their faces and lively pleasant manner.

There was a strange tradition, to which my mother sometimes jestingly referred, that there had been among her Rhode Island ancestors a High German (*i.e.*, not a Hollander) doctor, who had a reputation as a sorcerer or wizard. He was a man of learning, but that is all I ever heard about him. My mother's opinion was that this was a very strong case of atavism, and that the mysterious ancestor had through the ages cropped out again in me. Something tells me that this was the High German doctor who, according to Washington Irving, laid the mystic spell on Sleepy Hollow, which made

of it such a pleasant, ancient, dreamy fairy-land. Whether his friendly spirit still watches over me, or whether I am the man himself, is a problem which I leave to my friend Francis Galton, who indeed personally often reminds me of Irving. High German sorcerers were not common in those days north of Pennsylvania, so that I trow mine was the very man referred to by Geoffrey Crayon. And it is true beyond all doubt that even in infancy, as I have often heard, there was a quaint uncanniness, as of something unknown, in my nature, and that I differed in the main totally from every relative, and indeed from any other little boy, known to anybody; though I was a perfect Godfrey in face when very young, as I am now a typical Leland. I was always given to loneliness in gardens and woods when I could get into them, and to hearing words in birds' songs and running or falling water; and I once appalled a visitor by professing seriously that I could determine for him some question as to what would happen to him by divination with a bullet in an Indian moccasin. We had two servants who spoke old Irish; one was an inexhaustible mine of legends, which she related to me—she surpassed Croker; the other, less versed, still knew a great deal, and told me how her own father, Jackey Mooney, had seen the fairies with his own eyes. Both of these sincerely and seriously regarded me as "gifted" or elfin-favoured, and the latter said in proof thereof, "Only listen to his voice; sure whin he spakes he'd while a burred aff a tree." For my uncanny

ways made a deep impression on them, as also on the darkies.

Once I had a wonderful dream. I thought that I was in Dr. Furness's chapel, but that, instead of the gentle reverend clergyman, the devil himself was in the pulpit preaching. Feeling myself inspired, I went up into the pulpit, threw the Evil One out, and preached myself in his place. Now our nurse had a dream-book, and made some pretence to mystic fairy knowledge learned in Kilkenny, and she interpreted this dream as signifying that I would greatly rise in this world, and do strange things. But she was greatly struck with such a vision in such an infant.

Now, I was a great reader of Scripture ; in fact, I learned a great deal too much of it, believing now that for babes and sucklings about one-third of it had better be expurgated. The Apocrypha was a favourite work, but above all I loved the Revelations, a work which, I may say by the way, is still a treasure to be investigated as regards the marvellous mixture of Neo-Platonic, later Egyptian (or Gnostic), and even Indian Buddhistic ideas therein. Well, I had learned from it a word which St. John applies (to my mind very vulgarly and much too frequently) to the Scarlet Lady of Babylon or Rome. What this word meant I did not know, but this I understood, that it was " sass " of some kind, as negroes term it, and so one day I applied it experimentally to my nurse. Though the word was not correctly pronounced, for I had never heard it from any-

body, its success was immediate, but not agreeable. The passionate Irish woman flew into a great rage and declared that she would "lave the house." My mother, called in, investigated the circumstances, and found that I really had no idea whatever of the meaning of what I had said. Peace was restored, but Annie declared that only the divil or the fairies could have inspired such an infant to use such language.

I was very fond of asking my nurse to sing in old Irish or to teach me Irish words. This she did, but agreed with her sister Biddy that it was all very uncanny, and that there must have been a time when I was perfectly familiar with the owld language, as I had such unearthly fondness for it.

I must have been about seven years old when my parents took a house in Arch Street, above Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Here my life begins to be more marked and distinct. I was at first sent, *i.e.*, walked daily to the school of Jacob Pierce, a worthy Quaker, who made us call him Jacob, and who carefully taught us all the ordinary branches, and gave us excellent lectures on natural philosophy and chemistry with experiments, and encouraged us to form mineralogical collections, but who objected to our reading history, "because there were so many battles in it." In which system of education all that is good and bad, or rather *weak*, in Quakerism is fully summed up. Like the Roman Catholic, it is utterly unfit for *all* the world, and incapable of grappling with or adapting itself to the natural

expansion of science and the human mind. Thus the Quaker garb, which was originally intended by its simplicity to avoid the appearance of eccentricity or peculiarity (most dress in the time of the Stuarts being extravagant), has now become, by merely sticking to old custom, the most eccentric dress known. The school was in a very large garden, in which was a gymnasium, and in the basement of the main building there was a carpenter's shop with a turning-lathe, where boys were allowed to work as a reward for good conduct.

I could never learn the multiplication table. There are things which the mind, like the stomach, spasmodically rejects without the least perceptible cause or reason. So I have found it to be with certain words which *will* not be remembered. There was one Arab word which I verily believe I looked out one hundred times in the dictionary, and repeated a thousand, yet never could keep it. Every teacher should be keen to detect these antipathies, and cure them by gentle and persuasive means. Unfortunately no one in my youth knew any better way to overcome them than by "keeping me in" after school to study, when I was utterly weary and worn—a very foolish punishment, as is depriving a boy of his meals, or anything else levelled at Nature. I think there must have been many months of time, and of as much vain and desperate effort on my part to remember, wasted on my early arithmetic. Now I can see that by *rewards* or inducements, and by the very simple process of only learning "one time one

is one" for the first lesson, and that and one line more for the second, I could have mastered the whole book in time. But oh! the weary, dreary days, and the sad waste of time, and the anxious nervous suffering, which arithmetic cost me in my youth, and mathematics in after years!

But there was one class at Jacob's in which I was *facile princeps* and habitual past-grand-master. This was the class which was, like the professorship of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, for Matters and Things in General. That is to say, we read aloud from some book—it may have been selections from English writers—and then Jacob, picking out the hard words or facts or phrases, required of them definition or explanation. One day there arose in these questions a sum in arithmetic, when I shot down to the tail of the class as a plummet drops to the bottom of the well. I shall never forget the proud fierce impatience which I felt, like an imprisoned chieftain who knows that he will speedily be delivered and take dire vengeance on his foes. I had not long to wait. "'Refectory,' what is a 'refectory'? Hillburn Jones, does thee know? Joseph Widdifield, does thee?" But none of them knew till it came to me "down tail," when I cried "An oyster-cellar." "That is quite right, Charley; thee can go up head," said Jacob, and as I passed Hillburn Jones he whispered, half in fun, half enviously, "The Kemble Refectory." This was an oyster-cellar which had been recently opened under the Arch Street Theatre, and whence Hillburn and I had derived our know-

ledge of the word, the difference being that I remembered more promptly and risked more boldly. But I missed it one day when I defined a *peasant* as "a nest full of young birds;" the fact being that I recalled a picture in Æsop's fables, and confused *peasant* with *pheasant*. One day Jacob rebuked the class for letting me always be at their head, when Hillburn Jones, who was a very honest little boy, said, "Indeed, Jacob, thee must know that all that we do know, Charley tells us." For I was already an insatiable reader, and always recalling what I read, and always communicating my knowledge to others in the form of small lectures. I had a book of Scripture stories, with a picture of Pharaoh in his chariot, with the title, "Pharaoh's host sunk in the Red Sea." Hence I concluded that a *host* was a vehicle of a very superior description. A carriage-builder in our neighbourhood had executed a chaise of very unusual magnificence, and as I stood admiring it I informed Hillburn that this was what was called by the learned a *host*, and that it was in such a host that Pharaoh perished. I remember elevating my voice somewhat for the benefit of a bystander, being somewhat proud of this bit of knowledge.

Unfortunately, not only my father, but also my teacher, and with them the entire population of North America, in those days regarded a good knowledge of arithmetic as forming nine-tenths of all that was most needful in education, while indulgence in a taste for general information, and "literature," especially, was glared at with a very evil eye indeed, as

tending to injure a "practical business man." That there could be any kind of profitable or respectable calling not based upon arithmetic did not enter into the heart of man to conceive, while among the bankers and merchants of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia there was a deeply-seated conviction that even a wealthy and successful editor, literary man, or artist, was really an inferior as compared to themselves. As this sublime truth was severely rubbed into me several times daily during the greater portion of my youthful life, and as in its earlier stage I rarely met with a man grown who did not look down on me as an unfortunate, non-arithmetical unbusinesslike creature, and let me know it too, I very naturally grew up with a low estimate of my own capacities; and as I was proud and sensitive, this was to me a source of much suffering, which often became terrible as I advanced in years. But at that time the position of the literary man or scholar, with the exception of a very few brilliant magnates who had "made money," was in the United States not an enviable one. Serious interest in art and letters was not understood, or so generally sympathised with, as it now is in "Quakerdelphia." There was a gentleman in Philadelphia who was a scholar, and who having lived long abroad, had accumulated a very curious black-letter and *rariora* library. For a long time I observed that this library was never mentioned in polite circles without significant smiles. One day I heard a lady say very meaningly, "I sup-

pose that you know what kind of books he has *and how he obtained them?*" So I inquired very naturally if he had come by them dishonestly? To which the reply, half-whispered in my ear lest it should be overheard, was, "They say his books are all *old* things, which he did not buy at any first-class stores, but picked up at old stalls and in second-hand shops at less than their value; in fact, *they did not cost him much.*"

Yet these remarks must not be regarded as too sweeping or general. Firstly, I am speaking of sixty years since. Secondly, there were many people of literary tastes in Philadelphia—a little isolated, it is true; and finally, there was a great culture of science, founded by Franklin, and fostered by the medical schools. I could cite a brilliant array of names of men distinguished in these matters. What I am writing is simply a sincere record of my own—somewhat peculiar—or personal experiences. There are doubtless many who would write very differently. And now times are *very* greatly changed.

I have again a quaint early reminiscence. It would happen that now and then a new carriage, always of the same sober description, with two very good, but seldom showy, horses would appear in the streets. Then its owner would be greeted on Market Street with the remark, "Well, Sammy, I see thee's got thee fifty thousand dollars." This sum—ten thousand pounds—constituted the millionaireism or moneyed aristocracy of those days.

On it, with a thriving business, Samuel could maintain a family in good fashion, and above all, in great comfort, which was sensibly regarded as better than fashion or style. Fifty thousand dollars entitled a man to keep a carriage and be classed as "quality" by the negroes.

It may be worth noting that although the Quakers did not allow the piano in their families, as being too worldly, they compromised by having musical boxes. And I have heard that in the country, where still older fashioned ideas prevailed, the one bit of finery allowed to a Quaker damsel was a red ribbon; but it must be red, not of any other colour.

Let it be remembered that at this time Philadelphia, and even the world, were as yet to a great degree in the Middle Ages as compared to the present day. We had few steamboats, and no railroads, or telephones, or percussion-caps, or a tremendous press, or Darwinism, or friction matches. Even the introduction of ice-cream, and stone coal as fuel, and grates was within the memory of our elders. Apropos of matches, the use of tinderbox and brimstone matches was universal; bold young men had tinder pistols; but the wood fire was generally kept under ashes all night, and I can well remember how our negro servants, when it had gone out, were used early on winter mornings to borrow a shovelful of coals from the cook of our next-door neighbour, and how it was handed over the garden fence, the recipient standing on our pump handle and the donor on hers.

I forget in what year the railroad (with locomotives) was first built from Philadelphia to Columbia, a distance of sixty miles. I believe it was the first real road of the kind in America. On the day when the first train ran, the City Council and certain honoured guests made the journey, and among them was my father, who took me with him. There were only a few miles of the road then completed. It was a stupendous marvel to me, and all this being drawn by steam, and by a great terrible iron monster of a machine. And there was still in all souls a certain unearthly awe of the recently invented and as yet rather rare steamboats. I can (strangely enough) still recall this feeling by a mental effort—this meeting the Horror for the first time! My father remembered, and had been in the first steamboat which was a success on the Delaware. I saw its wreck in after years at Hoboken. The earlier boat made by John Fitch is still preserved in Bordenton.

I can remember that when gas was introduced to light the city, it was done under a fearful opposition. All the principal people signed a petition against it. I saw the paper. It would burst and kill myriads; it was poisonous; and, finally, it would ruin the oil trade. However, we got it at last. Somebody had invented hand gas-lamps; they were sold in the Arcade; and as one of these had burst, it was naturally supposed that the gasworks would do the same.

The characteristics of old Philadelphia were in those days so marked, and are, withal, so sweet to the memory, that I cannot help lingering on them.

As Washington Irving says of the Golden Age of Wouter van Twiller, "Happy days when the harvest moon was twice as large as now, when the shad were all salmon, and peace was in the land." Trees grew abundantly in rows in almost every street—one before every house. I had two before mine till 1892, when the Street Commissioners heartlessly ordained that one must be cut down and removed, and charged me ten dollars for doing it. It is needless to say that since Street Commissioners have found this so profitable, trees have disappeared with sad rapidity. Then at twilight the *pea-ak* of the night-hawk could be heard all over Arasapha, which is the Indian name for the place where our city stands; there were in Coaquannoc, or the Schuylkill, abundant gold fish and perch, of which I angled divers. Yes, there was, and still is, a Fisher Club, which claims to be the oldest gentleman's club in Anglo-Saxony, and which has for two centuries brewed for itself a "fish-house punch" as delicious as that of London civic banquets. There be no fish in the fair river now; they have all vanished before the combined forces of petroleum and the offal of factories and mines, but the Fish-House Club still has its merry banquets in its ancient home; for, as the French say, "*Chacun péche à sa manière.*" In graveyards lone or over gardens green glittered of summer nights millions of fireflies; there was the scent of magnolias, roses, pinks, and honeysuckles by every house; for Philadelphians have always had a passion for flowers, and there never was a Quaker, much less

a Quakeress, who has not studied botany, and wandered in Bartram's Garden and culled blue gentians in the early Fall, or lilies wild in Wissahiccon's shade. There still remains a very beautiful relic of this olden time in the old Swedes Church, which every stranger should visit. It is a quaint structure of more than two hundred years, and in its large churchyard (which is not, like Karamsin's graves, "deserted and drear," but charming and garden-like) one can imagine himself in rural England.

In the spring of the year there was joyous activity on the Delaware, even in town; for, as the song hath it—

> "De fishin' time hab come at last,
> De winter all am gone and past;"

and there was the casting of immense seines and the catching of myriads of shad, the typical fish or emblem of the Quaker Philadelphian, because in the profile outline of the shad people professed to discern the form according to which the Quaker coat was cut. With the shad were many herring, and now and then a desperate giant of a sturgeon, who in his struggles would give those concerned enough to do. Then the yells of the black fishermen, the flapping of the horny knife-backed prey—often by the flashing of a night-fire—formed a picture worthy of Rembrandt. Apropos of these sturgeon, the fresh caviare or roe (which has been pronounced at St. Petersburg to surpass the Russian) was always thrown away, as was often the case with sweetbreads, which were rarely eaten. But if the caviare

or roes was really in those days "caviare to the general" multitude, the *nose* of the fish was not, it being greatly coveted by us small boys wherewith to make a ball for "shinny," which for some occult reason was preferred to any other. Old people of my acquaintance could remember when seals had been killed at Cape May below the city, and how on one or two occasions a bewildered whale of no small dimensions had found his way to Burlington, some miles above.

Now and then there would be found in the bay below the city a tremendous, square-shaped, hideous, unnatural piscatorial monster, known as a devil-fish, or briefly devil. It was a legend of my youth that two preachers or ministers of the Presbyterian faith once went fishing in those waters, and having cast out a stout line, fastened to the mast, for shark, were amazed at finding themselves all at once careering through the waves at terrible speed, being dragged by one of the diabolical "monsters of the roaring deep" above mentioned. Whereupon a friend, who was in the boat, burst out laughing. And being asked, "Wherefore this unrestrained hilarity?" replied, "Is it not enough to make a man laugh to see the Devil running away with two clergymen?"

There was a very excellent and extensive museum of Matters and Things in General, founded by an ancient artist named Peale, which was the head-central charm and delight of all young Philadelphia in those days, and where, when we had

been good all the week, we were allowed to repair on Saturday afternoons. And here I may say by the way, that miscellaneous collections of "curiosities," oddities, and relics are far more attractive to children, and stimulate in them far more interest and inquisitiveness and desire for miscellaneous information, than do the best scientific collections, where everything is ranked and numbered, and wherein even an Etruscan tiara or a Viking's sword loses much of its charm when placed simply as a "specimen" in a row of others of the kind. I am not arguing here in the least against scientific or properly arranged archæologic collections, but to declare the truth that for *children* museums of the despised curiosities are far more attractive and infinitely more useful.

I owe so very much myself to the old Peale's Museum; it served to stimulate to such a remarkable degree my interest in antiquities and my singular passion for miscellaneous information, and it aided me so much in my reading, that I cannot pass it by without a tribute to its memory. How often have I paused in its dark galleries in awe before the tremendous skeleton of the Mammoth—how small did that of a great elephant seem beside it—and recalled the Indian legend of it recorded by Franklin. And the stuffed monkeys—one shaving another—what exquisite humour, which never palled upon us! No; *that* was the museum for us, and the time will come when there will be such collections made expressly for the young.

"Stuffed monkey" was a common by-word, by the way, for a conceited fellow. Therefore the *Louisville Journal*, speaking of a rival sheet, said: "Reader, if you will go into the Louisville Museum, you will see two stuffed monkeys reading the *Courier*. And if you will then go into the office of the *Louisville Courier*, you may see two living stuffed monkeys editing the same." The beautiful sallies of this kind which appeared in these two newspapers for years would make a lively volume.

Never shall I forget one evening alone in that Museum. I had come with Jacob Pierce's school, and strayed off alone into some far-away and fascinating nook, forgetful of friends and time. All the rest had departed homewards, and I sought to find them. The dark evening shades were casting sombre tones in the galleries—I was a very little boy of seven or eight—and the stuffed lions and bears and wolves seemed looming or glooming into mysterious life; the varnished sharks and hideous shiny crocodiles had a light of awful intelligence in their eyes; the gigantic anaconda had long awaited me; the grim hyæna marked me for his own; even deer and doves seemed uncanny and goblined. At this long interval of sixty years, I can recall the details of that walk, and every object which impressively half-appalled me, and how what had been a museum had become a chamber of horrors, yet not without a wild and awful charm. Of course I lost my way in the shades, and was beginning to speculate on having

to pass a night among the monsters, and how much there would be left for my friends to mourn over in the morning, when—Eureka! Thalatta!—I beheld the gate of entrance and exit, and made my latter as joyously as ever did the souls who were played out of Inferno by the old reprobate of the Roman tale.

Since that adventure I never mentioned it to a living soul till now, and yet there is not an event of my life so vividly impressed on my memory.

My father took me very rarely to the theatre; but my Quaker school-mates had never seen the inside of such places at all, and therefore listened greedily to what I could tell them of the sights. One of the wonders of my youth was the seeing the great elephant Columbus perform in a play called "The Englishman in Siam." It was indeed very curious, and it is described as such in works on natural history. And I saw Edwin Forrest (whom I learned to know in later years) in "Metamora," and Fanny Kemble in "Beatrice," and so on. As for George Boker, he went, I believe, to every place of amusement whenever he pleased, and talked familiarly of actors, some of whom he actually knew, and their lives, in a manner which awoke in me awe and a feeling as being humble and ignorant indeed. As we grew older, Boker and I, from reading "Don Quixote" and Scott, used to sit together for hours improvising legends of chivalry and marvellous romances. It was in the year when it first appeared that I read (in the *New Monthly*) and got quite by heart the rhyming tale of "Sir Rupert the Fearless,"

a tale of the Rhine, one of the Ingoldsby legends, by Barham. I can still repeat a great part of it. I bore it in mind till in after years it inspired (allied to Goethe's *Wassermädchen*) my ballad of *De Maiden mit Nodings on*, which has, as I now write, been very recently parodied and pictured by *Punch*, March 18, 1893. My mother had taught me to get poetry by heart, and by the time I was ten years of age, I had imbibed, so to speak, an immense quantity; for, as in opium-eating, those who begin by effort end by taking in with ease.

There was something else so very characteristic of old Philadelphia that I will not pass it by. In the Fall of the year the reed-bird, which is quite as good as the ortolan of Italy, and very much like it (I prefer the reed-bird), came in large flocks to the marshes and shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill. Then might be seen a quaint and marvellous sight of men and boys of all ages and conditions, with fire-arms of every faculty and form, followed by dogs of every degree of badness, in all kinds of boats, among which the *batteau* of boards predominated, intermingled with an occasional Maryland dug-out or poplar canoe. Many, however, crept on foot along the shore, and this could be seen below the Navy Yard even within the city limits. Then, as flock after flock of once bobolinks and now reed-birds rose or fell in flurried flight, there would be such a banging, cracking, and barking as to suggest a South American revolution aided by blood-hounds. That somebody in the *mêlée* now and then got a

charge of shot in his face, or that angry parties in dispute over a bird sometimes blazed away at one another and fought *à l'outrance* in every way, "goes without saying." Truly they were inspiriting sights, and kept up the martial valour, aided by frequent firemen's fights, which made Philadelphians so indomitable in the Rebellion, when, to the amazement of everybody, our Quaker city manifested a genius or love for hard fighting never surpassed by mortals.

There were, of course, some odd episodes among the infantry or gunners on foot, and one of these was so well described by my brother Henry in a poem, that I venture to give it place.

REED-BIRDING.

Two men and a bull-dog ugly,
  Two guns and a terrier lame;
They'd better stick out in the marsh there,
  And set themselves up for game.

But no; I mark by the cocking
  Of that red-haired Paddy's eye,
He's been "reeding" too much for you, sir,
  Any such game to try.

"Now, Jamie, ye divil, kape dark there,
  And hould the big bull-dog in;
There's a bloody big crowd of rade-birds,
  That nade a pepperin'!"

Ker-rack! goes the single barrel,
  Flip-boong! roars the old Queen Anne;
There's a Paddy stretched out in the mud-hole,
  A kicked-over, knocked-down man.

"Och, Jamie, ye shtupid crature,
Sure ye're the divil's son;
How many fingers' load, thin,
Did ye putt in this d——d ould gun?"

"How many fingers, be jabers?
I nivir putt in a wan;
Did ye think I'd be afther jammin'
Me fingers into a gun?"

"Well, give me the powder, Jamie."
"The powder! as sure as I'm born,
I put it all into yer musket,
For I'd nivir a powder-horn!"

Then we all had reed-bird suppers or lunches, eked out perhaps with terrapins and soft-shell crabs, gumbo, "snapper," or pepper-pot soup, peaches, venison, bear-meat, *selon la saison*—for both bear and deer roamed wild within fifty or sixty miles—so that, all things considered, if Philadelphians and Baltimoreans did run somewhat over-much to eating up their intellects—as Dr. Holmes declares they do—they had at least the excuse of terrible temptation, which the men of my "grandfather-land" (New England), as he once termed it in a letter to me, very seldom had at any time.

Once it befell, though a few years later, that one winter there was a broad fair field of ice just above Fairmount dam, which is about ten feet high, that about a hundred and fifty men and maidens were merrily skating by moonlight. I know not whether Colonel James Page, our great champion skater, was there cutting High Dutch; but this I know, that all at once, by some strange rising of the stream, the

whole flake of ice and its occupants went over the dam. Strangely enough, no one was killed, but very few escaped without injury, and for some time the surgeons were busy. It would make a strange wild picture that of the people struggling in the broken floes of ice among the roaring waters.

And again, during a week on the same spot, some practical joker amused himself with a magic-lantern by making a spirit form flit over the fall, against its face, or in the misty air. The whole city turned out to see it, and great was their marvelling, and greater the fear among the negroes at the apparition.

Sears C. Walker, who was an intimate friend, kept a school in Sansom Street, to which I was transferred. I was only seven years old at the time, and being the youngest, he made, when I was introduced, a speech of apology to his pupils. He was a good kind man, who also, like Jacob, gave us lectures on natural philosophy and chemistry. There I studied French, and began to learn to draw, but made little progress, though I worked hard. I have literally never met in all my life any person with so little natural gift or aptitude for learning languages or drawing as I have; and if I have since made an advance in both, it has been at the cost of such extreme labour as would seem almost incredible.

I was greatly interested in chemistry, as a child would be, and having heard Mr. Walker say something about the colouring matter in quartz, resolved

on a great invention which should immortalise my name. My teacher used to make his own ink by pounding nut-galls in an iron mortar. I got a piece of coarse rock-crystal, pounded it up in the same mortar, pouring water on it. Sure enough the result was a pale ink, which the two elder pupils, who had maliciously aided and encouraged me, declared was of a very superior quality. I never shall forget the pride I felt. I had, first of all scientists, extracted the colouring matter from quartz! The recipe was at once written out, with a certificate at the end, signed by my two witnesses, that they had witnessed the process, and that this was written with the ink itself! This I gave to Mr. Walker, and could not understand why he laughed so heartily at it. It was not till several days after that he explained to me that the ink was the result of the dregs of the nut-galls which remained in the mortar.

We had not many books, but what we had I read and re-read with great assiduity. Among them were Cooper's novels, Campbell's poems, those of Byron, and above all, Washington Irving's "Sketch Book," which had great influence on me, inspiring that intense love for old English literature and its associations which has ever since been a part of my very soul. Irving was indeed a wonderful, though not a *startling* genius; but he had sympathised himself into such appreciation of the golden memories and sweet melodies of the olden time, be it American or English, as no writer now

possesses. In my eighth year I loved deeply his mottoes, such as that from Syr Grey Steel :—

> "He that supper for is dight,
> He lies full cold I trow this night;
> Yestreen to chamber I him led,
> This nighte Grey Steel has made his bed."

Lang—not Andrew—has informed us that no copy of the first black-letter edition of Sir Grey Steel is known to exist. In after years I found in the back binding of an old folio two pieces of it, each about four inches square. It has been an odd fatality of mine that whenever a poet existed in black-letter, I was always sure to peruse him first in that type, which I always from childhood preferred to any other. To this day I often dream of being in a book-shop, turning over endless piles of marvellously quaint parchment bound books in *letres blake*, and what is singular, they are generally works quite unknown to the world—first discoveries —unique! And then—oh! then—how bitter is the waking!

There was in Mr. Walker's school library a book, one well known as Mrs. Trimmer's "Natural History." This I read, as usual, thoroughly and often, and wrote my name at the end, ending with a long snaky flourish. Years passed by, and I was at the University, when one evening, dropping in at an auction, I bought for six cents, or threepence, "a blind bundle" of six books tied up with a cord. It was a bargain, for I found in it in good condition

the first American editions of De Quincey's "Opium-Eater," "The Rejected Addresses," and the Poems of Coleridge. But what startled me was a familiar-looking copy of Mrs. Trimmer's "Natural History," in which at the end was my boyish signature.

"And still wider." In 1887 I passed some weeks at a hotel in Venice. A number of Italian naval officers dined at our *table-d'hôte* every evening. One of them showed us an intaglio which he had bought. It represented a hunter on an elephant firing at a tiger. The owner wished to know something about it. Baron von Rosenfeld, a chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, remarked at once that it was as old as the days of flint-locks, because smoke was rising from the lock of the gun. I felt that I knew more about it, but could not at once recall what I knew, and said that I would explain it the next day. And going into the past, I remembered that this very scene was the frontispiece to Mrs. Trimmer's "Natural History." I think that some gem-engraver, possibly in India, had copied it to order. I can even now recall many other things in the book, but attribute my retention of so much which I have read *not* to a good memory, such as the mathematician has, which grasps *directly*, but simply to frequent reading and mental reviewing or revising. Where there has been none of this, I forget everything in a short time.

My father took in those years *Blackwood's* and the *New Monthly Magazine*, and as I read every line of them, they were to me a vast source of

knowledge. I remember an epigram by "Martial in London" in the latter:—

> "In Craven Street, Strand, four attorneys find place,
> And four dark coal-barges are moored at the base;
> Fly, Honesty, fly—seek some safer retreat,
> For there's craft on the river, and craft in the street."

I never pass by Craven Street without recalling this, and so it has come to pass that by such memories and associations London in a thousand ways is always reviving my early life in America.

The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* puzzled me, as did the Bible, but I read, read, read, *toujours*. My uncle Amos lent me the "Arabian Nights," though my father strictly prohibited it. But the zest of the forbidden made me study it with wondrous love. The reader may laugh, but it is a fact that having obtained "Mother Goose's Melodies," I devoured them with a strange interest reflected from Washington Irving. The truth is, that my taste had been so precociously developed, that I unconsciously found a *literary* merit or charm in them as I did in all fairy-tales, and I remember being most righteously indignant once when a young bookseller told me that I was getting to be too old to read such stuff! The truth was, that I was just getting to be old enough to appreciate it as folk-lore and literature, which he never did.

The great intellectual influence which acted on me most powerfully after Irving was an incomplete volume of about 1790, called "The Poetical Epi-

tome." It consisted of many of Percy's "Relics" with selections of ballads, poems, and epigrams of many eminent writers. I found it a few years after at a boarding-school, where I continually read it as before.

As I was backward in my studies, my parents, very injudiciously so far as learning was concerned, removed me from Mr. Walker's school, and put me under the care of T. Bronson Alcott, who had just come to Philadelphia. This was indeed going from the frying-pan into the very fire, so far as curing idleness and desultory habits and a tendency to romance and wild speculation was concerned. For Mr. Alcott was the most eccentric man who ever took it on himself to train and form the youthful mind. He did not really teach any practical study; there was indeed some pretence at geography and arithmetic, but these we were allowed to neglect at our own sweet will. His forte was "moral influence" and "sympathetic intellectual communion" by talking; and oh, heaven! what a talker he was! He was then an incipient Transcendentalist, and he did not fail to discover in me the seeds of the same plant. He declared that I had a marvellous imagination, and encouraged my passion for reading anything and everything to the very utmost. It is a fact that at nine years of age his disquisitions on and readings from Spenser's "Faerie Queen" actually induced me to read the entire work, of which he was very proud, reminding me of it in 1881, when I went to Harvard to deliver

the Phi Beta Kappa poem. He also read thoroughly into us the "Pilgrim's Progress," Quarles' "Emblems," Northcote's "Fables," much Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Milton, all of which sunk into my very soul, educating me indeed "ideally" as no boy perhaps in Philadelphia had ever been educated, at the utter cost of all real "education." It was a great pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. The word *ideal* was ever in his mouth. All of the new theories, speculations, or fads which were beginning to be ventilated among the Unitarian liberal clergy found ready welcome in his dreamy brain, and he retailed them all to his pupils, among whom I was certainly the only one who took them in and seriously thought them over. Yet I cannot say that I *really* liked the man himself. He was not to me exactly sympathetic-human. Such training as his would develop in any boy certain weaknesses—and I had mine—which were very repulsive to my father, who carried plain common-sense to extremes, and sometimes into its opposite of unconscious eccentricity, though there was no word which he so much hated.

Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," "The Disowned," and "Pilgrims of the Rhine" made a deep and lasting impression on me. I little thought then that I should in after years be the guest of the author in his home, and see the skull of Arbaces. Oh, that by some magic power every author could be made to feel *all* the influence, all the charm, which his art exerts on his readers,

and especially the young. Sometimes, now and then, by golden chance, a writer of books does realise this, and then feels that he has lived to some purpose. Once it happened to me to find a man, an owner of palaces and millions, who had every facility for becoming familiar with far greater minds and books than mine, who had for years collected with care and read everything which I had ever written. He actually knew more about my books than I did. I was startled at the discovery as at a miracle. And if the reader knew *what* a *mélange* I have written, he would not wonder at it.

It is very probable that no man living appreciates the vast degree to which any book whatever which aims at a little more than merely entertaining, and appeals at all to thought, influences the world, and how many readers it gets. There are books, of which a thousand copies were never sold, which have permeated society and been the argument of national revolutions. Such a book was the "Political Economy" of H. C. Carey, of which I possess the very last copy of the first, and I believe the only, edition. And there are novels which have gone to the three hundred thousand, of whose authors it may be said that

> "Over the barren desert of their brains
> There never strayed the starved camel of an idea,"

and whose works vanish like wind.

What is very remarkable is the manner in which

even the great majority of readers confuse these two classes, and believe that mere popular success is correlative with genius and desert. A great cause of this really vulgar error is the growing conviction that artistic skill alone determines merit in literature, and that intellect, as the French, beginning mildly with Voltaire and ending violently with Sainte-Beuve, assert, is of far less importance than style. "*Le style, c'est l'esprit du siècle.*" Apropos of which I remarked that in the warlike Middle Age in France the motto might have been "*L'homme c'est le* STEEL." Then came the age of wigs, when the cry was, "*L'homme c'est le* STYLE." And now we are in the swindling and bogus-company-promoting age, when it might be proclaimed that "*L'homme c'est le* STEAL."

There was another book which I read through and through in early childhood to great profit. This was Cottle's "Alfred," an epic of some merit, but chiefly in this, that it sets forth tolerably clearly the old Norse life and religion. George Boker owned and gave me some time after a book entitled "Five Norse Poems," in the original, and translated. This with Grey's poems, which latter I possessed, laid the basis for a deep interest in after years in Northern antiquities; they were soon followed by Mallett; and if I have since read many sagas in Icelandic and studied with keenest interest the museums of the North, the first incentive thereto came from my boyish reading. When I was sixteen I executed a poetic version of the "Death Song of Regner Lodbrog," which, though it was never pub-

lished, I think was at least as good as any translation which I have since executed, "however that may be." I very seriously connected this Norse spirit with my grandfather and his stern uncles and progenitors, who had fought in Canada and in the icy winters of New England; grim men they were all; and I daresay that I was quite right. It always seems to me that among these alternately fighting and farming Icelanders I am among my Leland relatives; and I even once found Uncle Seth in his red waistcoat in the Burnt Njals saga to the life. There was a paragraph, as I write, recently circulating in the newspapers, in which I was compared in appearance to an old grey Viking, and it gave me a strange uncanny thrill, as if the writer of it were a wizard who had revealed a buried secret.

My parents, on coming to Philadelphia, had at first attended the Episcopal church, but finding that most of their New England friends held to the Rev. W. H. (now Dr.) Furness, an Unitarian, they took a pew in his chapel. After fifteen years they returned to the Episcopal faith, but allowed me to keep the pew to myself for one or two years, till I went to college. In Dr. Furness's chapel I often heard Channing and all the famous Unitarian divines of the time preach, and very often saw Miss Harriet Martineau, Dr. Combe, the phrenologist, and many other distinguished persons. In other places at different times I met Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, to whom I was introduced, Daniel Webster, to whom I reverently bowed, receiving in return a

gracious acknowledgment, Peter Duponceau, Morton, Stephen Girard, Joseph Buonaparte, the two authors of the "Jack Downing Letters;" and I once heard David Crockett make a speech. Apropos of Joseph Buonaparte, I can remember to have heard my wife's mother, the late Mrs. Rodney Fisher, tell how when a little girl, and while at his residence at Bordenton, she had run a race with the old ex-king of Spain. A very intimate friend in our family was Professor John Frost, the manufacturer of literally innumerable works of every description. He had many thousands of woodcut blocks, and when he received an order—as, for example, a history of any country, or of the world, or of a religion, or a school geography, or book of travel or adventure, or a biography, or anything else that the heart of man could conceive—he set his scribes to write, scissors and paste, and lo! the book was made forthwith, he aiding and revising it. What was most remarkable was that many of these *pièces de manufacture* were rather clever, and very well answered the demand, for their sale was enormous. He had when young been in the West Indies, and written a clever novelette entitled "Ramon, the Rover of Cuba." Personally he was very handsome, refined, and intelligent; a man meant by Nature for higher literary work than mere book-making.

Miss Eliza Leslie, the writer of the best series of sketches of American domestic life of her day, was a very intimate friend of my mother, and a constant visitor at our house. She was a sister of Leslie, the

great artist, and had been in her early life much in England. I was a great favourite with her, and owed much to her always entertaining and very instructive conversation, which was full of reminiscences of distinguished people and remarkable events. I may say with great truth that I really profited as much by mere hearing as many boys would have done by knowing the originals, so deep was the interest which I felt in all that I heard, and so eager my desire to learn to know the world.

Then I was removed, and with good cause, from Mr. Alcott's school, for he had become so very "ideal" or eccentric in his teaching and odd methods of punishment by tormenting without ever whipping, that people could not endure his purely intellectual system. So for one winter, as my health was bad and I was frequently ill, for a long time I was allowed to do nothing but attend a writing-school kept by a Mr. Rand. At the end of the season, he sadly admitted that I still wrote badly; I think he pronounced me the worst and most incurable case of bad writing which he had ever attended. In 1849 Judge—then Mr.—Cadwallader, with whom I was studying law, said that he admired my engrossing hand more than any he had ever seen except one. As hands go round the clock, our hands do change.

I was to go the next summer to New England with my younger brother, Henry Perry Leland, to be placed in the celebrated boarding-school of Mr. Charles W. Greene, at Jamaica Plains, five miles from Boston; which was done, and with this I enter

on a new phase of life, of which I have very vivid reminiscences. Let me state that we first went to Dedham and stayed some weeks. There I found, living with his father, an interesting boy of my own age, named William Joshua Barney, a grandson of the celebrated Commodore Barney, anent whom was written the song, "Barney, leave the girls alone," apropos of his having been allowed to kiss Marie Antoinette and all her maids of honour. William had already been at Mr. Greene's school, and we soon became intimate.

During this time my father hired a chaise; I borrowed William's shot-gun, and we went together on a delightful tour to visit all our relations in Holliston, Milford, and elsewhere. At one time we stopped to slay an immense black snake; at another to shoot wild pigeons, and "so on about" to Providence and many places. From cousins who lived in old farmhouses in wild and remote places I received Indian arrow-heads and a stone tomahawk, and other rustic curiosities dear to my heart. At the Fremont House in Boston my father showed me one day at dinner several foreign gentlemen of different nations belonging to different Legations. In Rhode Island I found by a stream several large pot-holes in rocks of which I had read, and explained to my father (gravely as usual) how they were made by eddies of water and gravel-stones. One day my father in Boston took me to see a marvellous white shell from China, valued at one hundred pounds. What was the amazement of all present to hear me

give its correct Latin name, and relate a touching tale of a sailor who, finding such a shell when shipwrecked on a desert island, took it home with him, "and was thereby raised (as I told them) from poverty to affluence." Which tale I had read the week before in a children's magazine, and, as usual, reflected deeply on it, resolving to keep my eye on all shells in future, in the hope of something turning up.

I was *not*, however, a little prig who bored people with my reading, for I have heard old folk say that there was a quaint *naïveté* and droll seriousness, and total unconsciousness of superior information in my manner, which made these outpourings of mine very amusing. I think I was a kind of little Paul Dombey, unconsciously odd, and perhaps innocently Quaker-like. I could never understand why Aunt Nancy, and many more, seemed to be so much amused at the serious and learned examples and questions which I laid down to them. For though they did not "smile outright," I had learned to penetrate the New England ironical glance and satirical intonation. My mother said that, when younger, I, having had a difficulty of some kind with certain street-boys, came into the house with my eyes filled with tears and said, "I told them that they were evil-minded, but they laughed me to scorn." On another occasion, when some vagabond street-boys asked me to play with them, I gravely declined, on the ground that I must "Shun bad company"—this phrase being the title of a

tract which I had read, and the boys corresponding in appearance to a picture of sundry young ragamuffins on its title-page.

My portrait had been admirably painted in Philadelphia by Mrs. Darley, the daughter of Sully, who, I believe, put the finishing touches to it. When Mr. Walker saw it, he remarked that it looked exactly as if Charley were just about to tell one of his stories. At the time I was reading for the first time "The Child's Own Book," an admirable large collection of fairy-tales and strange adventures, which kept me in fairy-land many a time while I lay confined to bed for weeks with pleurisies and a great variety of afflictions, for in this respect I suffered far more than most children.

AT SCHOOL IN NEW ENGLAND.

Mr. Charles W. Greene was a portly, ruddy, elderly Boston gentleman of good family, who had been in early life attached in some diplomatic capacity to a Legation, and had visited Constantinople. I think that he had met with reverses, but having some capital, had been established by his many friends as a schoolmaster. He was really a fine old gentleman, with a library full of old books, and had Madeira in quaint little old bottles, on which, stamped in the glass, one could read GREENE 1735. He had a dear little wife, and both were as kind to the boys as possible. Once, and

once only, when I had really been very naughty, did he punish me. He took me solemnly into the library (oh, what blessed beautiful reading I often had there!), and, after a solemn speech, and almost with tears in his eyes, gave me three blows with a folded newspaper! That was enough. If I had been flayed with a rope's end, it would not have had a greater moral effect than it did.

Everything was very English and old-fashioned about the place. The house was said in 1835 to be a hundred and fifty years old, having been one of the aristocratic Colonial manors. One building after another had been added to it, and the immense elms which grew about testified to its age. The discipline or training was eminently adapted to make young gentlemen of us all. There was almost no immorality among the boys, and no fighting whatever. The punishments were bad marks, and for every mark a boy was obliged to go to bed an hour earlier than the others. Extreme cases of wickedness were punished by sending boys to bed in the daytime. When two were in a room, and thus confined, they used to relieve the monotony of their imprisonment by fighting with pillows. Those who had bad marks were also confined within certain bounds. Good boys, or those especially favoured, were allowed to chop kindling wood, or do other light work, for which they were paid three cents per hour. The boy who was first down in the morning had an apple given to him. This apple was greatly

despised by the bolder spirits, who taunted those who arose promptly with a desire to obtain it.

Candour compels me to admit that, as a teacher of learning, Mr. Greene was not pre-eminent. He had two schoolrooms, and employed for each as good a teacher as he could hire. But we were not at all thoroughly well taught, although we were kept longer in the schoolroom than was really good for us. For in summer we had an hour's study before breakfast, then from nine till twelve, and again from two to five. In winter we had, instead of the early lesson, an hour in the evening. Something was wanting in the system, and I believe that after a year and a half I knew no more, as regards studies, than I did when I first entered.

When a boy's birthday came, he was allowed to have some special dainty for us all. I was very much disgusted with the Boston boys when they selected pork and beans, which I loathed. Some would choose plum-pudding, others apple-pies. There were always two or three dishes for breakfast, as, for instance, fried potatoes and butter, or cold meat, or pan-dowdy—a kind of coarse and broken up apple-pie—with the tea and bread and coffee, but we could only eat of one. There was rather too much petty infant-schoolery in all this, but we got on very well. Pepper and mustard were forbidden, but I always had a great natural craving for these, and when I asked for them, Mr. Greene would shake his head, but always ended by handing them to me. He was a *bon vivant*

himself, and sympathised with me. There were one or two books also of a rather peppery or spicy nature in his library, such as a collection of rollicking London songs, at which he likewise shook his head when I asked for them—but I got them. There I read for the first time all of Walter Scott's novels, and the Percy Ballads, and some of Marryatt's romances, and Hood's Annual, and Dr. Holmes's first poems.

There was in Mr. Greene's library a very curious and now rare work in three volumes, published in Boston at some time in the twenties, called "The Marvellous Depository." It consisted of old legends of Boston, such as the story of "Peter Rugg," "Tom Walker and the Devil," "The Golden Tooth," "Captain Kidd," "The Witch Flymaker," and an admirable collection of unearthly German tales, such as "The Devil's Elixir," by Hoffmann (abridged), "Jacob the Bowl," "Rubezahl," "Der Freyschutz," and many more, but all of the unearthly blood-curdling kind. Singly, they were appalling enough to any one in those days when the supernatural still thrilled the strongest minds, but taken altogether for steady reading, the book was a perfect Sabbat of deviltry and dramatic horrors. The tales were well told, or translated in very simple but vigorous English, and I pored over the collection and got it by heart, and borrowed it, and took it to Dedham in the holidays, and into the woods, where I read it in sunshine or twilight shade by the rippling river, under wild rocks, and so steeped

my soul in the supernatural, that I seemed to live a double life. As was natural, my schoolmates read and liked such tales, but they sunk into my very soul, and took root, and grew up into a great overshadowing forest, while with others they were only as dwarf bushes, if they grew at all. All of this—though I did not know it—was unconsciously educating my bewitched mind to a deep and very precocious passion for mediæval and black-letter literature and occult philosophy, which was destined to manifest itself within a few years.

There was another book which greatly influenced my mind and life. I have forgotten the title, but it was a very remarkable collection of curiosities, such as accounts of a family of seven children who had every one some strange peculiarity, dwarfs and giants, and mysteriously-gifted mortals, and all kinds of odd beings and inventions. I obtained it in a very mysterious way; for one day I found it in my desk, a blessed gift indeed from some unknown friend who had rightly judged of my tastes. This work I literally lived upon for a long time. Once a lady friend of my mother's came in winter and took me a-sleighing, but I had my dear book under my jacket, and contrived now and then to re-read some anecdote in it. In after years I found a copy of it in the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, but I have never seen it elsewhere.[1]

[1] Since writing the foregoing, and by a most appropriately odd coincidence or mere chance, I have received with delight a copy of this work from Jesse Jaggard, a well-known dealer in literary curiosities in

I had at Mr. Alcott's carefully studied all the Percy Anecdotes, and could repeat most of them when recalled by some association; also Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," the perusal of which latter work was to me as the waving of a forest and the sighing of deep waters. Then too I had read—in fact I owned—the famous Peter Parley books, which gave me, as they have to thousands of boys, a desire to travel and see the world. I marvelled greatly at finding that Peter Parley himself, or Mr. S. G. Goodrich, had a beautiful country-house very near our school, and his son Frank, who was a very pleasant and wonderfully polite and sunshiny boy, sat by me in school. Frank Goodrich in after life wrote a novel entitled "Flirtation and its Consequences," of which my brother said, "What are its consequences, Frank; good rich husbands? By no means." I can remember being invited to a perfectly heavenly garden-party at the Goodrichs', and evening visits there with my mother. And I may note by the way, that Frank himself lived abroad in after years; that his father became the American Consul in Paris, and that in 1848 he introduced to the *Gouvernement Provisoire* the

Liverpool, who makes a specialty of *hunting up* rarities to order, which is of itself a quaint business. The book is entitled "Curiosities for the Ingenious, Selected from the Most Authentic Treasures of Nature, Science and Art, Biography, History, and General Literature. London: Thomas Boys, Ludgate Hill, 1821." Boys was the publisher of the celebrated series of "The Percy Anecdotes." I should here, in justice to Mr. Jaggard, mention that I am indebted to him for obtaining for me several rare and singular works, and that his catalogues are remarkably well edited.

American delegation, of which I was one, and how we were caricatured in the *Charivari*, in which caricature I was specially depicted, the likeness being at once recognised by everybody, and how I knew nothing of it all till I was told about it by the beautiful Miss Goodrich, Frank's younger sister, on a Staten Island steamboat, many, many years after. And as a postscript I may add, that it is literally true that before I was quite twenty-three years of age I had been twice caricatured or pictorially jested on in the Munich *Fliegende Blätter* and twice in the Paris *Charivari*, which may show that I was to a certain degree about town in those days, as I indeed was. While I am about it, I may as well tell the Munich tale. There was a pretty governess, a great friend of mine, who had charge of two children. Meeting her one day in the park, at a sign from me she pressed the children's hats down over their eyes with "Kinder, setzt eure Hüte fester auf!" and in that blessed instant cast up her beautiful lips and was kissed. I don't know whether we were overseen; certain it is that in the next number of the *Fliegende Blätter* the scene was well depicted, with the words. The other instance was this. One evening I met in a *Bierhalle* a sergeant of police with whom I fraternised. I remember that he could talk modern Greek, having learned it in Greece. This was very *infra dig.* indeed for a student, and one of my comrades said to me that, as I was a foreigner, I was probably not aware of what a fault I had committed,

but that in future I must not be seen talking to a soldier. To which I, with a terrible wink, replied, "Mum's the word; that soldier is *lieutenant of police in my ward*, and I have squared it with him all right, so that if there should be a *Bierkrawall* (a drunken row) in our quarter, he will let me go." This, which appeared as a grand flight of genial genius to a German, speedily went through all the students' *kneipe*, and soon appeared, very well illustrated, in the "*F. B.*"

We were allowed sixpence a week spending-money at Mr. Greene's, two cents, or a penny, being deducted for a bad mark. Sometimes I actually got a full week's income; once I let it run on up to 25 cents, but this was forbidden, it not being considered advisable that the boys should accumulate fortunes. A great deal of my money went for cheap comic literature, which I carefully preserved. In those days there were Crockett's almanacs (now a great fund of folk-lore), and negro songs and stories were beginning to be popular. It is very commonly asserted that the first regular negro minstrel troupe appeared in 1842. This is quite an error. While I was at Mr. Greene's in 1835, there came to Dedham a circus with as regularly-appointed a negro minstrel troupe of a dozen as I ever saw. I often beheld the pictures of them on the bill. Nor do I think that this was any novelty even then. The Crockett almanacs greatly stimulated my sense of American humour (they do indeed form collectively a very

characteristic work), and this, with some similar reading, awoke in me a passion for wild Western life and frontier experiences, which was fully and strangely gratified in after years, but which would certainly have never happened had it not been for this boyish reading.

For I beg the reader to observe that it is a very deeply-seated characteristic that whatever once takes root in my mind invariably grows. This comes from the great degree to which I have always gone over, reviewed, and *reflected on*, or nursed everything which ever once really interested me. And as I have thus far written, and shall probably conclude this work without referring to a note, the reader will have ample opportunity of observing how very strangely in all cases the phases of my life were predetermined long before by the literary education which I gave myself, aided very much by hereditary or other causes quite beyond my control. Now, as the object of a *Life* is to understand every cause which created it, and as mine was to a very unusual degree created by reading and *reflecting*, even in infancy, I beg the reader not to be impatient with me for describing so much in detail the books which made my mind at different times. That is, I pray this much allowance and sympathy from possible readers and critics, that they will kindly not regard me as vain or thinking over-much of, or too much over, myself. For to set oneself forth as one really is requires deep investigation into *every* cause, and the de-

picting all early characteristics, and the man never lived who ever did this truly and accurately without much egoism, or what the ill-disposed may treat as such. And I promise the possible reader that when this subjective analysis shall be fairly disposed of, there will be no lack of mere incident or event of objective nature and more general interest.

My first winter at Jamaica Plains was the terrible one of 1835, during which I myself saw the thermometer at 50 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and there was a snow-bank in the play-ground from October till May. The greatest care possible was taken of us boys to keep us warm and well, but we still suffered very much from chilblains. Water thrown into the air froze while falling. Still there were some happy lights and few shadows in it all. The boys skated or slid on beautiful Jamaica Pond, which was near the school. There was a general giving of sleds to us all; mine broke to pieces at once. I never had luck with any plaything, never played ball or marbles, and hardly ever had even a top. Nor did I ever have much to do with any games, or even learn in later years to play cards, which was all a great pity. Sports should be as carefully looked to in early education as book-learning. I had, too, a pair of dear gazelle-skates given to me with the rest, but they also broke up on first trial, and I have never owned any since. Destiny was always against me in such matters.

The boys built two large snow-houses, roofed in or arched over with hard snow. One was ingeni-

ously and appropriately like an Eskimo hut, with a rather long winding passage leading into it. Of these I wrote in the spring, when the sun had begun to act, "one is almost annihilated, and of the other not a *vestage* remains." I found the letter by chance many years later.

There lived in Boston some friends of my mother's named Gay. In the family was an old lady over eighty, who was a wonderfully lively spirited person. She still sang, as I thought, very beautifully, to the lute old songs such as "The merry days of good Queen Bess," and remembered the old Colonial time as if it were of yesterday. One day Mr. Gay came out and took me to his house, where I remained from Saturday until Monday; during which time I found among the books, and very nearly read through, all the poems of Peter Pindar or Doctor Wolcott. Precious reading it was for a boy of eleven, yet I enjoyed it immensely. While there, I found in the earth in the garden an oval, dark-green porphyry pebble, which I, moved by a strange feeling, preserved for many years as an amulet. It is very curious that exactly such pebbles are found as fetishes all over the world, and the famous conjuring stone of the Voodoos, which I possess, is only an ordinary black flint pebble of the same shape. Negroes have travelled a thousand miles to hold it in their hands and make a wish, which, if uttered with *faith*, is always granted. Its possession alone entitles any one to the first rank as master in the mysteries of Voodoo sorcery. Truly I began early

in the business! I may here say that since I owned the Voodoo stone, it has been held in several very famous and a few very beautiful hands.

While I was at Mr. Greene's I wrote my first poem. I certainly exhibited no great precocity of lyrical genius in it, but the reader must remember that I was only a foolish little boy of ten or eleven at the time, and that I showed it to no one. It was as follows:—

"As a long-bearded Sultan, an infidel Turk,
Who ne'er in his life had done any work,
Rode along to the bath, he saw Hassan the black,
With two monstrous water-skins high on his back.

'Ho, Hassan, thou afreet! thou infidel dog!
Thou son of a Jewess and eater of hog!
This instant, this second, put down thy skin jugs,
And for my sovereign pleasure remove both the plugs!"

The negro obeyed him, put both on the ground,
And opened the skins and the water flew round;
The Sultan looked on till he laughèd his fill;
Then went on to the bath, feeling heated and ill.

When arrived at the bath, 'Is all ready?' he cries:
'Indeed it is not, sire,' the bath-man replies;
'For to fetch the bath-water black Hassan has gone,
And your highness can't have it till he shall return.'"

In after years my friend Professor E. H. Palmer translated this into Arabic, and promised me that it should be sung in the East. It is not much of a poem, even for a boy, but there is one touch true to life in it—which is the *cursing*. This must have come to me by revelation; and in after years in Cairo

I never heard a native address another as "*Afrit! Ya-hinzeer—wa Yahud—yin uldeen ak?*"—"curse your religion!" but I thought how marvellous it was that I, even in my infancy, had divined so well how they did it! However, now I come to think of it, I had the year before read Morier's "Haji-Baba" with great admiration, and I doubt not that it was the influence of that remarkable book which produced this beautiful result. In after years I met with a lady who was a daughter of Morier. Apropos of the *book*, it reminds me that I specially recall my *reviewing* it mentally many times.

I have reviewed my early life in quiet, old-fashioned, shaded Philadelphia and in rural New England so continually and carefully all the time ever since it passed, that I am sure its minutest detail on any day would now be accurately recalled at the least suggestion. As I shall almost certainly write this whole work without referring to a note or journal or other document, it will be seen that I remember the past pretty well. What is most remarkable in it all, if I *can* make myself intelligible, is that what between the deep and indelible impression made on my mind by *books*, and that of scenery and characters now passed away—the two being connected—it all seems to me now to be as it were vividly depicted, coloured, or *written* in my mind, like pages in an illuminated or illustrated romance. As some one has said that dreams are novels which we read when asleep, so by-gone memories, when continually revived and associated

with the subtle and delicate influences of *reading*, really become fixed literature to us, glide into it and are virtually turned to copy, which only awaits type. Thus a *scene* to one highly cultivated in art is really a picture, to a degree which few actually realise, though they may fancy they do, because to actually master this harmony requires so many years of study and thought that I very rarely meet with perfect instances of it. De Quincey and Coleridge are two of the best illustrations whom I can recall, while certain analytical character-sifters in modern novels seem the farthest remote from such genial naturalness.

At the end of the first year my brother returned to Philadelphia. I passed the summer at Dr. Stimson's in Dedham, wandering about in the woods with my bow, fishing in the river, reading always whatever fate or a small circulating library provided —I remember that "The Devil on Two Sticks" and the "Narrative of Captain Boyle" were in it—and carving spoons and serpents from wood, which was a premonition of my later work in this line, and of my "Manual of Wood-Carving."

At this time something took place which deeply impressed me. This was the two hundredth anniversary of the building of the town of Dedham, which was celebrated with very great splendour: speeches, tents with pine-boughs, music-booths, ginger-beer, side-shows—in short, all the pomp and circumstance of a country fair allied to historic glory. I had made one or two rather fast and, I

fear me, not over-reputable acquaintances of my own age, with whom I enjoyed the festival to the utmost. Then I returned to school, and autumn came, and then winter. At this time I felt fearfully lonely. I yearned for my mother with a longing beyond words, and was altogether home-sick.

I was seated one Saturday afternoon, busily working in the drawing-class under a little old Englishman named Dr. Hunt, when there came the startling news that a gentleman had come to take me home! I could hardly believe my senses. I went down, and was presented to a man of about thirty, of extremely pleasant and attractive appearance, who told me that his name was Carlisle, that he was a friend of my father's, and that I was at once to return with him to Philadelphia. I wonder that I did not faint with joy.

Mr. Carlisle was a man of very remarkable intelligence, kindness, and refinement. Nearly sixty years have passed since then, and yet the memory of the delightful impression which he made on me is as fresh as ever. My trunk was soon packed; we were whirled away to Boston, and went to a hotel, he treating me altogether like a young gentleman and an equal.

It had been the dream and hope and wild desire of my life to go to the Lion Theatre in Boston, where circus was combined with roaring maritime melodramas, of which I had heard heavenly accounts from a few of my schoolmates. And Mr. Carlisle took me there that evening, and I saw "Hyder Ali."

Never, never in my life before did I dream that dramatic art, poetry, and *mimesis* could attain to such ideal splendour. And then a sailor came on the stage and sang "Harry Bluff," and when he came to the last line—

"And he died like a true Yankee sailor at last,"

amid thundering hurrahs, it seemed to me that romance could go no farther. I do not think that Mr. Carlisle had any knowledge of boys, certainly not of such a boy as I was, but I am sure that he must have been amply repaid for his kindness to me in my delight. And there were acrobatic performances, such as I had never seen in my life, and we returned to the hotel and a grand supper, and I was in heaven.

The next morning Mr. Carlisle put into my hand, with great delicacy, such a sum as I had never before possessed, telling me that I "would need it for travelling expenses." All the while he drew me out on literature. On the Long Island Sound steamer he bade me notice a young gentleman (whom I was destined to know in after years), a man with curly hair and very foppish air, accompanied by a page "in an eruption of buttons," and told me that it was N. P. Willis. And so revelling in romance and travel, with mince-pie and turkey for my daily food, my pocket stuffed with money, in the most refined and elegant literary society (at least it was there on deck), I came to Philadelphia. I may here say that the memory of Mr. Carlisle has

made me through all my life kinder to boys than I might otherwise have been, and if, as a teacher, I have been popular among them, it was to a great degree due to his influence. For, as will appear in many passages in this book, I have to a strange degree the habit of thinking over marked past experiences, and drawing from them precedents by which to guide my conduct; hence it has often happened that a single incident has shown itself in hundreds of others as a star is reflected in countless pools.

II.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

1837–1845.

II.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

1837–1845.

Return to Philadelphia at twelve years of age—Early discipline—School at Mr. C. Walker's—B. P. Hunt—My first reading of Rabelais—Mr. Robert Stewart—Hurlbut's school—Boyish persecution—Much strange reading—François Villon—Early studies in philosophy—Transcendentalism and its influence—Spanish—School of E. C. Wines—The French teacher—Long illness—The intelligent horse—Princeton University professors—Albert Dodd and James Alexander—College life—Theology—Rural scenes—Reading—My first essays—The Freshman rebellion—Smoking—George H. Boker—Jacob Behmen or Böhme—Stonington—Captain Nat Palmer and Commodore Vanderbilt—My graduation.

How happy I was again to see my mother and father and Henry! And then came other joys. My father had taken a very nice house in Walnut Street, in the best quarter of the city, below Thirteenth Street, and this was a source of pleasure, as was also a barrel of apples in the cellar, to which I had free access. They had been doled out to us very sparingly at school, and I never shall forget the delight with which I one day in December at Jamaica Plain discovered a frozen apple on a tree! Then there was the charm of being in a great city, and familiar old scenes, and the freedom from bad marks, and being ruled into bounds, and sent to bed at early hours. There is, in certain cases, a degree

of moral restraint and discipline which is often carried much too far, especially where boys are brought up with a view to pushing themselves in the world. I was sixteen years of age and six feet high before I was allowed to leave off short jackets, go to a theatre, or travel alone, all of which was more injurious to me, I believe, than ordinary youthful dissipation would have been, especially in America. Yet, while thus repressed, I was being continually referred by all grown-up friends to enterprising youth of my own age, who were making a living in bankers' or conveyancers' offices, &c., and acting "like men." The result really being that I was completely convinced that I was a person of feeble and inferior capacity as regarded all that was worth doing or knowing in life, though heaven knows my very delicate health and long illnesses might of themselves have excused all my failings. The vast majority of Americans, however kind and generous they may be in other respects, are absolutely without mercy or common-sense as regards the not succeeding in life or making money. Such, at least, was my experience, and bitter it was. Elders often forget that even obedience, civility, and morality in youth are luxuries which must be paid for like all other extravagances at a high price, especially in children of feeble constitution. The dear boy grows up "as good as pie," and, being pious, "does not know one card from another," nor one human being from another. You make of him a fool, and then call him one—I mean, what you regard as a

fool. I am not at all sure that one or two cruises in a slaver (there were plenty of them sailing out of New York in those days) would not have done me far more good of a certain kind than all the education I had till I left college in America. I am not here complaining, as most weak men do, as if they were specially victims to a wretched fate and a might-have-been-better. The vast majority of boys have not better homes or education, kinder parents, or advantages greater than mine were. But as I do not recall my boyhood's days or my youth till I left college with that *joyousness* which I find in other men without exception, and as, in fact, there always seems as if a cloud were over it all, while from below there was a low continual murmur as of a patient soul in pain, I feel that there was something wrong in it all, as there indeed was—the wrong of taking all the starch out of a shirt, and then wondering that it was not stiff. But I must say, at the same time, that this free expansion is not required by the vast majority of boys, who are only far too ready and able to spread themselves into "life" without any aid whatever. What is for one meat may be for another poison, and mine was a very exceptional case, which required very peculiar treatment.

My father had sold out his business in 1832 to Mr. Charles S. Boker, and since then been principally engaged in real estate and stock speculation. When I returned, he had bought a large property between Chestnut Market and Third Streets, on

which was a hotel called Congress Hall, with which there were connected many historical associations, for most of the noted men who for many years visited Philadelphia had lived in it. With it were stables and other buildings, covering a great deal of ground in the busiest portion of the city, but still not in its condition very profitable. Then, again, he purchased the old Arch Street prison, a vast gloomy pile, like four dead walls, a building nearly 400 feet square. It was empty, and I went over it and into the cells many times. I remember thinking of the misery and degradation of those who had been confined there. The discipline had been bad enough, for the prisoners had been allowed to herd freely together. My father tore it down, and built a block of handsome dwelling-houses on its site. As the *trottoir* or side-walk was narrow, he, at a considerable loss to himself, made a present to the city of a strip of land which left a wide pavement. I say "at a loss," for had the houses been deeper they would have sold for much more. The City Council graciously accepted the gift, with the special condition that my father should pay all the expenses of the transfer! From which I learned the lesson that in this life a man is quite as liable to suffer from doing good as doing evil, unless he employs just as much foresight or caution in the doing thereof. Some of the most deeply regretted acts of my life, which have caused me most sincere and oft-renewed repentance, were altogether and perfectly acts of generosity and goodness. The

simple truth of which is that a *gush*, no matter how sweet and pure the water may be, generally displaces something. Many more buildings did my father buy and sell, but committed withal the very serious error of never buying a house as a permanent home or a country place, which he might have easily done, and even to great profit, which error in the long-run caused us all great inconvenience, and much of that shifting from place to place which is very bad for a growing family. The humblest man in such case in a house of his own has certain great advantages over even a millionaire in lodgings.

Mr. S. C. Walker had given over his school to a younger brother named Joseph, but it was still kept in the old house in Eighth Street, where also I had taken my lessons in the rudiments of Transcendentalism from the Orphic Alcott. It was now a fairly good school as things went in those days, with the same lectures in Natural Philosophy and Chemistry —the same mild doses of French and Latin. The chief assistant was E. Otis Kimball, subsequently a professor of astronomy, a very gentlemanly and capable instructor, of a much higher type than any assistant-teacher whom I had ever before met. Under him I read Voltaire's "Charles the Twelfth." George H. Boker, who was one year older than I, and the son of my father's old partner, went to this school. I do not remember that for the first year or eighteen months after my return to Philadelphia there was any incident of note in my life, or that I read any-

thing unless it was Shakespeare, and reviews which much influenced me. However, I was very wisely allowed to attend a gymnasium, kept by a man named Hudson. Here there was a sporting tone, much pistol-shooting at a mark, boxing and fencing, prints of prize-fighters on the wall, and cuts from *Life in London*, with copious cigar-smoke. It was a wholesome, healthy place for me. Unfortunately, I could not afford the shooting, boxing, &c., but I profited somewhat by it, both morally and physically. At this critical period, or a little later, a few pounds a year judiciously invested in sport and "dissipation" would have changed the whole current of my life, probably much for the better, and it would certainly have spared my poor father the conviction, which he had almost to his death, that I was a sad and mortifying failure or exception which had not paid its investment; for which opinion he was in no wise to blame, it being also that of all his business acquaintances, many of whose sons, it was true, went utterly to the devil, but then it was in the ancient intelligible, common-sensible, usual paths of gambling, horsing, stock-brokering, selling short, or ruining all their relatives by speculating with their money. However, there was also the—rather forlorn—hope ahead that I would do something in a profession.

The school went on, Mr. Walker studying law meantime till he had passed his examination, when it was transferred to Mr. B. P. Hunt. With this man, who became and remained my intimate friend

till his death, thirty years after, came the first faint intimation of what was destined to be the most critical, the most singular, and by far the most important period of my life.

Mr. Hunt was, as he himself declared to me in after years, not at all fitted to be a schoolmaster. He lacked the minor or petty earnestness of character, and even the training or preparation, necessary for such work. On the other hand, he had read a great deal in a desultory way; he was very fond of all kinds of easy literature; and when he found that any boy understood the subject, he would talk with that boy about whatever he had been reading. Yet there was something real and stimulative in him, for there never was a man in Philadelphia who kept school for so short a time and with so few pupils who had among them so many who in after life became more or less celebrated. For he certainly made all of us who were above idiocy think and live in thought above the ordinary range of school-boy life. Thus I can recall these two out of many incidents:—

Finding me one day at an old book-stand, he explained to me Alduses, and Elzevirs, and bibliography, showing me several specimens, all of which I remembered.

I had read Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia." [By the way, I knew the daughter of the author.] There was an allusion in it to Cornelius Agrippa, and Mr. Hunt explained and dilated on this great sorcerer to me till I became half crazy to read the

"Occult Philosophy," which I did at a roaring rate two years later.

One day I saw Mr. Hunt and Mr. Kendall chuckling together over a book. I divined a secret. Now, I was a very honourable boy, and never pried into secrets, but where a quaint old book was concerned I had no more conscience than a pirate. And seeing Mr. Hunt put the book into his desk, I abode my time till he had gone forth, when I raised the lid, and . . . .

Merciful angels and benevolent fairies! it was Urquhart's translation of Rabelais! One short spell I read, no more; but it raised a devil which has never since been laid. Ear hath not heard, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, what I felt as I realised, like a young giant just awakened, that there was in me a stupendous mental strength to grasp and understand that magnificent mixture of ribaldry and learning, fun and wisdom, deviltry and divinity. In a few pages' time I knew what it all meant, and that I was gifted to understand it. I replaced the book; nor did I read it again for years, but from that hour I was never quite the same person. The next day I saw Callot's "Temptation of St. Anthony" for the first time in a shop-window, and felt with joy and pride that I understood it out of Rabelais. Two young gentlemen—lawyers apparently—by my side thought it was crazy and silly. To me it was more like an apocalypse.

I am speaking plain truth when I say that that

one quarter of an hour's reading of Rabelais—standing up—was to me as the light which flashed upon Saul journeying to Damascus. It seems to me now as if it were the great event of my life. It came to such a pass in after years that I could have identified any line in the Chronicle of Gargantua, and I also was the suggester, father, and founder in London of the Rabelais Club, in which were many of the best minds of the time, but beyond it all and brighter than all was that first revelation.

It should be remembered that I had already perused Sterne, much of Swift, and far more comic and satiric literature than is known to boys, and, what is far more remarkable, had thoroughly taken it all into my *cor cordium* by much repetition and reflection.

Mr. Hunt in time put me up to a great deal of very valuable or curious *belletristic* fair-lettered or black-lettered reading, far beyond my years, though not beyond my intelligence and love. We had been accustomed to pass to our back-gate of the school through Blackberry Alley—

> "Blackberry Alley, now Duponceau Street,
> A rose by any name will smell as sweet,"—

which was tenanted principally by social evils. He removed to the corner of Seventh and Chestnut Streets. Under our schoolroom there was a gambling den. I am not aware that these surroundings had any effect whatever upon the pupils. Among the

pupils in Seventh Street was one named Emile Tourtelôt. We called him Oatmeal Turtledove. I had another friend who was newly come from Connecticut. His uncle kept a hotel and often gave him Havanna cigars. We often took long walks together out of town and smoked them. He taught me the song—

"On Springfield mountains there did dwell,"

with much more quaint rural New England lore.

About this time my grandfather Leland died. I wept sadly on hearing it. My father, who went to Holliston to attend the funeral, brought me back a fine collection of Indian stone relics and old American silver coins, for he had been in his way an antiquarian. *Bon sang ne peut mentir.* I had also the certificate of some Society or Order of Revolutionary soldiers to which he had belonged. One of his brothers had, as an officer, a membership of the hereditary Order of the Cincinnati. This passed to another branch of the family.

For many years the principal regular visitor at our house was Mr. Robert Stewart, a gentleman of good family and excellent education, who had during the wars with Napoleon made an adventurous voyage to France, and subsequently passed most of his life as Consul or diplomatic agent in Cuba. He had brought with him from Cuba a black Ebo-African slave named Juan. As the latter seemed to be discontented in Philadelphia, Mr. Stewart, who was kindness itself, offered to

send him back freed to Cuba or Africa, and told him he might buy a modest outfit of clothing, such as suited his condition. The negro went to a first-class tailor and ordered splendid clothes, which were sent back, of course. The vindictive Ebo was so angry at this, that one summer afternoon, while Mr. Stewart slept, the former fell on him with an axe and knife, mangled his head horribly, cut the cords of his hand, &c., and thought he had killed him. But hearing his victim groan, he was returning, when he met another servant, who said, "Juan, where are you going?" He replied, "Me begin to kill Mars' Stewart—now me go back finish him!" He was, of course, promptly arrested. Mr. Stewart recovered, but was always blind of one eye, and his right hand was almost useless. Mr. Stewart had in his diplomatic capacity seen many of the pirates who abounded on the Spanish Main in those days. He was an admirable *raconteur*, abounding in reminiscences. His son William inherited from an uncle a Cuban estate worth millions of dollars, and lived many years in Paris. He was a great patron of (especially Spanish) art.

So I passed on to my fourteenth year, which was destined to be the beginning of the most critical period of my life. My illnesses had increased in number and severity, and I had shot up into a very tall weak youth. Mr. Hunt gave up teaching, and became editor of *Littell's Magazine*. I was sent to the school of Mr. Hurlbut—as I believe it was then spelled, but I may be wrong. He had

been a Unitarian clergyman, but was an ungenial, formal, rather harsh man—the very opposite of Mr. Hunt. My schoolmates soon found that though so tall, I was physically very weak, and many of them continually bullied and annoyed me. Once I was driven into a formal stand-up fight with one younger by a year, but much stronger. I did my best, but was beaten. I offered to fight him then in Indian fashion with a hug, but this he scornfully declined. After this he never met me without insulting me, for he had a base nature, as his after-life proved. These humiliations had a bad effect upon me, for I was proud and nervous, and, like many such boys, often very foolish.

But I had a few very good friends. Among these was Charles Macalester. One day when I had been bullied shamefully by the knot of boys who always treated me badly, he ran after me up Walnut Street, and, almost with tears in his eyes, assured me of his sympathy. There were two other intimates. George Patrullo, of Spanish parentage, and Richard Seldener, son of the Swedish Consul. They read a great deal. One day it chanced that Seldener had in his bosom a very large old-fashioned flint-lock horse-pistol loaded with shot. By him and me stood Patrullo and William Henry Hurlbut, who has since become a very well-known character. Thinking that Seldener's pistol was unloaded, Patrullo, to frighten young Hurlbut, pulled the weapon suddenly from Seldener's breast, put it between Hurlbut's eyes and fired. The latter

naturally started to one side, so it happened that he only received one shot in his ear. The charge went into the wall, where it made a mark like a bullet's, which was long visible. George Patrullo was drowned not long after while swimming in the Schuylkill river, and Richard Seldener perished on an Atlantic steamer, which was never heard of.

On the other hand, something took place which cast a marvellous light into this darkened life of mine. For one day my father bought and presented to me a share in the Philadelphia Library. This was a collection which even then consisted of more than 60,000 well-chosen volumes. And then began such a life of reading as was, I sincerely believe, unusual in such youth. My first book was "Arthur of Little Britaine," which I finished in a week; then "Newes from New Englande, 1636," and the "Historie of Clodoaldus." Before long I discovered that there were in the Loganian section of the library several hundred volumes of occult philosophy, a collection once formed by an artist named Cox, and of these I really read nearly every one. Cornelius Agrippa and Barret's "Magus," Paracelsus, the black-letter edition of Reginald Scot, Glanville, and Gaffarel, Trithemius, Baptista Porta, and God knows how many Rosicrucian writers became familiar to me. Once when I had only twenty-five cents I gave it for a copy of "Waters of the East" by Eugenius Philalethes, or Thomas Vaughan.

All of this led me to the Mystics and Quietists. I read Dr. Boardman's "History of Quakerism," which taught me that Fox grew out of Behmen; and I picked up one day Poiret's French work on the Mystics, which was quite a handbook or guide to the whole literature. But these books were but a small part of what I read; for at one time, taking another turn towards Old English, I went completely through Chaucer and Gower, both in black letter, the collections of Ritson, Weber, Ellis, and I know not how many more of mediæval ballads and romances, and very thoroughly and earnestly indeed Warton's History of English Poetry. Then I read Sismondi's "Literature of Southern Europe" and Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe," which set me to work on Raynouard and other collections of Provençal poetry, in the knowledge of which I made some progress, and also St. Pelaye's, Le Grand's, Costello's, and other books on the Trouveurs. I translated into rhyme and sent to a magazine, of which I in after years became editor, one or two *laïs*, which were rejected, I think unwisely, for they were by no means bad. Then I had a fancy for Miscellanea, and read the works of D'Israeli the elder and Burton's "Anatomy."

One day I made a startling discovery, for I took at a venture from the library the black-letter first edition of the poems of François Villon. I was then fifteen years old. Never shall I forget the feeling, which Heine compares to the unexpected finding of a shaft of gold in a gloomy mine, which shot through

me as I read for the first time these *ballades.* Now-a-days people are trained to them through second-hand sentiment. Villon has become—heaven bless the mark!—*fashionable!*—and æsthetic. I got at him "straight" out of black-letter reading in boyhood as a find of my own, and it was many, many years ere I ever met with a single soul who had heard of him. I at once translated the "Song of the Ladies of the Olden Time;" and I knew what *bon bec* meant, which is more than one of Villon's great modern translators has done! Also *heaulmière,* which is *not* helmet-maker, as another supposes.

I went further in this field than I have room to describe. I even read the rococo-sweet poems of Joachim du Bellay. In this year my father gave me "The Doctor," by Robert Southey, a work which I read and re-read assiduously for many years, and was guided by it to a vast amount of odd reading, Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny being one of the books. This induced me to read all of Southey's poems, which I did, not from the library, but from a book-store, where I had free run and borrowing privileges, as I well might, since my father lost £4000 by its owner.

While at Mr. Greene's school I had given me Alsopp's "Life and Letters of Coleridge," which I read through many times; then in my thirteenth year, in Philadelphia, I read with great love Charles Lamb's works and most of the works of Coleridge. Mr. Alcott had read Wordsworth into us in illimitable quantities, so that I soon had a fair all-round

knowledge of the Lakers, whom I dearly loved. Now there was a certain *soupçon* of Mysticism or Transcendentalism and Pantheism in Coleridge, and even in Wordsworth, which my love of rocks and rivers and fairy lore easily enabled me to detect by sympathy.

But all of this was but a mere preparation for and foreshadowing of a great mental development and very precocious culture which was rapidly approaching. I now speak of what happened to me from 1838 to 1840, principally in the latter year. If I use extravagant, vain words, I beg the reader to pardon me. Perhaps this will never be published, therefore *sit verbo venia!*

I had become deeply interested in the new and bold development which was then manifesting itself in the Unitarian Church. Channing, whom I often heard preach, had something in common with the Quietists; Mr. Furness was really a thinker "out of bounds," while in reality as gentle and purely Christian as could be. There was something new in the air, and this Something I, in an antiquated form, had actually preceded. It was really only a *rechauffé* of the Neo-Platonism which lay at the bottom of Porphyry, Proclus, Psellus, Jamblichus, with all of whom I was fairly well acquainted. Should any one doubt this, I can assure him that I still possess a full copy of the "Poemander" or "Pimander" of Hermes Trismegistus, made by me in my sixteenth year, which most assuredly no mortal could ever have understood or made, or cared to make, if he had not read the

Neo-Platonists; for Marsilius Ficinus himself regarded this work as a pendant to them, and published it as such. Which work I declared was not a Christian Platonic forgery, but based on old Egyptian works, as has since been well-nigh proved from recent discoveries. (I think it was Dr. Garnett who, hearing me once declare in the British Museum that I believed Hermes was based on an ancient Egyptian text, sent for a French work in which the same view was advanced.)

The ignorance, narrow-mindedness, and *odium theologicum* which prevailed in America until 1840 was worse than that in Europe under the Church in the Middle Ages, for even in the latter there had been an Agobard and an Abelard, Knight-Templar agnostics, and *illuminati* of different kinds. The Unitarians, who believed firmly in every point of Christianity, and that man was saved by Jesus, and would be damned if he did not put faith in Him as the Son of God, were regarded literally and truly by everybody as no better than infidels because they believed that Christ was *sent* by God, and that Three could not be One. Every sect, with rare exceptions, preached, especially the Presbyterians, that the vast majority even of Christians would be damned, thereby giving to the devil that far greater power than God against which Bishop Agobard had protested. As for a freethinker or infidel, he was pointed at in the streets; and if a man had even seen a "Deist," he spoke of it as if he had beheld a murderer. Against all this some few were beginning to revolt.

There came a rumour that there was something springing up in Boston called Transcendentalism. Nobody knew what it was, but it was dreamy, mystical, crazy, and infideleterious to religion. Firstly, it was connected with Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, and finally with everything German. The new school of liberal Unitarians favoured it. I had a quick intuition that here was something for me to work at. I bought Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, first edition, and read it through forty times ere I left college—of which I "kept count."

My record here as regards some books may run a little ahead; but either before I went to college or during my first year there (almost all before or by 1840–41), I had read Carlyle's "Miscellanies" thoroughly, Emerson's "Essays," a translation of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," the first half of it many times; Dugald Stewart's works, something of Reid, Locke, and Hobbes's "Leviathan;" had bought and read French versions of Schelling's "Transcendental Idealism" and Fichte's fascinating "Destiny of Man;" studied a small handbook of German philosophy; the works of Campanella and Vanini (Bruno much later, for his works were then exceeding rare. I now have Weber's edition), and also, with intense relish and great profit, an old English version of Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. In which last work I had the real key and clue to all German philosophy and Rationalism, as I in time found out. I must here modestly mention that I had to a degree which I honestly believe seldom

occurs, the art of *rapid* yet of carefully-observant reading. George Boker once, quite unknown to me, gave me something to read, watched my eyes as I went from line to line, timed me by watch, and finally examined me on what I had read. He published the incident long after, said he had repeated it more than once *à mon insu*, and that it was remarkable.

Such a dual life as I at this time led it has seldom entered into the head of man to imagine. I was, on the one hand, a schoolboy in a jacket, leading a humiliated life among my kind, all because I was sickly and weak; while, on the other, utterly alone and without a living soul to whom I could exchange an idea, I was mastering rapidly and boldly that which was *then* in reality the tremendous problem of the age. I can now see that, as regards its *real* antique bases, I was far more deeply read and better grounded than were even its most advanced leaders in Anglo-Saxony. For I soon detected in Carlyle, and much more in Emerson, a very slender knowledge of that stupendous and marvellous ancient Mysticism which sent its soul in burning faith and power to the depth of "the downward-borne elements of God," as Hermes called them. I missed even the rapt faith of such a weak writer as Sir Kenelm Digby, much more Zoroaster! Vigorous and clever and bold writers they were—Carlyle was far beyond me in literary *art*—but true Pantheists they were *not*. And they were men of great genius, issuing essays to the age on popular, or political, or "literary" topics; but *philosophers* they most assuredly were *not*, nor

men tremendous in spiritual truth. And yet it was precisely as *philosophers* and thaumaturgists and revealers of *occulta* that they posed—especially Emerson. And they dabbled or trifled with free thought and "immorality," crying Goethe up as the Light of Lights, while all their inner souls were bound in the most Puritanical and petty goody-goodyism. Though there were traces of grim Scotch humour in Carlyle, my patron saint and master, Rabelais, or aught like him, had no credit with them.

They *paddled* in Pantheism, but as regards it, both lacked the stupendous faith and inspiration of the old adepti, who flung their whole souls into God; and yet they sneered at Materialism and Science.

I did not then see *all* of this so clearly as I now do, but I very soon found that, as in after years it was said that Comteism was Catholicism without Christianity, so the Carlyle-Emersonian Transcendentalism was Mysticism without mystery. Nor did I reflect that it was a calling people from the nightmared slumber of frozen orthodoxy or bigotry to come and see a marvellous new thing. And when they came, they found out that this marvellous thing was that they had been *awakened*, "only that and nothing more;"—and *that* was the great need of the time, and worth more than any magic or theosophy. But I had expected, in simple ignorant faith, that the sacred mysteries of some marvellous cabala would be revealed, and not finding what I wanted (though indeed I discovered much that was worldly new to me), I returned to the good old

ghost-haunted paths trodden by my ancestors, to dryads and elves and voices from the stars, and the *archæus* formed by the astral spirit (not the modern Blavatsky affair, by-the-bye), which entyped all things . . . . and so went elving and dreaming on 'mid ruins old.

Be it observed that all this time I really did not know what I knew. Boys are greatly influenced by their surroundings, and in those days every one about me never spoke of Transcendentalism or "Germanism," or even "bookishness," without a sneer. I was borne by a mysterious inner impulse which I could not resist into this terrible whirlpool of *belles lettres*, occulta, facetiæ, and philosophy; but I had, God knows, little cause for pride that I read so much, for it was on every hand in some way turned against me. If it had only been reading like that of other human beings, it might have been endured, but I was always seen coming and going with parchment-bound tomes. Once I implored my father, when I was thirteen or fourteen, to let me buy a certain book, which he did. This work, which was as dear to me as a new doll to a girl for a long time, was the *Reductorium* or moralisation of the whole Bible by Petrus Berchorius, black letter, folio, Basle, 1511. It was from the library of a great and honest scholar, and, as the catalogue stated, "contained MS. notes on the margin by Melanchthon."

Promising this for an American youth who was expected to go into business or study a profession!

While at Hurlbut's school I took lessons in

Spanish. There was a Spanish boy from Malaga, a kind of half-servant, half-*protégé* in a family near us, with whom I practised speaking the language, and also had some opportunity with a few Cubans who visited our family. One of them had been a governor-general. He was a Gallician by birth, but I did not know this, and innocently asked him one day if *los Gallegos no son los Irlandeses d'España?*—if the Gallicians were not the Irish of Spain—which drew a grave caution from my brother, who knew better than I how the land lay. I really attained some skill in Spanish, albeit to this day "Don Quixote" demands from me a great deal of dictionary. But, as I said before, I learn languages with *incredible* difficulty, a fact which I cannot reconcile with the extreme interest which I take in philology and linguistics, and the discoveries which I have made; as, for instance, that of *Shelta* in England, or my labours in jargons, such as Pidgin-English, Slang, and Romany. But, as the reader has probably perceived, I was a boy with an inherited good constitution only from the paternal side, and a not very robust one from my mother, while my mind, weakened by long illness, had been strangely stimulated by many disorders, nervous fevers being frequent among them. In those days I was, as my mother said, almost brought up on calomel, and she might have added quinine. The result of so much nervousness, excessive stimulating by medicine, and rapid growth was a too great susceptibility to poetry,

humour, art, and all that was romantic, quaint, and mysterious, while I found it very hard to master any really dry subject. What would have set me all right would have been careful physical culture, boxing, so as to protect me from my school persecutors, and *amusement* in a healthy sense, of which I had almost none whatever.

Hurlbut's became at last simply intolerable, and my parents, finding out in some way that I was worse for being there, removed me to a far better school kept by E. C. Wines, who had written books on education, and attained some fame thereby. This was in 1839–40, and I was there to be prepared for college. We were soon introduced to an old French gentleman, who was to teach us, and who asked the other boys what French works they had read. Some had gone through *Telémaque*, or *Paul et Virginie, Florian, etcetera.* The good-goody nature of such reading awoke in me my sense of humour. When it came to my turn, and I was asked, I replied, "*La Pucelle d'Orleans* and *Dictionnaire Philosophique* of Voltaire, the Confessions of Rousseau, the Poems of Villon, *Charles d'Orleans, Clotilde de Surville,* and more or less of Helvetius, D'Holbach, and Condillac." Here the professor, feeling himself quizzed, cast forth his hands as in disgust and horror and cried, "*Assez! assez!* Unhappy boy, you have raked through the library of the devil down to the dregs!" Nor was I "selling" him, for I certainly had read the works, as the records of the Philadelphia Library

can in a great measure prove, and did not speak by hearsay.

I had at this time several severe long attacks of illness with much pain, which I always bore well, as a matter of course or habit. But rather oddly, while in the midst of my Transcendentalism, and reading every scrap of everything about Germany which I could get, and metaphysics, and study—I was very far gone then, and used to go home from school and light a pipe with a long wooden stem, and study the beloved "Critic of Pure Reason" or Carlyle's Miscellanies, having discovered that smoking was absolutely necessary in such reading—[De Quincey required a quart of laudanum to enable him to enjoy German metaphysics]—there came a strange gleam of worldly dissipation, of which I never think without pleasure. I had passed one summer vacation on a farm near Philadelphia, where I learned something in wood-ranging about wild herbs and catching land-tortoises and "coon-hunting," and had been allowed to hire and ride a horse.

I did not know it, but this horse had thrown over his head everybody who had ever mounted him. He was a perfect devil, but also a perfect gentleman. He soon took my measure, and resolved to treat me kindly as a *protégé*. When we both wanted a gallop, he made such time as nobody before had dreamed was in him; when he was lazy, he only had to turn his head and look at me, and I knew what that meant and conformed unto him. He had a queer fancy at times to

quietly steal up and put his hoof on my foot so as to hurt me, and then there was an impish laugh in his eye. For he laughed at me, and I knew it. There is really such a thing as a horse-laugh. One day we passed through a drove of sheep, and he did not like it—no horse does. After a while I wanted to go by a certain road, but he refused sternly to take it. I found soon after that if I had done so we must have met the sheep again. He had, in fact, understood the route far better than I. I once got a mile out of him in three minutes—more or less; but he had seen me look at my watch, and knew that I wanted to see what he could do. He never did it again. I *may* have been mistaken here, but it was my impression at the time. Perhaps if I had gone on much longer in intimacy with him I might have profited mentally by it, and acquired what Americans call "horse-sense," of which I had some need. It is the sixth—or the first—sense of all Yankees and Scotchmen. When I returned to the city, I was allowed to hire a horse for a few times from a livery stable, and went out riding with a friend. This friend was a rather precociously dissipated youth, and with him I had actually now and then—very rarely—a glass at a bar and oysters. He soon left me for wilder associates, and I relapsed into my old sober habits. Strange as it may seem, I believe that I was really on the brink of becoming like other boys. But it all faded away. Now it became imperative that I should study in earnest. I used to rise at

three or four in the morning. What with hard work and great fear of not passing my matriculation, I contrived to get up so much Latin, Greek, and mathematics, that Mr. Wines thought I might attempt it, and so one fine summer day my father went with me to Princeton. I was in a fearful state of nervous anxiety.

COLLEGE LIFE.

PRINCETON.

We went to Princeton, where I presented my letters of introduction, passed a by no means severe examination for the Freshman's class, was very courteously received by the professors to whom I was commended, and, to my inexpressible delight, found myself a college student. Rooms were secured for me at a Mrs. Burroughs', opposite Nassau Hall; the adjoining apartment was occupied by Mr. Craig Biddle, now a judge. George H. Boker was then at the end of his Sophomore year, the term having but a few days to run. He had rooms in college and lived in unexampled style, having actually a carpet on his floor and superior furniture, also a good collection of books, chiefly standard English poets. He at once took me in hand and gave me a character.

Princeton College was entirely in the hands of the strictest of "Old School" Presbyterian theologians. Piety and mathematics rated extravagantly high in the course. The latter study was literally reckoned

in the grades as being of more account than all the rest collectively. Thus, as eventually happened to me, a student might excel in Latin, English, and Natural Philosophy—in fact, in almost everything, good conduct included, and yet be the last in the class if he neglected mathematics. There was no teaching of French, because, as was naïvely said, students might read the irreligious works extant in that language, and of course no other modern language; as for German, one would as soon have proposed to raise the devil there as a class in it. If there had been an optional course, as at Cambridge, Massachusetts, by which German was accepted in lieu of mathematics, I should probably have taken the first honour, instead of the last. And yet, with a little more Latin, I was really qualified, on the day when I matriculated at Princeton, to have passed for a Doctor of Philosophy in Heidelberg, as I subsequently accurately ascertained.

There were three or four men of great ability in the Faculty of the University. One of these was Professor Joseph Henry, in those days the first natural philosopher and lecturer on science in America. I had the fortune in time to become quite a special *protégé* of his. Another was Professor James Alexander, who taught Latin, rhetoric, and mental philosophy. He was so clear-headed and liberally learned, that I always felt sure that he must at heart have been far beyond the bounds of Old School theology, but he had an iron Roman-like sternness of glance which quite suited a Covenanter.

The most remarkable of all was Albert Dodd, Professor of Mathematics and Lecturer on Architecture. This man was a genius of such a high order, that had it not been for the false position in which he was placed, he would have given to the world great works. The false position was this: he was the chief pulpit orator of the Old School, and had made war on the Transcendentalist movement in an able article in the *Princeton Review* (which, by the way, was useful in guiding me to certain prohibited works, before unknown to me). But as he was a man of poetic genial feeling, he found himself irresistibly fascinated by what he had hunted down, and so read Plato, and when he died actually left behind him a manuscript translation of Spinoza's works!

The reader may imagine what a marvellous *find* I was to him. George Boker, who was ages beyond me in knowledge of the world—man and woman—said one day that he could imagine how Dodd sat and chuckled to hear me talk, which remark I did not at all understand and thought rather stupid. I remember that during my first call on him we discussed *Sartor Resartus*, and I expressed it as my firm conviction that the idea of the Clothes Philosophy had been taken from the Treatise on Fire and Salt by the Rosicrucian Lord Blaise. Then, in all *naïveté* and innocence of effect, I discussed some point in Kant's "Critic," and a few other trifles not usually familiar to sub-freshmen, and took my departure, very much pleased at having entered on a life where my favourite reading did not

really seem to be quite silly or disreputable. I remember, however, being very much surprised indeed at finding that the other students, in whom I expected to encounter miracles of learning, or youth far superior to myself in erudition and critical knowledge, did not quite come up to my anticipations. However, as they were all far beyond me in mathematics, I supposed their genius had all gone in that direction, for well I knew that the toughest page in Fichte was a mere trifle compared to the awful terrors of the Rule of Three, and so treated them as young men who were my superiors in other and greater things.

There were wearisome morning prayers in the chapel, and roll-call every morning, and then an hour of recitation before breakfast, study till ten or eleven, study and recitation in the afternoon, and evening prayers again and study in the evening. The Sabbath was anything but a day of rest, for we had the same prayers; morning attendance at church; afternoon, the learning and reciting of *four chapters* in the Bible; while we were expected in the evening to master one or two chapters in the Greek Testament. I am not sorry that I used to read books during sermon-time. It kept me from, or from me, a great deal of wickedness. *Videlicet:*

The sermons consisted principally of assertion that man himself consisted chiefly of original sin. As evil communications corrupt good manners, I myself, being young and impressionable, began to believe that I too was an awful sinner. Not knowing where else to look for it, I concluded that it consisted

in my inability to learn mathematics. I do not distinctly remember whether I prayed to Heaven that I might be able to cross the Pons Asinorum, but "anyway" my prayer was granted when I graduated.

Another stock-piece in the *repertoire* consisted of attacks on Voltaire, Tom Paine, and other antiquated Deists or infidels. I had read with great contempt a copy of "The Rights of Man" belonging to my genial uncle Amos. I say with great contempt, for I always despised that kind of free thought which consisted chiefly of enmity to Christianity. Now I can see that Voltaire and his followers were quite in the right in warring on terrible and immediate abuses which oppressed mankind; but I had learned from Spinoza to believe that every form of faith was good in its way or according to its mission or time, and that it was silly to ridicule Christianity because the tale of Balaam's ass was incredible. Paine was to me just what a Positivist now is to a Darwinian or Agnostic, and such preaching against "infidels" seemed to me like pouring water on a drowned mouse. There had always been in Mr. Furness's teaching a very decided degree of Rationalism, and I had advanced far more boldly on the track. I remember reading translations from Schleiermacher and buying Strauss's "Life of Jesus" before I went to Princeton—I saw Strauss himself in after years at Weinsberg, in Germany—but at Princeton the slightest approach to explaining the most absurd story in the Old Testament was regarded as out-and-out atheism. It had all happened, we were told, just as it is described.

I may as well note here the fact that for many years in my early life such a thing as only reading a book through once rarely happened, when I could obtain it long enough. Even the translations of the Neo-Platonists, with Campanella, Vanini, or the Italian Naturalists, were read and re-read, while the principal English poets, and such books as I owned, were perused daily.

And here in this great infant arithmetic school I was in due time set down to study Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" and Locke on the Understanding—like Carlyle's young lion invited to a feast of chick-weed. Apropos of the first, I have a droll reminiscence. There had been in Philadelphia two years before, a sale of a fine library, and I had been heart-broken because my means had not permitted me to buy the works of Sir Kenelm Digby. However, I found them in the Princeton College Library. The first thing I came to in Paley was his famous simile of the watch—taken bodily and without acknowledgment from Digby. The theft disgusted me. "These be your Christian champions!" I thought—

> "Would any of the stock of infidels
> Had been my evidence ere such a Christian!"

And, moreover, Paley forgets to inform us what conclusion the finder might draw if he had picked up a badly made watch which did not keep good time—like this our turnip of a world at times!

As we were obliged to attend divine service

strictly on Sunday, I was allowed to go to the Episcopal Church in the village, which agreed very well with my parents' views. I quite fell into the sentiment of the sect, and so went to Professor Dodd to ask for permission from the Faculty to change my religion. When he asked me how it was that I had renegaded into Trinitarianism, I replied that it was due to reflection on the perfectly obvious and usual road of the Platonic hypostases eked out with Gnosticism. I had found in the College Library, and read with great pleasure almost as soon as I got there, Cudworth's "Intellectual System" (I raided a copy as *loot* from a house in Tennessee in after years, during the war), and learned from it that "it was a religious instinct of man to begin with a Trinity, in which I was much aided by Schelling, and that there was no trace of a Trinity in the Bible, or rather the contrary, yet that it *ought* consistently to have been there" —a sentiment which provoked from Professor Dodd a long whistle like that of Uncle Toby with Lilliburlero. "For," as I ingeniously represented, "man or God consists of the Monad from which developed spirit or intellect and soul; for *toto enim in mundo lucet Trias cujus Monas est princeps,* as the creed of the Rosicrucians begins (which is taken from the Zoroastrian oracles)"—here there was another long subdued whistle—"and it is set forth on the face of every Egyptian temple as the ball, the wings of the spirit which rusheth into all worlds, and the serpent, which is the *Logos.*" Here the whistle

became more sympathetic, for Egypt was the professor's great point in his lectures on architecture. And having thus explained the true grounds of the Trinity to the most learned theologian of the Presbyterian sect, I took my leave, quite unconscious that I said anything out of the common, for all I meant was to give my reasons for going back to the Episcopal Church. As for Professor Dodd, he had given me up from the very first interview to follow my idols as I pleased, only just throwing in argument enough to keep me well going. He would have been the last man on earth to throw down such a marvellous fairy castle, goblin-built and elfin tenanted, from whose windows rang Æolian harps, and which was lit by night with undying Rosicrucian lamps, to erect on its ruin a plain brick, Old School, Presbyterian slated chapel. I was far more amusing as I was, and so I was let alone.

I had passed my examination about the end of June, and I was to remain in Princeton until the autumn, reading under a tutor, in the hope of being able to join the Sophomore class when the college course should begin. There I was utterly alone, and rambled by myself in the woods. I believed myself to be a very good Christian in those days; but I was really as unaffected and sincere a Poly-Pantheist or Old Nature heathen as ever lived in Etrusco-Roman or early German days. A book very dear to my heart at that time was the *Curiositez Inouyes* of Gaffarel (Trollope was under the impression that he was the only man in Europe who ever

read it), in which there is an exquisite theory that the stars of heaven in their courses and the lines of winding rivers and bending corn, the curves of shells and minerals, rocks and trees, yes, of all the shapes of all created things, form the trace and letters of a stupendous *writing* or characters spread all over the universe, which writing becomes little by little legible to the one who by communion with Nature and earnest faith seeks to penetrate the secret. I had found in the lonely woods a small pond by a high rock, where I often sat in order to attain this blessed illumination, and if I did not get quite so far as I hoped, I did in reality attain to a deep unconscious familiarity with birds and leafy-shades, still waters, and high rising trees; in short, with all the sweet solemnity of sylvan Nature, which has ever since influenced all my life. I mean this not in the second-hand way in which it is so generally understood, but as a *real* existence in itself, so earnestly felt that I was but little short of talking with elfin beings or seeing fairies flitting over flowers. Those who explain everything by "imagination" do not in the least understand how *actual* the life in Nature may become to us. Reflect for a minute, thou whose whole soul is in gossip and petty chronicles of fashion, and "sassiety," that in that life thou *wert* a million years ago, and in it thou wilt be a million years hence, ever going on in all forms, often enough in rivers, rock, and trees, and yet canst not realise with a sense of awe that there are in these forms, passing to others

—ever, ever on—myriads of men and women, or at least their *life—how* we know not, as *what* we know not—only this, that the Will or creative force of the Creator or Creating is in it all. This was the serious yet unconscious inspiration of my young life in those days, in even more elaborate or artistic form, which all went very well hand in hand with the Euclid and Homer or Demosthenes and Livy with which my tutor Mr. Schenk (pronounce *Skánk*) was coaching me.

My reading may seem to the reader to have been more limited than it was, because I have not mentioned the historians, essayists, or belletrists whose works are read more or less by "almost everybody." It is hardly worth while to say, what must be of course surmised, that Sterne, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Swift, and Macaulay—in fine, the leading English classics, were really well read by me, my ambition being not to be ignorant of anything which a literary man should know. Macaulay was then new, and I devoured not only his works, but a vast amount by him suggested. I realised at an early age that there was a certain cycle of knowledge common to all really cultivated minds, and this I was determined to master. I had, however, little indeed of the vanity of erudition, having been deeply convinced and constantly depressed or shamed by the reflection that it was all worse than useless, and injurious to making my way in life. When I heard that Professor Dodd had said that at seventeen there were not ten men in America who had read so much, while

Professor Joseph Henry often used words to this effect, and stern James Alexander in his lectures would make deeply learned allusions intended for me alone—as, for instance, to Kant's "Æsthetik" —I was anything but elated or vain in consequence. I had read in *Sartor Resartus*, "If a man reads, shall he not be learned?" and I knew too well that reading was with me an unprofitable, perhaps pitiable, incurable mania-amusement, which might ruin me for life, and which, as it was, was a daily source of apprehension between me and my good true friends, who feared wisely for my future.

I absolutely made James Alexander smile for once in his life—'twas sunshine on the grim Tarpeian rock. I had bought me a nice English large type Juvenal, and written on the outside in quaint Elizabethan character form—I forget now the name of the author—the following:—

> "Ay, Juvenall, thy jerking hande is good,
> Not gently laying on, but bringing bloude.
> Oh, suffer me amonge so manye men
> To treade aright the traces of thy penne,
> And light my lamp at thy eternal flame!"

We students in the Latin class had left our books on a table, when I saw grim and dour James Alexander pick up my copy, read the inscription, when looking up at me he smiled; it was a kind of poetry which pleased him.

I remember, too, how one day, when in Professor Dodd's class of mathematics, I, instead of attending to the lecture, read surreptitiously Cardanus *de*

Subtilitate in an old vellum binding, and carelessly laid it on the table afterwards, where Professor Dodd found it, and directed at me one of his half-laughing Mephistophelian glances. Reading of novels in lectures was not unknown; but for Dodd to find anything so caviare-like as Cardanus among our books, was unusual. George Boker remarked once, that while Professor Dodd was a Greek, Professor James Alexander was an old Roman, which was indeed a good summary of the two.

I have and always had a bad memory, but I continued to retain what I read by repetition or reviewing and by *collocation*, which is a marvellous aid in retaining images. For, in the first place, I read entirely by GROUPS; and if I, for instance, attacked Blair's "Rhetoric," Longinus and Burke promptly followed; and if I perused "Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote," I at once, on principle, followed it up with "Spain in 1830," and a careful study of Ford's Guide-Book for Spain, and perhaps a score of similar books, till I had got Spain well into me. And as I have found by years of observation and much research, having written a book on Education partly based on this principle, ten books on any subject read together, profit more than a hundred at intervals. And I may here add, that if this record of what I read be dull, it is still that of my real youthful life, giving the clue to my mind as it was formed. Books in those days were the only events of my life.

Long before I went to college I had an attack of Irish antiquities, which I relieved by reading

O'Brien, Vallancey, the more sensible Petrie, and O'Somebody's Irish grammar, aided by old Annie Mooney, who always remained by us. In after years I discovered an Ogham inscription and the famed Ogham tongue, or *Shelta*, "the lost language of the bards," according to Kuno Meyer and John Sampson.

During my first half-year a college magazine was published, and I, a Freshman, was requested to contribute to the first number. I sent in an article on the history of English poetry. Before I wrote it, the great man among the senior students asked leave to be allowed to write it with me. I did not quite like the idea, but reflecting that the association would give me a certain prestige, I accepted his aid. So it appeared; but it was regarded as mine. Professor Dodd said something to me about the inexpediency of so young a person appearing in print. I could have told him that I had already published several poems, &c., in Philadelphian newspapers, but reflecting that it was not kind to have the better of him, I said nothing. From that time I published something in every number. My second article was an essay on Spinoza, and I still think it was rather good for a boy of sixteen.

There was the College and also a Society Library, out of which I picked a great deal of good reading. One day I asked Professor John MacLean, the college librarian, for the works of Condorcet. His reply was, "Vile book! vile book! can't have it." However, I found in the Society Library Urquhart's translation of "Rabelais," which I read, I daresay,

as often as any mortal ever did. And here I have a word to say to the wretched idiots who regard "the book called Rabelais" as "immoral" and unfit for youth. Many times did I try to induce my young friends to read "Rabelais," and some actually mastered the story of the goose as a *torche cul*, and perhaps two or three chapters more; but as for reading through or enjoying it, "that was not in their minds." All complained, or at least showed, that they "did not understand it." It was to them an aggravating farrago of filth and oddity, under which they suspected some formal allegory or meaning which had perished, or was impenetrable. Learn this, ye prigs of morality, that no work of genius ever yet demoralised a dolt or ignoramus. Even the Old Testament, with all its stores of the "shocking," really does very little harm. It requires *mind for mind* in reading, and vice becomes unattractive even to the vicious when they cannot understand it. I did understand Rabelais, and the *Moyen de Parvenir*, and the *Cymbalum Mundi*, and Boccaccio (I owned these books), and laughed over them, yet was withal as pure-minded a youth as could well be imagined without being a simpleton. For, with all such reading, I best loved such a book as Bromley's "Sabbath of Rest," or sweet, strange works of ancient Mysticism, which bore the soul away to the stars or into Nature. Such a combination is perfectly possible when there is no stain of dishonesty or vulgarity in the character, and I had escaped such influences easily enough.

A droll event took place in the Spring. It had been usual once a year—I forget on what occasion —to give to all the classes a holiday. This year it was abolished, and the Sophomore junior and senior classes quietly acquiesced. But we, the Freshmen, albeit we had never been there before, rebelled at such infringement of "our rights," and absented ourselves from recitation. I confess that I was a leader in the movement, because I sincerely believed it to be a sin to "remove old landmarks," and that the students required more rest and holidays than were allowed them; in which I was absolutely in the right, for our whole life, except Saturday afternoons, was "one demnition grind."

The feeling which was excited by this "Freshman's rebellion" was one of utter amazement, or awful astonishment tempered with laughter, not unmingled with respect. It was the terrier flying at the lion, when the great mastiff, and bloodhound, and Danish dog had quietly slunk aside. There were in the class beside myself several youths of marked character, and collectively we had already made an impression, to which my intimacy with George Boker, and Professor Dodd, and the very *élité* of the seniors, added not a little force. We were *mysterious*. Hitherto a Freshman had been the greenest of the green, a creature created for ridicule, a sort of "leathery fox" or mere tyro (*ty*—not a ty-pographical error—*pace* my kind and courteous reviewer in the *Saturday*)—and here

were Freshmen of a new kind rising in dignity above all others.

Which reminds me of a merry tale. It was usual for Freshmen to learn to smoke for the first time after coming to college, and for more advanced students to go to their rooms, or find them in others, and smoke them sick or into retreating. I, however, found a source of joy in this, that I could now sit almost from morning till night, and very often on to three in the morning, smoking all the time, being deeply learned in Varinas, Kanaster, and the like; for I smoked nothing but real Holland tobacco, while I could buy it. A party of Sophomores informed George Boker that they intended to smoke me out. "Smoke *him* out!" quoth George, "why, he'd smoke the whole of you dumb and blind." However, it came to pass that one evening several of them tried it on; and verily they might as well have tried it on to Niklas Henkerwyssel, who, as the legend goes, sold his soul to the devil for the ability to smoke all the time, to whom my father had once compared me. So the cigars and tobacco were burned, and I liked it extremely. Denser grew the smoke, and the windows were closed, to which I cheerfully assented, for I liked to have it thick; and still more smoke and more, and the young gentlemen who had come to smother me grew pale, even as the Porcupines grew pale when they tried to burn out the great Indian sorcerer, who burned *them!* But I, who was beginning to enjoy myself amaz-

ingly in such congenial society, only filled Boker's great meerschaum with Latakia, and puffed away. One by one the visitors also "puffed away," *i.e.*, vanished through the door into the night.

"Shall I open the window?" asked George.

"Not on my account," I replied. "I rather enjoy it as it is."

"I begin to believe," replied my friend, "that you would like it in Dante's hell of clouds. Do you know what those men came here for? It was *to smoke you out.* And you smoked them out, and never knew it." Which was perfectly true. As for smoking, my only trouble was to be able to buy cigars and tobacco. These were incredibly cheap in those days, and I always dressed very respectably, but my smoking always cost me more than my clothing.

When we Freshmen had rebelled, we were punished by being rusticated or sent into the country to board. I went to Professor Dodd to receive my sentence, and in a grave voice, in which was a faint ring as of irony, and with the lurking devil which always played in his great marvellous mysterious black eyes, he said, "If you were any other student, I would not send you to the city, and so reward your rebellion with a holiday. But as I know perfectly well that you will go into the Philadelphia Library, and never stop reading till it is time to return, I will send you there."

My parents were then absent with my younger

sisters in New England, but I had unlimited credit at Congress Hall Hotel, which was kept by a Mr. John Sturdevant, and where I was greatly respected as the son of the owner of the property. So I went there, and fared well, and, as Professor Dodd prophesied, read all the time. One night I went into an auction of delightful old books. My money had run low; there only remained to me one dollar and a half.

Now of all books on earth, what I most yearned for in those days was the works of Jacob Behmen. And the auctioneer put up a copy containing "The Aurora or Morning Rednesse," English version (*circa* 1636), and I bid. One dollar—one dollar ten cents—twenty—twenty-five—my heart palpitated and I half fainted, for fear lest I should be outbid, when at the very last I got it with my last penny.

The black eyes of Professor Dodd twinkled more elfishly than ever when I exhibited to him my glorious treasure. He evidently thought that my exile had been to me anything but a punishment, and he was right. For a copy of *Anthroposophos Theomagicus* or the works of Robert Fludd I would have got up another rebellion.

It was quite against the college regulations for students to live in the town, but as I never touched a card, was totally abstemious and "moral," and, moreover, in rather delicate health, I was passed over as an odd exception. Once or twice it was proposed to bring me in, but Professor

Dodd interfered and saved me. While in Princeton for more than four years, I never once touched a drop of anything stronger than coffee, which was a great pity. Exercise was not in those days encouraged in any way whatever—in fact, playing billiards and ten-pins was liable to be punished by expulsion; there was no gymnasium, no boating, and all physical games and manly exercises were sternly discouraged as leading to sin. Now, if I had drunk a pint of bitter ale every day, and played cricket or "gymnased," or rowed for two hours, it would have saved me much suffering, and to a great degree have relieved me from reading, romancing, reflecting, and smoking, all of which I carried to great excess, having an inborn impulse to be always doing something. That I did not grapple with life as a real thing, or with prosaic college studies or society, was, I can now see, a *disease*, for which, as my peculiar tastes had come upon me from nervous and Unitarian and Alcottian evil influences, I was not altogether responsible. I was a precocious boy, and I had fully developed extraordinary influences, which, like the seed of Scripture, had in my case fallen on more than fertile ground; it was like the soil of the Margariten Island, by Budapest, which is so permeated by hot springs in a rich soil, that everything comes to maturity there in one-third of the time which it does elsewhere. I was the last child on earth who should ever have fallen into Alcott's hands, or listened to Dr. Channing or Furness, or have been interested in anything

"ideal;" but fate willed that I should drink the elfin goblet to the dregs.

George H. Boker had a great influence on me. We were in a way connected, for my uncle Amos had married his aunt, and my cousin, Benjamin Godfrey, his cousin. He was exactly six feet high, with the form of an Apollo, and a head which was the very counterpart of the bust of Byron. A few years later N. P. Willis described him in the *Home Journal* as the handsomest man in America. He had been from boyhood as precociously a man of the world as I was the opposite. He was *par éminence* the poet of our college, and in a quiet gentlemanly way its "swell." I passed a great deal of my time in his rooms reading Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron, the last named being his ideal. He ridiculed the Lakers, whom I loved, and when Southey's last poem, "On Gooseberry Pie," appeared, he declared that the poor old man was in his dotage, to which I assented with sorrow in my heart. Though only one year older than I, yet, as a *Junior*, and from his superior knowledge of life, I regarded him as being about thirty. He was quite familiar, in a refined and gentlemanly way, with all the dissipation of Philadelphia and New York; nor was the small circle of his friends, with whom I habitually associated, much behind him in this respect. Even during this Junior year he was offered the post of secretary to our Ambassador at Vienna. From him and the others I acquired a second-hand knowledge of life, which

was sufficient to keep me from being regarded as a duffer or utterly "green," though in all such "life" I was practically as innocent as a young nun. Now, whatever I heard, as well as read, I always turned over and over in my mind, thoroughly digesting it to a most exceptional degree. So that I was somewhat like the young lady of whom I heard in Vienna in after years. She was brought up in the utmost moral and strict seclusion, but she found in her room an aperture through which she could witness all that took place in the neighbouring room of a *maison de passe;* but being a great philosopher, she in time regarded it all as the "butterfly passing show" of a theatre, the mere idle play of foolish mortal passions.

Even before I began my Freshman year, there came into my life a slight but new and valuable influence. Professor Dodd, when I arrived, had just begun his course of lectures on architecture. To my great astonishment, but not at all to that of George Boker, I was invited to attend the course, Boker remarking drily that he had no doubt that Dodd thanked God for having at last got an auditor who would appreciate him. Which I certainly did. I in after years listened to the great Thiersch, who trained Heine to art, and of whom I was a special *protégé*, and many great teachers, but I never listened to any one like Albert Dodd. It was not with him the mere description of styles and dates; it was a deep and truly æsthetic feeling that every phase of architecture mirrors and re-

ciprocally forms its age, and breathes its life and poetry and religion, which characterised all that he said. It was in nothing like the subjective rhapsodies of Ruskin, which bloomed out eight years later, but rather in the spirit of Vischer and Taine, which J. A. Symonds has so beautifully and clearly set forth in his Essays[1]—that is, the spirit of historical development. Here my German philosophy enabled me to grasp a subtle and delicate spirit of beauty, which passed, I fear, over the heads of the rest of the youthful audience. His ideas of the correspondence of Egyptian architecture to the stupendous massiveness of Pantheism and the appalling grandeur of its ideas, were clear enough to me, who had copied Hermes Trismegistus and read with deepest feeling the Orphic and Chaldean oracles. The ideas had not only been long familiar to me, but formed my very life and the subject of the most passionate study. To hear them clearly expressed with rare beauty, in the deep strange voice of the professor, was joy beyond belief. And as it would not be in human nature for a lecturer not to note an admiring auditor, it happened often enough that something was often introduced for my special appreciation.

For I may here note—and it was a very natural thing—that just as Gypsy musicians always select in

[1] May I be pardoned for here mentioning that Mr. Symonds, not long before his death, wrote a letter to one of our mutual friends, in which he spoke "most enthusiastically" of my work on Etruscan Roman Traditions in Popular Tradition. "For that alone would I have writ the book."

the audience some one who seems to be most appreciative, at whom they play (they call it *dé o kān*), so Professors Dodd and James Alexander afterwards, in their æsthetic, or more erudite disquisitions, rarely failed to fiddle at me—Dodd looking right in my eyes, and Alexander at the ceiling, ending, however, with a very brief glance, as if for conscience' sake. I feel proud of this, and it affects me more now than it did then, when it produced no effect of vanity, and seemed to me to be perfectly natural.

I heard certain mutterings and hoots among the students as I went out of the lecture-room, but did not know what it meant. George Boker informed me afterwards that there had been great indignation expressed that "a green ignorant Freshman" had dared to intrude, as I had done, among his intellectual superiors and betters, but that he had at once explained that I was a great friend of Professor Dodd, and a kind of marvellous *rara avis*, not to be classed with common little Freshmen; so that in future I was allowed to go my way in peace.

A man of culture who had known Coleridge well, declared that as a conversationalist on varied topics Professor Albert Dodd was his superior. When in the pulpit, or in the lengthened "addresses" of lecturing, there was a marvellous fascination in his voice—an Italian witch, or red Indian, or a gypsy would have at once recognised in him a sorcerer. Yet his manner was subdued, his voice monotonous,

never loud, a running stream without babbling stones or rapids—but when it came to a climax cataract he cleared it with grandeur, leaving a stupendous impression. In the ordinary monotony of that deep voice there was soon felt an indescribable charm. In saying this I only repeat what I have heard in more or less different phrase from others. There was always in his eyes (and in this as in other points he resembled Emerson), a strange indefinable suspicion of a smile, though he, like the Sage of Concord, rarely laughed. Owing to these black eyes, and his sallow complexion, his soubriquet among the students was "the royal Bengal tiger." He was not unlike Emerson as a lecturer. I heard the latter deliver his great course of lectures in London in 1848—including the famous one on Napoleon—but he had not to the same perfection the music of the voice, nor the indefinable mysterious charm which characterised the style of Professor Dodd, who played with emotion as if while feeling he was ever superior to it. He was a great actor, who had gone far beyond acting or art.

Owing, I suppose, to business losses, my father and family lived for two years either at Congress Hall Hotel or *en pension*. I spent my first vacation at the former place. There lived in the house a Colonel John Du Solle, the editor of a newspaper. He was a good-natured, rather dissipated man, who kept horses and had a fancy for me, and took me out "on drives," and once introduced me in the

street to a great actress, Susan Cushman,[1] and very often to theatres and coffee-houses and reporters, and printed several of my lucubrations. Du Solle was in after years secretary to P. T. Barnum, whom I also knew well. He was kind to me, and I owe him this friendly mention. Some people thought him rather a dangerous companion for youth, but I was never taken by him into bad company or places, nor did I ever hear from him a word of which my parents would have disapproved. But I really believe that I could at that time, or any other, have kept company with the devil and not been much harmed: it was not in me. Edgar A. Poe was often in Du Solle's office and at Congress Hall.

In the summer we all went to Stonington, Connecticut, where we lived at a hotel called the Wadawanuc House. There I went out sailing—once on a clam-bake excursion in a yacht owned by Captain Nat Palmer, who had discovered Palmer's Land—and sailed far and wide. That summer I also saw on his own deck the original old Vanderbilt himself, who was then the captain of a Sound steamboat; and I bathed every day in salt-water, and fished from the wharf, and smoked a great deal, and read French books; and after a while we went into Massachusetts and visited the dear old villages and

[1] "Susan Cushman was extremely pretty, but was not particularly gifted; in personal appearance she was altogether unlike Charlotte .... the latter was a large, tall woman" ("Gossip of the Century," vol. ii.). John Du Solle took me for the first time to see Charlotte Cushman, and then asked me what I thought she looked like. And I replied, "A bull in black silk."

Boston, and so on, till I had to return to Princeton. Soon after my father took another house in Walnut Street, the next door above the one where we had lived. This one was rather better, for though it had less garden, it had larger back-buildings.

Bon an, mal an, the time passed away at Princeton for four years. I was often very ill. In the last year the physician who tested my lungs declared they were unsound in two places; and about this time I was believed to have contracted an incurable stoop in the shoulders. One day I resolved that from *that minute* I would always hold myself straight upright; and I did so, and in the course of time became as straight as an arrow, and have continued so, I believe, ever since.

I discovered vast treasures of strange reading in the library of the Princeton Theological College. There was in one corner in a waste-room at least two cart-loads of old books in a cobwebbed dusty pile. Out of that pile I raked the *thirteenth* known copy of Blind Harry's famed poem, a black-letter Euphues Lely, an *Erra Pater* (a very weak-minded friend *actually shamed* me out of making a copy of this great curiosity, telling me it was silly and childish of me to be so pleased with old trash), and many more marvels, which were so little esteemed in Princeton, that one of the professors seeing me daft with delight over my finds, told me I was quite welcome to keep them all; but I, who better knew their *great* value, would not avail myself of the offer, reflecting that a time would come when these

treasures would be properly valued. God knows it was a *terrible* temptation to me, and such as I hope I may never have again—*ne inducas nos in temptationem!*

The time for my graduation was at hand. I had profited very much in the last year by the teaching and friendly counsel of Professor Joseph Henry, whose lectures on philosophy I diligently attended; also those on geology, chemistry, and botany by Professor Torrey, and by the company of Professor Topping. I stood very high in Latin, and perhaps first in English branches. Yet, because I had fallen utterly short in mathematics, I was rated the lowest but one in the class—or, honestly speaking, the very last, for the one below me was an utterly reckless youth, who could hardly be said to have studied or graduated at all. There were two honours usually awarded for proficiency in study. One was the First Honour, and he who received it delivered the Valedictory Oration; the second was the Poem; and by an excess of kindness and justice for which I can never feel too grateful, and which was really an extraordinary stretch of their power under the circumstances, the Poem was awarded to me!

I was overwhelmed at the honour, but bitterly mortified and cut to my heart to think how little I had deserved it. For I had never done a thing save read and study that which pleased me and was *easy*. I wrote the poem (and I still think it was a good one, for I put all my soul into it), and sent it in to the Faculty, with a letter stating that I was deeply

grateful for their extreme kindness, but that, feeling I had not deserved it, I must decline the honour. But I sent them my MS. as a proof that I did not do so because I felt myself incapable, and because I wished to give them some evidence that they had not erred in regarding me as a poet.

Very foolish and boyish, the reader may say, and yet I never regretted it. The Faculty were not to blame for the system pursued, and they did their utmost in every way for four years to make it easy and happy for one of the laziest and most objectionable students whom they had ever had. I have never been really able to decide whether I was right or wrong. At liberal Cambridge, Massachusetts, neither I nor the professors would ever have discovered a flaw in my industry. At the closely cramped, orthodox, hide-bound, mathematical Princeton, every weakness in me seemed to be developed. Thirty years later I read in the *Nassau Monthly*, which I had once edited, that if Boker and I and a few others had become known in literature, we had done so *in spite of* our education there. I do not know who wrote it; whoever he was, I am much obliged to him for a very comforting word. For discipline apart, it was literally "in spite of our education" that we learned anything worth knowing at Princeton—as it then was.

From this point a new phase of life begins. Prominent in it and as its moving power was the great kindness of my father. That I had graduated

at all under any conditions was gratifying, and so was the fact that it was not in reality without the so-called Second Honour, despite my low grade. And the pitiable condition of my health was considered. During the last year I had taken lessons in dancing and fencing, which helped me a little, and I looked as if I might become strong with a change of life. So my father took my mother and me on a grand excursion. We went to Stonington, New York, and Saratoga, where I attended a ball—my first—and then on to Niagara. On the way we stopped at Auburn, where there was a great state-prison, which I visited alone. There was, among its attractions, a noted murderer under sentence of death. There were two or three ladies and gentlemen, who were shown by the warder with me over the building. He expressed some apprehension as to showing us the murderer, for he was a very desperate character. We entered a large room, and I saw a really gentlemanly-looking man heavily ironed, who was reading a newspaper. While the others conversed with him, I endeavoured to make unobserved a sketch of his face. The warder noticing this, called me to the front to make it boldly, and the prisoner, smiling, told me to go on with it; which I did, and that not so badly—at least, the sitter approved of it.

So we went up the beautiful Hudson, which far surpasses the Rhine, and yields the palm only to the Danube, stopping at Poughkeepsie and Albany, and so on to Niagara Falls. On the way

we passed through a burning forest. My awe at this wonderful sight amused some one present to whom it was a familiar thing. Which reminds me that about the time when I first went to college, but while staying at Congress Hall, I there met a youth from Alabama or Mississippi, who was on his way to Princeton to join our ranks. To him I of course showed every attention, and by way of promoting his happiness took him to the top of the belfry of the State House, whence there is a fine view. While there I casually remarked what a number of ships there were in the river, whereupon he eagerly cried, "Oh, show me one! I never saw a ship in all my life!" I gazed at him in utter astonishment, as if I would say, "What manner of man art thou?" and then recalling myself, said, "Well, we are just equal, for you never saw a ship, and I never saw a *cotton-field*." The young man smiled incredulously and replied, "Now I know that you are trying to humbug me, for how *could* you grow up without ever seeing cotton-fields?"

We arrived at Niagara about noon, and I at once went to see the Falls. There was a very respectable-looking old gentleman, evidently from the Far South, with two young ladies, one a great beauty, advancing just before. I heard him say, "Now, keep your eyes closed, or look down till you can have a full view." I did the same, and when he cried "Look up!" did so. It was one of the great instants of my life.

I know not how it was, but that first glance

suggested to me something *chivalric*. It may have been from Byron's simile of the tail of the white horse and the cataract, and the snow-white steed of that incarnation of nobility, Crescentius, and there rang in my memory a mystical verse—

> "My eye bears a glance like the gleam of a lance
> When I hear the waters dash and dance;
> And I smile with glee, for I love to see
> The sight of anything that's free!"

But it was a mingled sense of nobility, and above all of *freedom*, which impressed me in that roaring mist of waters, in the wild river leaping as in reckless sport over the vast broad precipice. It is usual especially for those who have no gift of description, to say that Niagara is "utterly indescribable," and the Visitors' Book has this opinion repeated by the American Philistine on every page. But that is because those who say so have no proper comprehension of facts stated, no poetic faculty, and no imagination. Of course no mere description, however perfect, would give the same conception of even a pen or a button as would the *sight* thereof; but it is absurd and illogical to speak as if this were *peculiar* to a great thing alone. For my part, I believe that the mere description to a *poet*, or to one who has dwelt by wood and wold and steeped his soul in Nature, of a tremendous cataract a mile in breadth and two hundred feet high, cleft by a wooded island, and rushing onward below in awful rocky rapids with a mighty roar, would, could, or should

convey a very good idea of the great sight. For I found in after years, when I came to see Venice and the temples on the Nile, that they were picturesquely or practically precisely what I had expected to see, not one shade or *nuance* of an expression more or less. As regards Rome and all Gothic cathedrals, I had been assured so often, or so generally, by all "intelligent tourists," that they were all wretched rubbish, that I was amazed to find them so beautiful. And so much as to anticipations of Niagara, which I have thrice visited, and the constant assertion by cads unutterable that it is "indescribable."

While at Niagara for three days, I walked about a great deal with a young lady whose acquaintance we had made at the hotel; as she was, I verily believe, the very first, not a relative, with whom I had ever taken a walk, or, I may almost say, formed an acquaintance, it constituted an event in my life equal to Niagara itself in importance. I was at this time just twenty-one, and certain I am that among twenty-one thousand college graduates of my age in America, of the same condition of life, there was not another so inexperienced in worldly ways, or so far behind his age, or so "docile unto discipline." I was, in fact, morally where most boys in the United States are at twelve or thirteen; which is a very great mistake where there is a fixed determination that the youth shall make his own way in life. We cannot have boys good little angels at home and devils in business abroad.—*Horum utrum magis velim, mihi incertum est.*

III.

UNIVERSITY LIFE AND TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

1845–1848.

III.

UNIVERSITY LIFE AND TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

1845–1848.

Passage in a sailing ship—Gibraltar—Marseilles—Smugglers and a slaver—Italy—Life in Rome—Torlonia's balls and the last great Carnival of 1846—Navone, the chief of police—Florence—Venice—How I passed the Bridge of Sighs—The Black Bait—Slavery—Crossing the Simplon — Switzerland — Pleasing introduction to Germany—Student life at Heidelberg—Captain Medwin—Justinus Kerner—How I saw Jenny Lind—Munich—Lola Montez—Our house on fire—All over Germany—How I was turned out of Poland—Paris in 1847—The Revolution of 1848 — I become conspirator and captain of barricades—Taking of the Tuileries—The police bow me out of France—A season in London—Return to America.

After our return to Philadelphia something of great importance to me began to be discussed. My cousin Samuel Godfrey, who was a few years older than I, finding himself threatened with consumption, of which all his family died, resolved to go to Marseilles on a voyage, and persuaded my father to let me accompany him. At this time I had, as indeed for many years before, such a desire to visit Europe that I might almost have died of it. So it was at last determined that I should go with "Sam," and after all due preparations and packing, I bade farewell to mother and Henry and the dear little twin

sisters, and youngest Emily, our pet, and went with my father to New York, where I was the guest for a few days of my cousin, Mrs. Caroline Wight, whom the reader may recall as the one who used to correct my French exercises in Dedham.

We were to sail in a packet or ship for Marseilles. My father saw me off. He was wont to say in after years, that as I stood on the deck at the last moment and looked affectionately at him, there was in my eyes an expression of innocence or goodness and gentleness which he never saw again. Which was, I am sure, very true; the great pity being that that look had not utterly disappeared years before. If it only *had* vanished with boyhood, as it ought to have done, my father would have been spared much sorrow.

At this time I was a trifle over six feet two in height, and had then and for some time after so fair a red and white complexion, that the young ladies in Philadelphia four years later teased me by spreading the report that I used rouge and white paint! I was not as yet "filled out," but held myself straightly, and was fairly proportioned. I wore a cap *a l'étudiant*, very much over my left ear, and had very long, soft, straight, dark-brown hair; my dream and ideal being the German student. I was extremely shy of strangers, but when once acquainted soon became very friendly, and in most cases made a favourable impression. I was "neat and very clean-looking," as a lady described me, for the daily

bath or sponge was universal in Philadelphia long ere it was even in England, and many a time when travelling soon after, I went without a meal in order to have my tub, when time did not permit of both. I was very sensitive, and my feelings were far too easily pained; on the other hand, I had no trace of the common New England youth's vulgar failing of nagging, teasing, or vexing others under colour of being "funny" or "cute." A very striking, and, all things considered, a remarkable characteristic was that I *hated*, as I still do, with all my soul, gossip about other people and their affairs; never read even a card not meant for my eyes, and detested curiosity, prying, and inquisitiveness as I did the devil. I owe a great development of this to a curious incident. It must have been about the time when I first went to college, that I met at Cape May a naval officer, who roomed with me in a cottage, a farm-house near a hotel, and whom I greatly admired as a man of the world and a model of good manners. To him one day I communicated some gossip about somebody, when he abruptly cut me short, and when I would go on, informed me that he never listened to such talk. This made a very deep impression on me, which never disappeared; nay, it grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength. Now the New England people, especially Bostonians, are inordinately given to knowing everything about everybody, and to "tittle-tattle," while the Southerners are comparatively free from it and very incurious.

Two-thirds of the students at Princeton were of the first families in the South, and there my indifference to what did not personally concern one was regarded as a virtue. But there is a spot in this sun—that he who never cares a straw to know about the affairs of other people, will, not only if he live in Boston, but almost anywhere else—Old England not at all excepted—be forced, in spite of himself, and though he were as meek and lowly as man may be, into looking down on, and feeling himself superior unto those people who *will* read a letter not meant for their eyes, or eavesdrop, or talk in any way about anybody in a strain to which they would not have that person listen. Which reminds me that in after years I got some praise in the newspapers for the saying that a Yankee's idea of hell was a place where he must mind his own business. It came about in this way. In a letter to Charles Astor Bristed I made this remark, and illustrated it with a picture of Virgil taking a Yankee attired in a chimney-pot hat and long night-gown into the Inferno, over whose gate was written—

"Badate a vostri affari voi che intrate!"
(Mind your own business ye who enter here!)

One day soon after my arrival at Princeton, George Boker laid on the table by me a paper or picture with its face down. I took no notice of it. After a time he said, "Why don't you look at that picture?" I replied simply, "If you wanted me to see it, you would have turned it face up."

To which he remarked, "I put it there to see whether you would look at it. I thought you would not." George was a "deep, sagacious file," who studied men like books.

My cousin who accompanied me had as a boy "run away and gone to sea" cod-fishing on the Grand Banks. If I had gone with him, it would have done me good. Another cousin, Benjamin Stimson, did the same; he is the S. often mentioned in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." Dana and Stimson were friends, and ran away together. It was quite the rule for all my Yankee cousins to do this, and they all benefited by it. In consequence of his nautical experience, Sam was soon at home among all sailors, and not having my scruples as to knowing who was who or their affairs, soon knew everything that was going on. Our captain was a handsome, dissipated, and "loud" young man, with rather more sail than ballast, but good-natured and obliging.

"Come day, go day," we passed the Gulf Stream and the Azores, and had long sunny calms, when we could not sail, and lay about on deck, warm and lazy, and saw the Azores, and so on, till we were near the Spanish coast. One evening there clipped right under our lee a fisherman's smack. "I say, Leland, hail that fellow!" said the captain. So I called in Spanish, "Adonde venga usted?"

"Da Algesiras," was the reply, which thrilled out

of my heart the thought that, like the squire in Chaucer—

"He had been at the siege of Algecir."

So I called in parting, "Dios vaya con usted!"

Sam informed me that the manner in which I hailed the fisherman had made a great impression on the captain, who lauded me highly. It also made one on me, because it was the first time I ever spoke to a European *in Europe!*

Anon we were boarded by an old weather-beaten seadog of a Spanish pilot, unto whom I felt a great attraction. And greeting him in Malagan Spanish, such as I had learned from Manuel Gori, as *Hermano!* and offering him with ceremonious politeness a good cigar, I also drew his regards; all Spaniards, as I well knew, being extremely fond, beyond all men on earth, of intimacy with gentlemen. We were delayed for two days at Gibraltar. I may here remark, by the way, that this voyage of our ship is described in a book by Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, entitled "A Year of Consolation Abroad." She was on board, but never spoke to a soul among the passengers.

I was never acquainted with Mrs. Butler, as I easily might have been, for we had some very intimate friends in common; but as a boy I had been "frightened of her" by certain anecdotes as to her temper, and perhaps the influence lasted into later years. I have, however, heard her lecture. She was a very clever woman, and Mr. Henry James in *Temple Bar* for March 1893 thus does justice to her conversational power:—

"Her talk reflected a thousand vanished and present things; but there were those of her friends for whom its value was, almost before any other, documentary. The generations move so fast and change so much, that Mrs. Kemble testified even more than she affected to do, which was much, to ancient manners and a close chapter of history. Her conversation swarmed with people and with criticism of people, with the ghosts of a dead society. She had, in two hemispheres, seen every one and known every one, had assisted at the social comedy of her age. Her own habits and traditions were in themselves a survival of an era less democratic and more mannered. I have no room for enumerations, which, moreover, would be invidious; but the old London of her talk—the direction I liked it best to take—was, in particular, a gallery of portraits. She made Count d'Orsay familiar, she made Charles Greville present; I thought it wonderful that she could be anecdotic about Miss Edgeworth. She reanimated the old drawing-rooms, relighted the old lamps, retuned the old pianos. The finest comedy of all, perhaps, was that of her own generous whimsicalities. She was superbly willing to amuse, and on any terms; and her temper could do it as well as her wit. If either of these had failed, her eccentricities were always there. She had more 'habits' than most people have room in life for, and a theory that to a person of her disposition they were as necessary as the close meshes of a strait-waistcoat. If she had not lived by rule (on her showing) she would have lived infallibly by riot. Her rules and her riots, her reservations and her concessions, all her luxuriant theory and all her extravagant practice; her drollery, that mocked at her melancholy; her imagination, that mocked at her drollery; and her wonderful manners, all her own, that mocked a little at everything: these were part of the constant freshness which made those who loved her love her so much. 'If my servants can live with me a week, they can live with me for ever,' she often said; 'but the first week sometimes kills them.' A domestic who had been long in her service quitted his foreign home the instant he heard of her death, and, travelling for thirty hours, arrived travel-stained and breathless, like a messenger in a romantic tale, just in time to drop a handful of flowers into her grave."

There came on board of our boat a fruit-dealer, and the old pilot seeing that I was about to invest a *real* in grapes, said, "Let me buy them for you;" which he did, obtaining half-a-peck of exquisite large grapes of a beautiful purple colour.

There was a middle-aged lady among the passengers, of whom the least I can say was, that she had a great many little winning ways of making herself disagreeable. She imposed frightfully on me while on board, getting me to mark her trunks for her, and carry them into the hold, &c. (the sailors disliked her so much that they refused to touch them), and then cut me dead when on shore. This ancient horror, seeing me with so many grapes, and learning the price, concluded that if a mere boy like me could get so many, she, a lady, could for four reals lay in a stock which would last for life, more or less. So she obtained a bushel-basket, expecting to get it heaped full; but what was her wrath at only getting for her silver half-dollar just enough to hide the bottom thereof! Great was her rage, but rage availed her nought. She did not call old pilots "Brother," or give them cigars, or talk Malagano politely. She was not even "half-Spanish," and therefore, as we used to say at college of certain unpopular people, was "a bad smoke."

We went on shore on Sunday, which in those days always made Gibraltar literally like a fancy ball. The first person whom I met was a pretty young lady in full, antique, rich Castilian costume, followed by a servant bearing her book of devotion.

Seeing my gaze of admiration, she smiled, at which I bowed, and she returned the salute and went her way. Such an event had never happened to me before in all my life. I accepted it philosophically as one of a new order of things into which I was destined to enter. Then I saw men from every part of Spain in quaint dresses, Castilians in cloaks, Andalusians in the jaunty *majo* rig, Gallegos, Moors from the Barbary coast, many Greeks, old Jews in gabardines, Scotch Highland soldiers, and endless more—*concursus splendidus—non possum non mirari.*

I felt myself very happy and very much at home in all this. I strolled about the streets talking Spanish to everybody. Then I met with a smuggler, who asked me if I wanted to buy cigars. I did. In New York my uncle George had given me a box of five hundred excellent Havannas, and these had lasted me exactly twenty days. I had smoked the last twenty-five on the last day. So I went and bought at a low enough figure a box of the worst cigars I had ever met with. But youth can smoke anything—except deceit.

Entrance to the galleries was strictly forbidden in those days, but an incorruptible British sergeant, for an incorruptible dollar or two, showed us over them. There was, too, a remarkable man, a ship-chandler named Felipe, to whom I was introduced. Felipe spoke twenty-four languages. He boarded every ship and knew everybody. Gibraltar was then a vast head-quarters of social evils, or blessings, and Felipe, who was a perfect Hercules, mentioned inci-

dentally that he had had a new *maja*, or *moza*, or *muger*, or *puta*, every night for twenty years! which was confirmed by common report. It was a firm principle with him to always *change*. This extraordinary fact made me reflect deeply on it as a *psychological* phenomenon. This far surpassed anything I had ever heard at Princeton. Then this and that great English dignitary was pointed out to me—black eyes ogled me—everybody was polite, for I had a touch of the Spanish manner which I had observed in the ex-Capitan-General and others whom I had known in Philadelphia; and, in short, I saw more that was picturesque and congenial in that one day than I had ever beheld in all my life before. I had got into "my plate."

From Gibraltar our ship sailed on to Marseilles. The coasts were full of old ruins, which I sketched. We lay off Malaga for a day, but I could not go ashore, much as I longed to. At Marseilles, Sam and the captain and I went to a very good hotel.

Now it had happened that on the voyage before a certain French lady—the captain said she was a Baroness—having fallen in love with the said captain, had secreted herself on board the vessel, greatly to his horror, and reappeared when out at sea. Therefore, as soon as we arrived at Marseilles, the injured husband came raging on board and tried to shoot the captain, which made a great *scandal*. And moved by this example, the coloured cook of our vessel, who had a wife, shot the head-waiter on the same day, being also instigated by jealousy.

Sam Godfrey chaffed the captain for setting a bad moral example to the niggers—which was all quite a change from Princeton. Life was beginning to be lively.

There had come over on the vessel with us, in the cabin, a droll character, an actor in a Philadelphia theatre, who had promptly found a lodging in a kind of maritime boarding-house. Getting into some difficulty, as he could not speak French, he came in a great hurry to beg me to go with him to his *pension* to act as interpreter, which I did. I found at once that it was a Spanish house, and the resort of smugglers. The landlady was a very pretty black-eyed woman, who played the guitar, and sang Spanish songs, and brought out Spanish wine, and was marvellously polite to me, to my astonishment, not unmingled with innocent gratitude.

There I was at home. At Princeton I had learned to play the guitar, and from Manuel Gori, who had during all his boyhood been familiar with low life and smugglers, I had learned many songs and some slang. And so, with a crowd of dark, fierce, astonished faces round me of men eagerly listening, I sang a smuggler's song—

"Yo que soy contrabandista,
Y campo a me rispeto,
A todos mi desafio,
Quien me compra hilo negro?
Ay jaleo!
Muchachas jaleo!
Quien me compra hilo negro!"

Great was the amazement and thundering the applause from my auditors. Let the reader imagine a nun of fourteen years asked to sing, and bursting out with "Go it while you're young!" Then I sang the *Tragala*, which coincided with the political views of my friends. But my grand *coup* was in reserve. I had learned from Borrow's "Gypsies in Spain" a long string of Gitano or Gypsy verses, such as—

"El eray guillabela,
El eray obusno;
Que avella romanella,
No avella obusno!"

"Loud sang the *gorgio* to his fair,
And thus his ditty ran:—
'Oh, may the Gypsy maiden come,
And not the Gypsy man!'"

And yet again—

"Coruncho Lopez, gallant lad,
A smuggling he would ride;
So stole his father's ambling prad,
And therefore to the galleys sad
Coruncho now I guide."

This was a final *coup*. How the *diabolo* I, such an innocent stranger youth, had ever learned Spanish *Gypsy* — the least knowledge of which in Spain implies unfathomable iniquity and fastness—was beyond all comprehension. So I departed full of honour amid thunders of applause.

From the first day our room was the resort of all the American ship-captains in Marseilles. We kept a kind of social hall or exchange, with wine and

cigars on the side-table, all of which dropping in and out rather reminded me of Princeton. My friend the actor had pitched upon a young English Jew, who seemed to me to be a doubtful character. He sang very well, and was full of local news and gossip. He, too, was at home among us. One evening our captain told us how he every day smuggled ashore fifty cigars in his hat. At hearing this, I saw a gleam in the eyes of the young man, which was a revelation to me. When he had gone, I said to the captain, "You had better not smuggle any cigars to-morrow. That fellow is a spy of the police."

The next day Captain Jack on leaving his ship was accosted by the *douaniers*, who politely requested him to take off his hat. He refused, and was then told that he must go before the *préfet*. There the request was renewed. He complied; but "forewarned, forearmed"—there was nothing in it.

Captain Jack complimented me on my sagacity, and scolded the actor for making such friends. But he had unconsciously made me familiar with one compared to whom the spy was a trifle. I have already fully and very truthfully described this remarkable man in an article in *Temple Bar*, but his proper place is here. He was a little modest-looking Englishman, who seemed to me rather to look up to the fast young American captains as types or models of more daring beings. Sometimes he would tell a mildly-naughty tale as if it were a wild thing. He consulted with me as to going to Paris and

hearing lectures at the University, his education having been neglected. He had, I was told, experienced a sad loss, having just lost his ship on the Guinea coast. One day I condoled with him, saying that I heard he had been ruined.

"Yes," replied the captain, "I have. Something like this: My mother once had a very pretty housemaid who disappeared. Some time after I met her magnificently dressed, and I said, 'Sally, where do you live now?' She replied, 'Please, sir, I don't live anywhere now; I've been *ruined.*'"

Sam explained to me that the captain had a keg of gold-dust and many diamonds, and having wrecked his vessel intentionally, was going to London to get a heavy insurance. He had been "ruined" to his very great advantage. Then Sam remarked—

"You don't know the captain. I tell you, Charley, that man is an old slaver or pirate. See how I'll draw him out."

The next day Sam began to talk. He remarked that he had been to sea and had some money which he wished to invest. His health required a warm climate, such as the African coast. We would both, in fact, like to go into the Guinea business. [*Bozales* —"sacks of charcoal," I remarked in Spanish slaver-slang.] The captain smiled. He had apparently heard the expression before. He considered it. He had a great liking for me, and thought that a trip or two under the black flag would do me a great deal of good. So he noted down our address, and

promised that as soon as he should get a ship we should hear from him.

After that the captain, regarding me as enlisted in the fraternity, and only waiting till 'twas "time for us to go," had no secrets from me. He was very glad that I knew Spanish and French, and explained that if I would learn Coromantee or Ebo, it would aid us immensely in getting cargoes. By the way, I became very well acquainted in after years with King George of Bonney, and can remember entertaining him with a story how a friend of mine once (in Cuba) bought thirty Ebos, and on entering the barracoon the next morning, found them all hanging by the necks dead, like a row of possums in the Philadelphia market—they having, with magnificent pluck, and in glorious defiance of Buckra civilisation, resolved to go back to Africa. I have found other blacks who believed that all good darkies when they die go to Guinea, and one of these was very touching and strange. He had been brought as a slave-child to South Carolina, but was always haunted by the memory of a group of cocoa-palms by a place where the wild white surf of the ocean bounded up to the shore—a rock, sunshine, and sand. There he declared his soul would go. He was a Voodoo, and a man of marvellous strange mind.

Day by day my commander gave me, as I honestly believe, without a shadow of exaggeration, all the terrific details of a slaver's life, and his strange experiences in buying slaves in the interior. Com-

pared to the awful massacres and cruelties inflicted by the blacks on one another, the white slave trade seemed to be philanthropic and humane. He had seen at the grand custom in Dahomey 2500 men killed, and a pool made of their blood into which the king's wives threw themselves naked and wallowed. "One day fifteen were to be tortured to death for witchcraft. I bought them all for an old dress-coat," said the captain. "I didn't want them, for my cargo was made up—it was only to save the poor devils' lives."

If a slaver could not get a full cargo, and met with a weaker vessel which was full, it was at once attacked and plundered. Sometimes there would be desperate resistance, with the aid of the slaves. "I have seen the scuppers run with blood," said the captain. And so on, with much more of the same sort, all of which has since been recorded in the Journal of Captain Canot, from which latter book I really learned nothing new. I might add the Life of Hobart Pacha, whom I met many times in London. A real old-fashioned slaver was fully a hundred times worse than an average pirate, because he *was* the latter whenever he wished to rob, and in his business was the cause of far more suffering and death.

The captain was very fond of reading poetry, his favourite being Wordsworth. This formed quite a tie between us. He was always rather mild, quiet, and old-fashioned—in fact, muffish. Once only did I see a spark from him which showed

what was latent. Captain Jack was describing a most extraordinary run which we had made before a gale from Gibraltar to Cape de Creux, which was, indeed, true enough, he having a very fast vessel. But the *Guinea* captain denied that such time had ever been made by any craft ever built. "And I have had to sail sometimes pretty fast in my time," he added with one sharp glance —no more—but, as Byron says of the look of Gulleyaz, 'twas like a short glimpse of hell. Pretty fast! I should think so—now and then from an English cruiser, all sails wetted down, with the gallows in the back-ground. But as I had been on board with Sam, the question was settled. We *had* made a run which was beyond all precedent.

I fancy that the captain, if he escaped the halter or the wave, in after years settled down in some English coast-village, where he read Wordsworth, and attended church regularly, and was probably regarded as a gentle old duffer by the younger members of society. But take him for all in all, he was the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat, and he always behaved to me like a perfect gentleman, and never uttered an improper word.

We had to wait one month till my cousin could get certain news from America. We employed the time in travelling in the south, visiting Arles, Nismes, Montpellier, and other places. An English gentleman named Gordon, whom I had met in Marseilles, had given me a letter of introduction

to M. Saint René Taillandier in the latter place. I knew nothing at all then about this great man, or that he was the first French critic of German literature, but I presented my letter, and he kindly went with me about the town to show me its antiquities. I can remember discussing Gothic tracery with him; also, that I told him I was deeply interested in the Troubadours. He recommended Raynouard and several other books, when finding that I was familiar with them all, he smiled, and said that he believed he could teach me nothing more. I did not know it then, but that word from him would have been as good as a diploma for me in Paris.

As for old Roman ruins and Gothic churches, and cloisters grey, and the arrowy Rhone, and castellated bridges—everything was in a more original moss-grown, picturesque condition then than it now is—I enjoyed them all with an intensity, a freshness or love, which passeth all belief. I had attended Professor Dodd's lectures more than once, and illuminated manuscripts, and had bought me in Marseilles Berty's "Dictionary of Gothic Architecture," and got it by heart, and began to think of making a profession of it, which, if I had known it, was the very wisest thing I could have done. And that this is no idle boast is clear from this, that I in after years made a design according to which a "store," which cost £30,000, was built, my plan being believed by another skilled architect to have been executed by a "professional."

This was really the sad slip and escape of my lifetime.

In those days, really *good* red wine was given to every one at every table; savoury old-fashioned dishes, vegetables, and fruits were served far more freely and cheaply than they now are, when every dainty is sent by rail to Paris or London, and the drinking of Bordeaux and Burgundy did me much good. Blessed days of cheapness and good quality, before chicory, the accursed poison, had found its way into coffee, or oleomargarine was invented, or all things canned—the world will never see ye more! I have now lived for many months in a first-class Florence hotel, and in all the time have not tasted one fresh Italian mushroom, or truffle, or olive—nothing but tasteless abominations bottled in France!

It was settled that my cousin should return from Marseilles to the United States, while I was to go on alone to Italy. It was misgivingly predicted at home by divers friends that I would be as a lamb set loose among wolves, and lose all my money at the outstart. Could they have learned that within a week after my arrival I had been regarded by Spanish smugglers as a brother, and tripped up a spy of the police, and been promised a situation as a slaver's and pirate's assistant, they might have thought that I had begun to learn how to take care of myself in a hurry. As for losing my money, I, by a terrible accident, *doubled it*, as I will here describe.

Before leaving home, a lady cousin had made for Samuel and me each a purse, and they were exactly alike. Now by a purse, I mean a real *purse*, and not a pocket-book, or a porte-monnaie, or a wallet—that is, I mean a long bag with a slit and two rings, and nothing else. And my cousin having often scolded me for leaving mine lying about in our room, I seeing it, as I thought, just a few minutes before my departure, lying on the table, pocketed it, thanking God that Sam had not found it, or scolded me.

I went on board the steamboat and set sail towards Italy. I was sea-sick all night, but felt better the next day. Then I had to pay out some money, and thought I would look over my gold. To my utter amazement, it was *doubled!* This I attributed to great generosity on Sam's part, and I blessed him.

But, merciful heavens! what were my sensations at finding in the lower depth of my pocket *another purse* also filled with Napoleons in rouleaux! Then it all flashed upon me. Samuel, the careful, had left *his* purse lying on the table, and I had supposed it was mine! I felt as wretched as if I had lost instead of won.

When I got to Naples, I found a letter from my cousin bewailing his loss. He implored me, if I knew nothing about it, not to tell it to a human soul. There was a M. Duclaux in Marseilles, with whom we had had our business dealings, and from him Sam had borrowed what he needed. I at once requested Captain Olive of the steamer to convey

the purse and its contents to M. Duclaux, which I suppose was done *secundem ordinem.*

Poor Sam ! I never met him again. He died of consumption soon after returning home. He was one of whom I can say with truth that I never saw in him a fault, however trifling. He was honour itself in everything, as humane as was his grandfather before him, ever cheerful and kind, merry and quaint.

The programme of the steamboat declared that meals were included in the fare, "except while stopping at a port." But we stopped every day at Genoa, or Leghorn, or somewhere, and stayed about fifteen hours, and as almost every passenger fell seasick after going ashore, the meals were not many. On board the first day, I made the acquaintance of Mr. James Temple Bowdoin, of Boston, and Mr. Mosely, of whom I had often heard as editor of the *Richmond Whig.* Mr. Bowdoin was a nephew of Lady Temple, and otherwise widely connected with English families. He is now living (1892), and I have seen a great deal of him of late years. With these two I joined company, and travelled with them over Italy, Both were much older than I, and experienced men of the world; therefore I was in good hands, and better guides, philosophers, mentors, pilots, and friends I could hardly have found. Left to myself, I should probably ere the winter was over have been the beloved chief of a gang of gypsies, or brigands, or witches, or careering the wild sea-wave as a daring smuggler, all in innocence and goodness

of heart; for truly in Marseilles I had begun to put forth buds of such strange kind and promise as no friend of mine ever dreamed of. As it was, I got into better, if less picturesque, society.

We came to Naples, and went to a hotel, and visited everything. In those days the beggars and pimps and pickpockets were beyond all modern conception. The picturesqueness of the place and people were only equalled by the stinks. It was like a modern realistic novel. We went a great deal to the opera, also to the Blue Grotto of Capri, and ascended Mount Vesuvius, and sought Baiæ, and made, in fact, all the excursions. As there were three, and sometimes half-a-dozen of our friends on these trips, we had, naturally, with us quite a *cortège*. Among these was an ill-favoured rascal called "John," who always received a dollar a day. One evening some one raised the question as to what the devil it was that John did? He did not carry anything, or work to any account, or guide, or inform, yet he was always there, and always in the way. So John being called up, was asked what he did? Great was his indignation, for by this time he had got to consider himself indispensable. He declared that he "directed, and made himself generally useful." We informed him that we would do our own directing, and regarded him as generally useless. So John was discarded. Since then I have found that "John" is a very frequent ingredient in all societies and Government offices. There are Johns in Parliament, in the army, and in the

Church. His children are pensioned unto the third and fourth and fortieth generation. In fact, I am not sure that John is not the great social question of the age.

There was in Philadelphia an Academy of Fine Arts or Gallery, of which my father had generously presented me with two shares, which gave me free entrance. There were in it many really excellent pictures, even a first-class Murillo, besides Wests and Allstons. Unto this I had, as was my wont, read up closely, and reflected much on what I read, so that I was to a certain degree prepared for the marvels of art which burst on me in Naples. And if I was, and always have been, *rather* insensible to the merits of Renaissance sculpture and architecture, I was not so to its painting, and not at all blind to the unsurpassed glories of its classic prototypes. Professor Dodd had indeed impressed it deeply and specially on my mind that the revival of a really pure Greek taste in England, or from the work of Stewart and Revett, was contemporary with that for Gothic architecture, and that the appreciation of one, if *true*, implies that of the other. As I was now fully inspired with my new resolution to become an architect, I read all that I could get on the subject, and naturally examined all remains of the past far more closely and critically than I should otherwise have done. And this again inspired in me (who always had a mania for *bric-à-brac* and antiquity, which is certainly hereditary) a great interest in the characteristic *decoration* of different ages, which thing is

the soul and life of all æsthetic archæology and the minor arts; which latter again I truly claim to have brought, I may say, into scientific form and made a branch of education in after years.

I think that we were a month in Naples. I kept a journal then, and indeed everywhere for three years after. The reader may be thankful that I have it not, for I foresee that I shall easily recall enough to fill ten folios of a thousand pages solid brevier each, at this rate of reminiscences. As my predilection for everything German and Gothic came out more strongly every day, Mr. Mosely called me familiarly Germanicus, a name which was indeed not ill-bestowed at that period.

From Naples we went to Rome by *vettura*, or in carriages. We were two days and two nights on the route. I remember that when we entered Rome, I saw the *douanier* who examined my trunk remove from it, as he thought unperceived, a hair-brush, book, &c., and slyly hide them behind another trunk. I calmly walked round, retook and replaced them in my trunk, to the discomfiture, but not in the least to the shame, of the thief, who only grinned.

And here I may say, once for all, that one can hardly fail to have a mean opinion of human common-sense in government, when we see this system of examining luggage still maintained. For all that any country could *possibly* lose by smuggling in trunks, &c., would be a hundred-fold recompensed by the increased amount of travel and money imported, should it be done away with, as has been

perfectly and fully proved in France; the announcement a year ago that examination would be null or formal having had at once the effect of greatly increasing travel. And as there is not a custom-house in all Europe where a man who knows the trick cannot pull through his luggage by bribery—the exceptions being miraculously rare—the absurdity and folly of the system is apparent.

We went to the Hotel d'Allemagne, where I fell ill, either because I had a touch of Neapolitan malaria in me (in those days the stench of the city was perceptible three miles out at sea, and might have risen unto heaven above and been smelt by the angels, had they and their home been as near to earth as was believed by the schoolmen), or because the journey had been too much for me. However, an English physician set me up all right in two or three days (he wanted to sell us pictures which would have cured any one—of a love of art), and then there began indeed a glorious scampering and investigating, rooting and rummaging—

"'Mid deathless lairs in solemn Rome."

Galleries and gardens, ruins and palaces, Colosseum and temples, churches and museums—ye have had many a better informed and many a more inspired or gifted visitor than I, but whether from your first Sabine days you ever had a happier one, or one who enjoyed you more with the simple enjoyment of youth and hope gratified, I doubt. Sometimes among moss-grown arches on a sunny day,

as the verde-antique lizards darted over the stones from dark to light, while far in the distance tinkled bells, either from cows or convents, and all was calm and sweet, I have often wondered if it could indeed be real and not a dream. Life often seemed to me then to be too good to be true. And there was this at least good in my Transcendentalism and Poly-Pantheism, that it quite unconsciously or silently gave me many such hours. For it had sunk so deeply into my soul, and was so much a real part thereof, that it inspired me when I never thought of it, in which I differed by a heaven's width from the professional Yankee Transcendentalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Esthætes, and other spiritualists or sorcerers, who always kept their blessed belief, as a holy fugleman, full in sight, to give them sacred straight tips, or as a Star-spangled Bannerman who waved exceedingly, while my spirit was a shy fairy, who dwelt far down in the depths of the all too green sea of my soul, where it seemed to me she had ever been, or ever a storm had raised a wave on the surface. Antiquely verdant green I was no doubt. And even to this day the best hours of my life are when I hear her sweet voice 'mid ivy greens or ruins grey, in wise books, hoar traditions. Be it where it will, it is *that*, and not the world of men or books which gives the charm.

It was usual for all who drew from Torlonia's bank not less than £20 to be invited to his soirées. To ensure the expenses, the footman who brought the invitation called the day after for not less than

five francs. But the entertainment was well worth the money, and more. There was a good supper—Thackeray has represented a character in "Vanity Fair" as devouring it—and much amusement.

Now I had written my name *Chas.*, which being mistaken for *Chev.*, I in due time received an invitation addressed to M. le Chevalier Godfrey de Leland. And it befell that I once found a lost decoration of the Order of the Golden Spur, which in those days *was* actually sold to anybody who asked for it for ten pounds, and was worth "nothing to nobody." This caused much fun among my friends, and from that day I was known as the Chevalier Germanicus, or the Knight of the Golden Spur, to which I assented with very good grace as a joke. There were even a few who really believed that I had been decorated, though I never wore it, and one day I received quite a severe remonstrance from a very patriotic fellow-countryman against the impropriety of my thus risking my loss of citizenship. Which caused me to reflect how many there are in life who rise to such "honours," heaven only knows how, in a back-stairs way. I know in London a very great man of science, *nemini secundus*, who has never been knighted, although the tradesman who makes for him his implements and instruments has received the title and the *accolade*. *Fie* at justitia!

I saw at one of the Torlonia entertainments a marvellously beautiful and strange thing, of which I had read an account in Mme. de Stael's *Corinne*.

There was a stage on which appeared a young girl, plainly dressed, and bearing a simple small scarf. She did not speak or dance, or even assume "artistic positions;" what she did was far more striking and wonderful. She merely sat or stood or reclined in many ways, every one of which seemed to be *perfectly* natural or habitual, and all of which were incredibly graceful. I have forgotten how such women were called in Italy. I am sure that this one had never been trained to it, for the absolute ease and naturalness with which she sat or stood could never have been taught. If it could, every woman in the world would learn it. Ristori was one of these instinctive *Graces*, and it constituted nearly all the art there was in her.

This was in 1846. The Carnival of that year in Rome was the last real one which Italy ever beheld. It was the very last for which every soul saved up all his money for months, in order to make a wild display, and dance and revel and indulge in

> "Eating, drinking, masking,
> And other things which could be had for asking."

Then all Rome ran mad and rode in carriages full of flowers, or carts, or wheel-barrows, or triumphal chariots, or on camels, horses, asses, or rails—*n'importe quoi*—and merrily cast *confetti* of flour or lime at one another laughing, while grave English tourists on balconies laboriously poured the same by the peck from tin scoops on the heads

of the multitude, under the delusion that they too were enjoying themselves and "doing" the Carnival properly. It was the one great rule among Italians that no man should in the Carnival, under any provocation whatever, lose his temper. And here John Bull often tripped up. On the last night of the last Carnival—that great night—there was the *Senza Moccolo* or extinguishment of lights, in which everybody bore a burning taper, and tried to blow or knock out the light of his neighbour. Now, being tall, I held my taper high with one hand, well out of danger, while with a broad felt hat in the other I extinguished the children of light like a priest. I threw myself into all the roaring fun like a wild boy, as I was, and was never so jolly. Observing a pretty young English lady in an open carriage, I thrice extinguished her light, at which she laughed, but at which her brother or beau did not, for he got into a great rage, even the first time, and bade me begone. Whereupon I promptly renewed the attack, and then repeated it, "according to the rules of the game," whereat he began to curse and swear, when I, in the Italian fashion of rebuke (to the delight of sundry Italians), pointed my finger at him and hissed. Which constituted the winning *point d'honneur* in the game.

There, too, was the race of wild horses, right down through the Corso or Condotti, well worth seeing, and very exciting, and game suppers o'nights after the opera, and the meeting with many swells and noted folk, and now it all seems like some

memory of a wild phantasmagoria or hurried magic-lantern show—galleries and ruins by day, and gaiety by night. Even so do all the scenes of life roll up together at its end, often getting mixed.

Yet another Roman memory or two. We had taken lodgings in the Via Condotti, where we had a nice sitting-room in common and a good coal-fire. Our landlady was lady-like and spoke French, and had long been a governess in the great Borghese family. As for her husband, there were thousands of Liberals far and wide who spoke of him as the greatest scoundrel unhung, for he was at the head of the Roman police, and I verily believe knew more iniquity than the Pope himself. It would have been against all nature and precedent if I had not become his dear friend and *protégé*, which I did accordingly, for I liked him very much indeed, and heaven knows that such a rum couple of friends as Giuseppe Navone and myself, when out walking together, could not at that time have been found in Europe.

It may here be observed that I was decidedly getting on in the quality of my Mentors, for, as regarded morals and humanity, my old pirate and slaver friend was truly as a lamb and an angel of light compared to Navone. And I will further indicate, as this book will prove, that if I was not at the age of twenty-three the most accomplished young scoundrel in all Europe, it was not for want of such magnificent opportunities and friends as few men ever enjoyed. But it was always my fate to

neglect or to be unable to profit by advantages, as, for instance, in mathematics; nor in dishonesty did I succeed one whit better, which may be the reason why the two are somehow dimly connected in my mind. Here I think I see the unfathomable smile in the eye of Professor Dodd (it never got down to his lips), who was the incarnate soul of purity and honour. But then the banker, E. Fenzi, who swindled me out of nearly 500 francs, was an arithmetician, and I write under a sense of recent wrong. How this loss, and Fenzi's failure, flight, and the fuss which it all caused in Florence, were accurately foretold me by a witch, may be read in detail in my "Etrusco-Roman Remains in Tuscan Tradition." London: T. Fisher Unwin.

My landlady was a very zealous Catholic, and tried to convert me. This was a new experience, and I enjoyed it. I proved malleable. So she called in a Jesuit priest to perfect the work. I listened with deep interest to his worn-out *fade* arguments, made a few points of feeble objection for form's sake, yielded, and met him more than half way. But somehow he never called again. *Latet anguis in herba*—my grass was rather too green, I suppose. I was rather sorry, for I expected some amusement. But I had been *too* deep for the Jesuit—and for myself.

The time came for my departure. I was to go alone on to Florence, in advance of my friends. Navone arranged everything nicely for me: I was to go by diligence on to Civita Vecchia, where I

was to call on a relative of his, who kept a *bric-à-brac* shop. I did not know how or why it was that I was treated with such great respect, as if with fear, by the conductor, and by all on the road. I was *en route* all night, and in the morning, very weary, I went to a hotel, called a commissionaire, and bade him get my passport from the police, and have it *visée*, and secure me a passage on the boat to Leghorn. He returned very soon, and said with an air of bewilderment, "Signore, you sent me on a useless errand. Here is your passport put all *en règle*, and your passage is all secured!"

I saw it at once. The kind fatherly care of the great and good Navone had done it all! He had watched over me invisibly and mysteriously all the time during the night; on the road I was a pet child of the Roman police! The Vehmgericht had endorsed me with three crosses! Therefore the passport and the passage were all right, and the captain was very deferential, and I got to Florence safely.

In Florence, I went to the first hotel, which was then in what is now known as the Palazzo Feroni, or Viesseux's, the great circulating library of Italy. It is a fine machicolated building, which was in the Middle Ages the prison of the Republic. From my window I had a fine view of the Via Tornabuoni—in which I had coffee since I concluded the last line. There were but three or four persons the first evening at the *table-d'hôte*. One was a very beautiful Polish countess, who

spoke French perfectly. She was very fascinating, and, when she ate a salad, smeared her lovely mouth and cheeks all round with oil to her ears. Some one said something to her about the manner in which the serfs were treated in Poland, whereupon she replied with great vivacity that the Polish serfs were even more degraded and barbarous than those of Russia. Which remark inspired in me certain reflections, which were amply developed in after years by the perusal of Von Moltke's work on Poland, and more recently of that very interesting novel called "The Deluge." If freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell, it was probably, from a humanitarian point of view, with joy.

There was, however, at the same hotel a singular man, a Lithuanian Pole named Andrékovitch, with whom I became very intimate, and whom I met in after years in Paris and in America. He had been at a German university, where he had imbibed most liberal and revolutionary ideas. He subsequently took part in one or two revolutions, and was exiled. He had read about Emerson in a French magazine, and was enthusiastic over him. In strange contrast to him was a handsome young man from the Italian Tyrol, who was, like the Pole and myself, full of literary longings, but who was still quite a Roman Catholic. He knew about as much, or as little, of the world as I did, and was "gentle and bland." When we bade farewell, he wept and kissed me. Andrékovitch was eccentric, wild, and Slavonian-odd to look at at any time.

One evening he came into my room clad in scarlet dressing-gown, and having altogether the appearance of a sorcerer just out of a Sabbat. The conversation took a theological turn. Andrékovitch was the ragged remnant of a Catholic, but a very small one. He sailed close to the wind, and neared Rationalism.

"But the Pope! . . ." exclaimed the Tyrolese.

Andrékovitch rose, looking more sorcerer or Zamiel-like than ever, and exclaiming, "The Pope be ——!" left the room. The last word was lost in the slam of the door. It was a melodramatic departure, and as such has ever been impressed on my memory.

My father, while a merchant, and also my uncle, had done a very large business in Florentine straw goods, and I had received letters to several English houses who had corresponded with them. I heard, long after, that my arrival had caused a small panic in Florence in business circles, it being apprehended that I had come out to establish a rival branch, or to buy at head-quarters for the American "straw-market." I believe that their fears were appeased when I interviewed them. One of these worthy men had been so long in Italy that he had caught a little of its superstition. He wished to invest in lottery tickets, and asked me for lucky numbers, which I gave him.

As I write these lines in Florence, I have within half-an-hour called for the first time on an old witch or *strega*, whom I found surrounded by herbs and bottles, and a magnificent cat, who

fixed his eyes on me all the time, as if he recognised a friend. I found, however, that she only knew the common vulgar sorceries, and was unable to give me any of the higher *scongiurazioni* or conjurations; and as I left, the old sorceress said respectfully and admiringly, "You come to *me* to learn, O Maestro, but it is fitter that I take lessons from you!" Then she asked me for "the wizard blessing," which I gave her in Romany. So my first and last experiences in the deep and dark art come together!

I became acquainted in Florence with Hiram Powers, which reminds me that I once in Rome dined *vis-à-vis* to Gibson and several other artists, with whom I became intimate as young men readily do. I contrived to study architecture and made myself very much at home in a few studios. The magnificent *Fiorara* or flower-girl, whom so many will remember for many years, was then in the full bloom of her beauty. She and others gave flowers to any strangers whom they met, not expecting money down, but when a man departed, the flower-girls were always on hand to solicit a gratuity. Twenty years later this same Fiorara, still a very handsome woman, remembered me, and gave my wife a handsome bouquet on leaving.

I studied Provençal and Italian poetry in illuminated MSS. in the Ambrosian or Laurentian Library, and took my coffee at Doney's, and saw more of Florence in a few weeks' time than I have ever done since in any one of my residences here, though some

of them have been for six and nine months. As is quite natural. Who that lives in London ever goes to see the Tower? All things in Europe were so new and fresh and beautiful and wonderful to me then, and I had been yearning for them so earnestly for so many years, and this golden freedom followed so closely on the deadly *ennui* of Princeton, that I could never see enough.

If any of my readers want to know something of sorcery, I can tell them that among its humblest professors it is perfectly understood that pleasure or enjoyment is one of its deepest mysteries or principles, as an integral part of fascination. So I can feel an *enchantment*, sometimes almost incredible, in gazing on a Gothic ruin in sunshine, or a beautiful face, a picture by Carpaccio, Norse interlaces, lovable old books, my amethyst amulet, or a garden. For if you could sway life and death, and own millions, or walk invisible, you could do no more than *enjoy;* therefore you had better learn to enjoy much without such power. Thus endeth the first lesson!

I arrived in Venice. There had been a time in America when, if I could have truthfully declared that I had ever been in a gondola, I should have felt as if I held a diploma of nobility in the Grand Order of Cosmopolites. Having been conveyed in one to my hotel on the Grand Canal, I felt that I at last held it! Now I had really mastered the three great cities of Italy, which was the first and greatest part of all travel in all the world of culture and of

art. Fate might hurl me back to America, or even into New Jersey, but I had "swum in a gondola."

I very soon made the acquaintance of two brothers from New York named Seymour, somewhat older than myself, and men of reading and culture. With them I "sight-saw" the city. I had read Venice up rather closely at Princeton, and had formed a great desire to go on the Bridge of Sighs. For some reason this was then very strictly forbidden. Our Consul, who was an enterprising young man, told me that he had been for months trying to effect it in vain. It at once became apparent to me as a piece of manifest destiny that I must do it.

One day I had with me a clever fellow, a commissionaire or guide, and consulted him. He said, "I think it may be done. You look like an Austrian, and may be taken for an officer. Walk boldly into the chief's office, and ask for the keys of the bridge; only show a little cheek. You may get them. Give the chief's man two francs when you come out. At the worst, he can only refuse to give them."

It was indeed a very cheeky undertaking, but I ventured on it with the calmness of innocence. I went into the office and said, "The keys to the bridge, if you please!" as if I were in an official hurry on State business. The official stared and said—

"Do I understand that you formally demand the keys?"

"*Ja wohl*, certainly; at once, if you please!"

They were handed over to me, and I saw the

bridge and gave the two francs, and all was well. But it gave me no renown in Venice, for the Consul and all my friends regarded it as a fabulous joke of mine, inspired by poetic genius. But I sometimes think that the official who yielded up the keys, and the man whom he sent with me, and perhaps the commissionaire, all had a put-up job of it among them on those keys, and several glasses all round out of those two francs. *Quien sabe? Vive la bagatelle!*

We went on an excursion to Padua. What I remember is, that what impressed me most was a placard here and there announcing that a work on Oken had just appeared! This rather startled me. Whether it was for or against the great German offshoot from Schelling, it proved that somebody in Italy had actually studied him! *Eppure si muove*, I thought. It cannot be true that—

> "Padua! the lamp of learning
> In thy halls no more is burning."

I have been there several times since. All that I now recall is that the hotel was not very good the last time.

I met in Venice a young New Yorker named Clark, who had crossed with me on the ship. He was a merry companion. Sailing with him one morning in a gondola along the Grand Canal, we saw sitting before a hotel its porter, who was an unmistakable American man of full colour. Great was Clark's delight, and he called out, "I say, Buck! what the devil are you doing here?"

With a delighted grin, the man and brother replied in deep Southern accent—

"Dey sets me hyar fo' a bait to 'tice de Americans with."

I heard subsequently that he had come from America with his mistress, and served her faithfully till there came into the service a pretty French girl. Great was the anger of the owner of the man to find that he had unmistakably "enticed" the maid. To which he replied that it was a free country; that he had married the damsel—she was his wife; and so the pair at once packed up and departed.

We used to hear a great deal before the war from Southerns about the devotion of their slaves, but there were a great many instances in which the fidelity did not exactly hold water. There was an old Virginia gentleman who owned one of these faithful creatures. He took him several times to the North, and as the faithful one always turned a deaf ear to the Abolitionists, and resisted every temptation to depart, and refused every free-ticket offered for a journey on "the underground railway," and went back to Richmond, he was of course trusted to an unlimited extent. When the war ended he was freed. Some one asked him one day how he could have been such a fool as to remain a slave? He replied—

"Kase it paid. Dere's nuffin pays like being a dewoted darkey. De las' time I went Norf wid massa, I made 'nuff out of him to buy myself free twice't over."

Doubtless there were many instances of "pampered and petted" household servants who had grown up in families who had sense to know that they could never live free in the freezing North without hard work. These were the only devoted ones of whom I ever heard. The field-hands, disciplined by the lash, and liable to have their wives or children or relatives sold from them—*as happened on an average once at least in a life*—were all to a man quite ready to forsake "ole massa" and "dear ole missus," and flee unto freedom. And what a vile mean wretch any man must be who would sacrifice his *freedom* to any other living being, be it for love or feudal fidelity—and what a villain must the man be who would accept such a gift!

I had never thought much of this subject before I left home. I did not *like* slavery, nor to think about it. But in Europe I did like such thought, and I returned fully impressed with the belief that slavery was, as Charles Sumner said, "the sum of all crimes." In which summation he showed himself indeed a "sumner," as it was called of yore. Which cost me many a bitter hour and much sorrow, for there was hardly a soul whom I knew, except my mother, to whom an Abolitionist was not simply the same thing as a disgraceful, discreditable malefactor. Even my father, when angry with me one day, could think of nothing bitterer than to tell me that I knew I was *an Abolitionist*. I kept it to myself, but the reader can have no idea of what I was made to suffer for years in Philadelphia, where every-

thing Southern was exalted and worshipped with a baseness below that of the blacks themselves.

For all of which in after years I had full and complete recompense. I lived to see the young ladies who were ready to kneel before any man who owned "slä-äves," detest the name of "South," and to learn that their fathers and friends were battling to the death to set those slaves free. I lived to see the roof of the "gentlemanly planter," who could not of yore converse a minute with me without letting me know that he considered himself as an immeasurably higher being than myself, blaze over his head amid yell and groan and sabre-stroke—

"And death-shots flying thick and fast,"

while he fled for life, and the freed slaves sang hymns of joy to God. I saw the roads, five miles wide, level, barren, and crossed with ruts, where Northern and Southern armies had marched, and where villages and plantations had once been. I saw countless friends or acquaintances, who had once smiled with pitying scorn at me, or delicately turned the conversation when Abolition was mentioned in my presence, become all at once blatant "nigger-worshippers," abundant in proof that they had always had "an indescribable horror of slavery"—it was, in fact, so indescribable that (until it was evident that the North would conquer) none of them ever succeeded in giving anybody the faintest conception of it, or any idea that it existed. I can still recall how gingerly and cautiously—"paw by paw into the water"—

these dough-faces became hard-baked Abolitionists, far surpassing us of the Old Guard in zeal. I lived to see men who had voted against Grant and *reviled* him become his most intimate friends. But enough of such memories. It is characteristic of the American people that, while personally very vindictive, they forgive and forget political offences far more amicably — very far—than do even the English. However, in the case of the Rebellion, this was a very easy thing for those to do who had not, like us old Abolitionists, borne the burden and heat of the day, and who, coming in at the eleventh hour, got all the contracts and offices! It never came into the head of any man to write a *Dictionnaire des Girouettes* in America. These late converts had never known what it was to be Abolitionists while it was "unfashionable," and have, as it were, live coals laid on the quivering heart—as I had a thousand times during many years—all for believing the tremendous and plain truth that *slavery* was a thousand times wickeder than the breach of all the commandments put together. It was so peculiar for any man, not a Unitarian or Quaker, to be an *Abolitionist* in Philadelphia from 1848 until 1861, that such exceptions were pointed out as if they had been Chinese —"And d——d bad Chinese at that," as a friend added to whom I made the remark. So much for man's relations with poor humanity.

My old friend, B. P. Hunt, was one of these few exceptions. His was a very strange experience. After ceasing to edit a "selected" magazine, he

went to and fro for many voyages to Haïti, where, singular as it may seem, his experiences of the blacks made of him a stern Abolitionist. He married a connection of mine, and lived comfortably in Philadelphia, I think, until the eighties.

I travelled with Mr. Clark from Venice to Milan, where we made a short visit. I remember an old soldier who spoke six languages, who was cicerone of the roof of the cathedral, and whom I found still on the roof twenty years later, and still speaking the same six tongues. I admired the building as a beautiful fancy, exquisitely decorated, but did not think much of it as a specimen of Gothic architecture. It is the best test of æsthetic culture and knowledge in the world. When you hear anybody praise it as the most exquisite or perfect Gothic cathedral in existence, you may expect to hear the critic admire the designs of Chippendale furniture or the decoration of St. Peter's.

So we passed through beautiful Lombardy and came to Domo d'Ossola, where a strange German-Italian patois was spoken. It was in the middle of April, and we were warned that it would be very dangerous to cross the Simplon, but we went on all night in a carriage on sleigh-runners, through intervals of snowstorm. Now and then we came to rushing mountain-torrents bursting over the road; far away, ever and anon, we heard the roar of a *lauwine* or avalanche; sometimes I looked out, and could see straight down below me a thousand feet into an abyss or on a headlong stream. We entered

the great tunnel directly from another, for the snow lay twenty feet deep on the road, and a passage had been dug under it for several hundred feet, and so two tunnels were connected. Just in the worst of the road beyond, and in the bitterest cold, we met a sleigh, in which were an English gentleman and a very beautiful young lady, apparently his daughter, going to Italy. "I saw her but an instant, yet methinks I see her now"—a sweet picture in a strange scene. Poets used to "me-think" and "me-seem" more in those days, but we endured it. Then in the morning we saw Brieg, far down below us in the valley in green leaves and sunshine, and when we got there, then I realised that we were in a new land.

We had a great giant of a German conductor, who seemed to regard Clark and me as under his special care. Once when we had wandered afar to look at something, and it was time for the stage or *Eilwagen* to depart, he hunted us up, scolded us "like a Dutch uncle" in German, and drove us along before him like two bad boys to the diligence, "pawing up" first one and then the other, after which, shoving us in, he banged and locked the door with a grunt of satisfaction, even as the Giant Blunderbore locked the children in the coffer after slamming down the lid. Across the scenes and shades of forty years, that picture of the old conductor driving us like two unruly urchins back to school rises, never to be forgotten.

We went by mountains and lakes and Gothic

towns, rocks, forests, old chateaux, and rivers—the road was wild in those days—till we came to Geneva. Thence Clark went his way to Paris, and I remained alone for a week. I had, it is true, a letter of introduction to a very eminent Presbyterian Swiss clergyman, so I sent it in with my card. His wife came out on the balcony, looked coolly down at me, and concluding, I suppose from my appearance, that I was one of the ungodly, went in and sent out word that her husband was out, and would be gone for an indefinite period, and that she was engaged. The commissionaire who was with me—poor devil!—was dreadfully mortified; but I was not very much astonished, and, indeed, I was treated in much the same manner, or worse, by a colleague of this pious man in Paris, or rather by his wife.

I believe that what kept me a week in Geneva was the white wine and trout. At the end of the time I set out to the north, and on the way met with some literary or professional German, who commended to me the "Pfisterer-Zunft" or Bakers' Guild as a cheap and excellent hostelry. And it was curious enough, in all conscience. During the Middle Ages, and down to a very recent period, the *Zünfte* or trade-guilds in the Swiss cities carried it with a high hand. Even the gentlemen could only obtain rights as citizens by enrolling themselves as the trade of aristocrats. I had heard of the boy who thought he would like to be bound apprentice to the king; in Berne he might have been entered for a lower branch of the business.

These guilds had their own local taverns, inns, or *Herbergs*, where travelling colleagues of the calling might lodge at moderates rates, but nobody else. However, as time rolled by, these *Zünfte* or guild-lodgings were opened to strangers. One of the last which did so was that of the *Pfister* or bakers (Latin, *pistor*), and this had only been done a few weeks ere I went there. As a literary man whom I met on the ramparts said to me, "That place is still strong in the Middle Age." It was a quaint old building, and to get to my room I had to cross the great guild-hall of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Bakers. There were the portraits of all the Grand Masters of the Order from the fourteenth or fifteenth century on the walls, and the concentrated antique tobacco-smoke of as many ages in the air, which, to a Princeton graduate, was no more than the scent of a rose to a bee.

I could speak a little German—not much—but the degree to which I felt, sympathised with, and understood everything Deutsch, passeth all words and all mortal belief. *Sit verbo venia!* But I do not believe that any human being ever crossed the frontier who had thought himself down, or rather raised himself up, into Teutonism as I had on so slight a knowledge of the language, even as a spider throweth up an invisible thread on high, and then travels on it. Which thing was perceived marvellously soon, and not without some amazement, by the Germans, who have all at least this one point in common with Savages, New Jerseymen, Red Indians,

Negroes, Gypsies, and witches, that they by mystic sympathy *know those who like them*, and take to them accordingly, guided by some altogether inexplicable clue or *Hexengarn*, even as deep calleth unto deep and star answereth star without a voice. Whence it was soon observed at Heidelberg by an American student that "Leland would abuse the Dutch all day long if he saw fit, but never allowed anybody else to do so." The which thing, as I think, argues the very *ne plus ultra* of sympathy.

I found my way to Strasburg, where I went to the tip-top outside of the cathedral, and took the railway train for Heidelberg. And here I had an adventure, which, though trifling to the last degree, was to me such a great and new experience that I will describe it, let the reader think what he will. I went naturally enough first-class, so uncommon a thing then in Germany, that people were wont to say that only princes, Englishmen, and asses did so. There entered the same carriage a very lady-like and pretty woman. The guard, seeing this, concluded that—whatever he concluded, he carefully drew down all the curtains, looking at me with a cheerful, genial air of intense mystery, as if to say, "I twig; it's all right; I'll keep your secret."

It is a positive fact that all this puzzled me amazingly. There were many things in which I, the friend and pupil of Navone, was as yet as innocent as a babe unborn. The lady seemed to be amused—as well she might. *Sancta simplicitas!* I asked her why the conductor had drawn the

curtains. She laughed, and explained that he possibly thought we were a bridal pair or lovers. Common-sense and ordinary politeness naturally inspired the reply that I wished we were, which declaration was so amiably received that I suggested the immediate institution of such an arrangement. Which was so far favourably received that it was sealed with a kiss. However, the seal was not broken. I think the lady must have been very much amused. It is not without due reflection that I record this. Kissing went for very little in Germany in those days. It was about as common in Vienna as shaking hands. But this was my first experience in it. So I record it, because it seems as if some benevolent fairy had welcomed me to Germany; it took place just as we crossed the frontier. However, I found out some time after, by a strange accident, that my fairy was the wife of a banker who lived beyond Heidelberg; and at Heidelberg I left her and went to the first hotel in the town.

I had formed no plans, and had no letters to anybody. I had read Howitt's "Student Life in Germany" through and through, so I thought I would study in Heidelberg. But how to begin? That was the question. I went into a shop and bought some cigars. There I consulted with the shopkeeper as to what I should do. Could he refer me to some leading authority in the University, known to him, who would give me advice. He could, and advised me to consult with the Pedell Capelmann.

Now I didn't know it, but Pedell, meaning beadle, commonly called Poodle by the students, was the head-constable of the University. In honest truth I supposed he must be the President or Pro-Rector. So I went to Pedell Capelmann. His appearance did not quite correspond to my idea of a learned professor. He was an immensely burly, good-natured fellow, who came in in his shirt-sleeves, and who, when he learned what I wanted, burst out into a *Her'r'r' Gottsdonnerwetter!* of surprise, as he well might. But I knew that the Germans were a very *sans façon bourgeois* people, and still treated him with deep respect. He suggested that as there were a great many American students there, I had better call on them. He himself would take me to see the Herr O——, with whom, as I subsequently learned, he had more than once had discussions relative to questions of University-municipal discipline. As for the startling peculiarity which attended my introduction to University life, it is best summed up in the remark which the Herr O. (of Baltimore) subsequently made.

"Great God, fellows! *he made his first call on old Capelmann!!*"

He took me to the Herr O. and introduced me. I was overwhelmed with my cordial reception. There was at once news sent forth that a new man and a brother fellow-countryman had come to join the ranks. "And messengers through all the land sought Sir Tannhäuser out." I was pumped dry as to my precedents, and as I came fresh from

Princeton and had been through Italy, I was approved of. The first thing was a discussion as to where I was to live. The Frau Direktorinn Louis in the University Place had two fine rooms which had just been occupied by a prince. So we went and secured the rooms, which were indeed very pleasant, and by no means dear as it seemed to me. I was to breakfast in my rooms, dine with the family at one o'clock, and sup about town.

Then there was a grand council as to what I had better study, and over my prospects in life; and it was decided that, as the law-students were the most distinguished or swell of all, I had better be a lawyer. So it was arranged that I should attend Mittermayer's and others' lectures. To all of which I cheerfully assented. The next step was to give a grand supper in honour of my arrival. After the dinner and the wine, I drank twelve *schoppens* of beer, and then excused myself on the plea of having letters to write. I believe, however, that I forgot to write the letters. And here I may say, once for all, that having discovered that, if I had no gift for mathematics, I had a great natural talent for Rhein-wein and lager, I did not bury that talent in a napkin, but, like the rest of my friends, made the most of it, firstly, during two semesters in Heidelberg:

"Then I bolted off to Munich,
And within the year,
Underneath my German tunic
Stowed whole butts of beer;

For I drank like fifty fishes,
Drank till all was blue,
For whenever I was vicious
I was thirsty too."

The result of which "dire deboshing" was that having come to Europe with a soul literally attenuated and starved for want of the ordinary gaiety and amusement which all youth requires, my life in Princeton having been one continued strain of a sobriety which continually sank into subdued melancholy, and a body just ready to yield to consumption, I grew vigorous and healthy, or, as the saying is, "hearty as a buck." I believe that if my cousin Sam had gone on with me even-pace, that he would have lived till to-day. When we came abroad, I seemed to be the weakest; he returned and died in a few months from our hereditary disease. How many hecatombs of young men have been murdered by "seriousness" and "total abstinence," miscalled *Temperance*, in our American colleges, can never be known; perhaps it is as well that it never will be; for if it were, there would be a rush to the other extreme, which would "upset society." And here be it noted that, with all our inordinate national or international Anglo-Saxon sense of superiority to everybody and everything foreign, we are in the *main* thing—that is, the truly rational enjoyment of life and the art of living—utterly inferior to the German and Latin races. We are for the most part either too good or too bad—totally abstemious or raving drunk—always in a hurry after excitement or

in a worry over our sins, or those of our neighbours. "Rest, rest, perturbed Yankee, *rest!*"

My rooms were on the ground-floor, the bedroom looking into the University Square, and my study into a garden. Next door to me dwelt Paulus, the king of the Rationalists. He was then, I believe, ninety-four years of age. He remained daily till about twelve or one in a comatose condition, when he awoke and became lively till about three, when he sank into sleep again. His days were like those of a far Northern winter, lit by the sun at the same hours.

The next morning a very gentlemanly young man knocked at my door, and entered and asked in perfect English for a Mr. Bell, who lived in the same house. I informed him that Mr. Bell was out, but asked him to enter my room and take a chair, which he did, conversing with me for half an hour, when he departed, leaving a card on a side-table. In a few minutes later, O., who was of the kind who notice everything, entered, took up the card, and read on it the name and address of the young Grand Duke of Baden, who was naturally by far the greatest man in the country, he being its hereditary ruler.

"Where the devil did you get this?" asked O. and all, in amazement.

"Oh," I replied, "it's only the Duke. He has just been in here making a call. If you fellows had come five minutes sooner, you'd have seen him. Have some beer!"

The impression that I was a queer lot, due to my making my first call on Capelmann, *etcetera*, was somewhat strengthened by this card, until I explained how I came by it. But as Dr. Johnson in other words remarked, there are people to whom such queer things happen daily, and others to whom they occur once a year. And there was never yet a living soul who entered into my daily life who did not observe that I belong to the former class. If I have a guardian angel, it must be Edgar A. Poe's Angel of the Odd. But he generally comes to those who belong to him!

It was a long time before I profited much by my lectures, because it was fearful work for me to learn German. I engaged a tutor, and worked hard, and read a great deal, and talked it *con amore;* but few persons would believe how slowly I learned it, and with what incredible labour. How often have I cursed up hill and down dale, the Tower of Babel, which first brought the curse of languages upon the world! And what did I ever have to do with that Tower? Had I lived in those days, I would never have laid hand to the work in merry, sunny, lazy Babylon, nor contributed a brick to it. By the way, it was a juvenile conjecture of mine that the Tower of Babel was destroyed for being a shot-tower, in which ammunition was prepared to be used by the heathen. Which theory might very well have been inspired by a verse from the old Puritanical rendering of the Psalms:—

"Ye race itt is not alwayes gott
By him who swiftest runns,
Nor ye Battell by ye Peo-pel
Who shoot with longest gunnes."

Even before I had gone to Princeton, I had read and learned a great deal relative to Justinus Kerner, the great German supernaturalist, mystic, and poet, firstly, from a series of articles in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and later, from a translation of "The Seeress of Prevorst," and several of the good man's own romances and lyrics. I suppose that, of all men on the face of the earth, I should have at that time preferred to meet him. Wherefore, as a matter of course, it occurred that one fine morning a pleasant gentlemanly German friend of mine, who spoke English perfectly, and whose name was Rücker, walked into my room, and proposed that we should take a two or three days' walk up the Neckar with our knapsacks, and visit the famous old ruined castle of the Weibertreue. My mother had read me the ballad-legend of it in my boyhood, and I had learned it by heart. Indeed I can still recall it after sixty years:—

"Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?
As brave a town as any;
It must have sheltered in its time
Brave wives and maidens many:
If e'er I wooing have to do,
Good faith, in Weinsberg I will woo!"

"And then, when we are there," said Rücker, "we will call on an old friend of my father's, named Justinus Kerner. Did you ever hear of him?"

Did a Jew ever hear of Moses, or an American of General Washington? In five minutes I convinced my friend that I knew more about Kerner than he himself did. Whereupon it was decided that we should set forth on the following morning.

Blessed beautiful happy summer mornings in Suabia—green mounts and grey rocks with old castles—peasants harvesting hay—a *Kirchweih*, or peasants' merry-making, with dancing and festivity —till we came to Weinsberg, and forthwith called on the ancient sage, whom we found with the two or three ladies and gentlemen of his family. I saw at a glance that they had the air of aristocracy. He received us very kindly, and invited us to come to dinner and sup with him.

The Weibertreue is an old castle which was in or at the end of Dr. Kerner's garden. Once, when all the town had taken refuge in it from the Emperor Conrad, the latter gave the women leave to quit the fort, and also permission to every one to carry with her whatever was unto her most valuable, precious, or esteemed. And so the dames went forth, every one bearing on her back her husband.

In the tower of the castle, or in its wall, which was six feet thick, were eight or ten windows, gradually opening like trumpets, through which the wind blew all the time, and pleasantly enough on a hot summer day. In each of these the Doctor had placed an Æolian harp, and he who did not believe in fairies or the gentle spirit of a viewless sound should have sat in that tower and listened

to the music as it rose and fell, as in endless solemn glees or part-singing; one harp stepping in, and pealing out richly and strangely as another died away, while anon, even as the new voice came, there thrilled in unison one or two more Ariels who seemed to be hurrying up to join the song. It was a marvellous strange thing of beauty, which resounded, indeed, all over Germany, for men spoke of it far and wide.

Quite as marvellous in the evening was the Doctor's own performance on the single and double Jew's harp. From this most unpromising instrument he drew airs of such exquisite beauty that one could not have been more astonished had he heard the sweet tones of Grisi drawn from a cat by twisting its tail. But we were in a land of marvels and wonders, or, as an English writer described it, "Weinsberg, a place on the Neckar, inhabited partly by men and women—some in and some out of the body—and partly by ghosts." There were visions in the air, and dreams sitting on the staircases; in fact, when I saw the peasants working in the fields, I should not have been astonished to see them vanish into mist or sink into the ground.

And yet from the ruined castle of the Weibertreue Kerner pointed out to us a man walking along the road, and that man was the very incarnation of all that was sober, rational, and undream-like; for it was David Strauss, author of the "Life of Jesus." And at him too I gazed with the awe due to a great

man whose name is known to all the cultured world; and to me much more than the name; for I had read, as before mentioned, his "Life of Jesus" when I first went to Princeton.

Dr. Kerner took to me greatly, and said that I very much reminded him, in appearance and conversation, of what his most intimate friend, Ludwig Uhland, had been at my age; and as he repeated this several times, and spoke of it long after to friends, I think it must have been true, although I am compelled to admit that people who pride themselves on looking like this or that celebrity never resemble him in the least, mentally or spiritually, and are generally only mere caricatures at best.

On our return, we climbed into an old Gothic church-tower, in which I found a fifteenth-century bell, bearing the words, *Vivas voco*, *mortuos plango*, *fulgura frango*, and much more—

> "The dead I knell, the living wake,
> And the power of lightning break!"

which caused me to reflect on the vast degree to which all the minor uses and observances of the Church—which are nine-tenths of all their religion to the multitude—were only old heathen superstitions in new dresses. The bell was a spell against the demons of lightning in old Etrurian days; to this time the Tuscan peasant bears one in the darkening twilight-tide to drive away the witches flitting round: in him and them "those evening bells" inspired a deeper sentiment than poetry.

In a village, Rücker, finding the beer very good, bought a cask of it, which was put on board the little Neckar steamboat on which we returned to Heidelberg. And thus provided, the next evening he gave a "barty" up in the old castle, among the ruins by moonlight, where I "assisted," and the *lager* was devoured, even to the last drop.

I soon grew tired of the family dinners with the Frau Inspektorinn and the Herr Inspektor with the *one* tumbler of Neckar wine, which I was expected not to exceed; so I removed my dining to the "Court of Holland," a first-class hotel, where O. and the other Americans met, and where the expectation was not that a man should by any means limit himself to one glass, but that, taking at least one to begin with, he should considerably exceed it. This hotel was kept by a man named Spitz, who looked his name to perfection.

"Er spitzt betrübt die Nase,"

as Scheffel wrote of him in his poem, *Numero Acht*, the scene of which is laid in the "Court of Holland." Here a word about Scheffel. During the following semester he was for months a daily table-companion of mine at the Bremer-Eck, where a small circle of students—*quorum pars fui*—met every evening to sup and *kneip*, or to drink beer and smoke and sing until eleven. Little did I dream in those days that he would become the great popular poet of his time, or that I should ever translate his *Gaudeamus*. I owe the "Court of Holland" to this

day for a dinner and a bottle of wine. It is the only debt I owe, to my knowledge, to anybody on earth.

It was resolved among the Americans that we should all make a foot-excursion with knapsacks down the Rhine to Cologne. It was done. So we went gaily from town to town, visiting everything, making excursions inland now and then. We had a bottle or two of the best Johannisberg in the very Schloss itself—*omne cum prætio*—and meeting with such adventures as befell all wandering students in those old-fashioned, merry times. The Rhine was wild as yet, and not paved, swept, garnished, and full of modern villas and adornment, as now. I had made, while in America, a manuscript book of the places and legends of and on the Rhine, with many drawings. This, and a small volume of Snow's and Planché's "Legends of the Rhine," I carried with me. I was already well informed as to every village and old ruin or tower on the banks.

So we arrived at Cologne, and saw all the sights. The cathedral was not then finished, and the town still boasted its two-and-seventy stinks, as counted by Coleridge. Then we returned by steamer to Mainz, and thence footed it home.

Little by little I rather fell away from my American friends, and began to take to German or English associates, and especially to the company of two Englishmen. One was named Leonard Field, who is now a lawyer in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the other was Ewan P. Colquhoun, a younger brother of Sir

Patrick Colquhoun, whom I knew well, and as friend, in after years, until his recent death. I always, however, maintained a great intimacy with George Ward of Boston, who became long after a banker and Baring's agent in America. In one way and another these two twined into my life in after years, and led to my making many acquaintances or friends.

I walked a great deal all about Heidelberg to many very picturesque places, maintaining deep interest in all I saw by much loving reading of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and Uhland's collection of old German songs—his own poems I knew long before—the *Nibelungen* and *Hero-Book*, and a great variety of other works. I had dropped the Occulta, and for a year or two read nothing of the kind except casually the works of Eckhartshausen and Justinus Kerner. I can now see that, as I became healthy and strong, owing to the easy, pleasant existence which I led, it was best for me after all. "Grappling with life" and earnestly studying a profession then might have extinguished me. My mental spring, though not broken, was badly bent, and it required a long time to straighten it.

Colquhoun was only eighteen, but far beyond his years in dissipation, and well-nigh advanced to cool cynicism. With him I made many an excursion all about the country. Wherever a *Kirchweih* or peasants' ball was to be held, he always knew of it, and there we went. One morning early he came to my rooms. There was to be a really stun-

ning duel fought early between a Senior and some very illustrious *Schläger*, and he had two English friends named Burnett who would go with us. So we went, and meeting with Rücker at the *Pawkboden*, it was proposed that we should go on together to Baden-Baden. To which I objected that I had only twenty florins in my pocket, and had no time to return home for more. "Never mind," said Colquhoun; "Rücker has plenty of money; we can borrow from him."

We went to Baden and to the first hotel, and had a fine dinner, and saw the Burnetts off. Then, of course, to the gaming-table, where Colquhoun speedily lost all his money, and I so much that I had but ten florins left. "Never mind; we'll pump on Rücker," said Colquhoun.

We went up to visit the old castle. While there, Rücker took off his overcoat, in which he had his pocket-book, and laid it over a chair. When we returned to the hotel the pocket-book was gone! There we were with a hotel-bill to pay and never a cent wherewith to pay it. I had, however, still ten florins. Colquhoun suddenly remembered that he had seen something in the town, price ten florins, which he *must* buy. It was something which he had promised to buy for a relative in England. It was a very serious case of necessity.

I doubted my dear friend, but having sworn him by all his gods that he would *not* gamble with the money, I gave it to him. So he, of course, went straight to the gaming-table, and,

having luck, won enough to pay our debt and take us home.

I should mention that Rücker went up to the castle and found his pocket-book with all the money. "For not only doth Fortune favour the bold," as is written in my great unpublished romance of "Flaxius the Immortal," "but, while her hand is in, also helps their friends with no unsparing measure, as is marvellously confirmed by Machiavelli."

Vacation came. My friends scattered far and wide. I joined with three German friends and one Frenchman, and we strapped on our knapsacks for a foot-journey into Switzerland. First we went to Freiburg in Baden, and saw the old cathedral, and so on, singing, and stopping to drink, and meeting with other students from other universities, and resting in forests amid mountains by roaring streams, and entering cottages and chatting with girls. *Hurra! frei ist der bursch!*

One afternoon we walked sixteen miles through a rain which was like a waterfall. I was so drenched that it was with difficulty I kept my passport and letter of exchange from being ruined. When we came out of the storm there were *six* of us! Another student had, unseen, joined our party in the rain, and I had never noticed it!

We came to a tavern at the foot of the Rigiberg. My pack was soaked. One friend lent me a shirt, another a pair of drawers, and we wrapped ourselves in sheets from the beds and called for brandy and water hot—a pleasing novelty to the Germans—and

so went to bed. The next day we ascended the Rigi, found many students there; did not see the sun rise in the morning, but still a mighty panorama, wondrous fair, and so walked down again. And receiving my carpet-bag at Lucerne, whither I had had the precaution to send one, I dressed myself again in clean linen and went back to Germany. I meant to travel more in Switzerland, but it was very rainy that year, and, as it proved, I did wisely.

I returned to Spitz, but his house was full of English, and he informed me, rather exultantly and foolishly, that he had no room for me, and could not tell me where to go, "every place was full." As I had spent money freely with him, I did not like it. The head-waiter followed me out and recommended the Black Eagle, kept by Herr Lehr. There I went, got a good room, and for months after dined daily at its *table-d'hôte*. I sent friends there, and returned to the house with my wife twenty years later. My brother also went there long after, and endeared himself to all, helping Herr Lehr to plant his vines. In after years Herr Lehr had forgotten me, but not my brother. Lehr's son was a gentlemanly young fellow, well educated. He became a captain, and was the first officer killed in the Franco-German war.

Vacation passed, and the students returned and lectures were resumed. There was a grand *Commers* or students' supper meeting at which I was present; and again the duelling-ground rang with the sound of blades, and all was merry as

before. Herr Zimmer, the University dancing-master, gave lessons and cotillion or waltzing-parties thrice a week, and these I regularly attended. Those who came to them were the daughters of the humbler professors and respectable shopkeepers. During the previous session I had taken lessons from a little old Frenchman, who brought his fiddle and a pretty daughter twice a week to my room, where, with Ward, we formed a class of three.

This gentleman was a perfect type—fit to be staged without a touch of change—of the old *emigré*, who has now vanished, even from among the French. His bows, his wit—*la grace extr'ordinaire*—the intonations of his voice and his vivacity were beyond the art of any actor now living. There were many more peculiar and marked types of character in the last generation than now exist when Everybody is becoming Everybody else with such fearful rapidity.

There were four great masked balls held in Heidelberg during the winter, each corresponding to a special state of society. That at the Museum or great University Club was patronised by the *élite* of nobility and the professors and their families. Then came the *Harmonie*—respectable, but not aristocratic. Then another in a hotel, which was rather more rowdy than reputable; not really outrageous, yet where the gentlemen students "whooped it up" in grand style with congenial grisettes; and, finally, there was a fancy ball at the Waldhorn, or some such place, or several of them, over the river, where

peasants and students with maids to match could waltz once round the vast hall for a penny till stopped by a cordon of robust rustics. We thought it great fun with our partners to waltz impetuously and bump with such force against the barrier as to break through, in which case we were not only greatly admired, but got another waltz gratis. We had wild peasant-dancing in abundance, and the consumption of wine and beer was something awful.

One morning a German student named Grüner, who had been at Jena, came to my room with a brilliant proposition. We should go to Frankfort and hear Jenny Lind sing in her great *rôle* of Norma. I had already heard her sing in concert in Heidelberg—where, by the way, the students rushed into her room as soon as she had left, and tore to strips the bed in which she had slept, and carried them away for souvenirs, to the great amazement of an old Englishman, who had just been put into the room. (*N.B.*—I was not in the party.) I objected that it was getting to the end of the month, and that I had not money enough for such an outing. To which he replied, that we could go on to Homburg, and make money enough at *rouge-et-noir* to cover all expenses. This obvious and admirable method of raising funds had not occurred to me, so I agreed to go.

We went to Frankfort, and heard the greatly overrated Jenny Lind, and the next day proceeded to Homburg, and at once to the green table. Here I lost a little, but Grüner made so much, that

on returning to the table, I took from it a sufficient sum to cover all our expenses, and told him that, come what might, it must remain untouched, and gave him the remainder. That afternoon I played for five-franc pieces, and at one time had both my side-pockets so full that they weighed very heavily. And these again I lost. Then Grüner lost all his, and came imploring me for more, but I would not give him a *kreutzer*. Matters were beginning to look serious. I had a reserved fund of perhaps fifty napoleons, which I kept for dire need or accidents. That evening I observed a man who had great luck, winning twice out of three times. I watched his play, and as soon as he lost, I set a napoleon—by which I won enough to clear my expenses, and buy me, moreover, a silver-headed cane, a gold watch-chain, and two Swiss watches. I may mention, by the way, that since that day I have never played at anything, save losing a ten-franc piece in after years at Wiesbaden.

There dined very often at our *table-d'hôte* in the Adler an old German lady named Helmine von Chézy, who had a reputation as a poetess. With her I sometimes conversed. One day she narrated in full what she declared was the true story of Caspar Häuser. Unto her Heine had addressed the epigram—

"Helmine von Chezy,
Geborene Klencke,
Ich bitte Sie, geh' Sie
Mit ihrer Poésie,
Sonst kriegt Sie die Kränke!"

"Helmine von Chezy,
Born Klencke, I pray
With your pestilent poems
You'll hasten away."

There was also an elderly and very pleasant Englishman, with whom I became rather intimate, and who was very kind to me. This was the well-known Captain Medwin, who had known so well Byron, Shelley, Trelawny, and their compeers. He was full of anecdotes, which I now wish that I had recorded. He introduced me to Lady Caroline de Crespigny, who was then living permanently in Heidelberg. This lady, who was said to be then fifty years of age, was still so young-looking and beautiful, that I cannot remember in all my life to have ever seen such an instance of time arrested. I also made the acquaintance of Professor Creutzer, author of the *Symbolik*, a work of vast learning.[1] And I went to balls, one at Professor Gervinus's.

I entered myself with the great Leopold Gmelin for a course of lectures on chemistry, and worked away every morning with the test-tubes at analytical chemistry under Professor Posselt, at which I one day nearly poisoned myself by tasting oxalic acid, which I did not recognise under its German name of *Kleesäure*. I read broad and wide in German literature, as I think may be found by examining

[1] He was the real head, and the most sensible, of that vast array of wild antiquaries, among whom are Faber, Godfrey Higgins, Inman, Bryant, and several score more whom I in my youth adored and devoured with a delight surpassing words!

my notes to my translation of Heine's works, and went with Field several times to Frankfort, to attend the theatre, and otherwise amuse ourselves. There I once made the acquaintance of the very famous comic actor Hasselt. He was a grave, almost melancholy man when off the stage, very fond of archæology and antiquities.

The winter drew to an end. I had long felt a deep desire to visit Munich, to study art, and to investigate fundamentally the wonderful and mysterious science of Æsthetics, of which I had heard so much. So I packed up and paid my bills, and passing through one town where there was in the hotel where I stopped, the last wolf ever killed in Germany, and freshly killed (I believe he has been slain two or three times since), and at another where I was invited to see a criminal beheaded by the sword—which sight I missed by over-sleeping myself—I came through Stuttgart, Ulm, and Augsburg to the German Athens.

I went to the Hôtel Maulick, where I stayed a week. Opposite to me at table every day sat the famous Saphir, the great Vienna wit and licensed joker. Of course I soon became acquainted with some students, and was entered at the University, and got the card which exempted me from being arrested by any save the University beadles. I believe that we even had our own hangman, but as none of my friends ever had occasion for his services, I did not inquire. The same ticket also entitled me to attend the opera at half-price, and if it had only included

tobacco and beer gratis, it would have been the means of vast economies.

I entered myself for a course of lectures by Professor Friedrich Thiersch on Æsthetics. He it was who had trained Heine to art, and I venture to say that in my case the seed fell on good ground. I took in every thought. His system agreed, on the whole, perfectly with that advanced in after years by Taine, and marvellously well with that set forth in the "Essays, Speculative and Suggestive," of J. A. Symonds—that is, it was eclectic and deductive from historical periods, and not at all "rhapsodical" or merely subjective. I bought the best works, such as Kugler's, for guides, and studied hard, and frequented the Pinacothek and Glyptothek, and I may say really educated myself well in the history of art and different schools of æsthetics. My previous reading, travel, and tastes fitted me in every way to easily master such knowledge. I also followed Becker's course on Schelling, but my heart was not in it, as it would have been two years before. The lectures of Professor Henry and Gmelin and true Science, had caused in me a distrust of metaphysics and psychological systems and theories. I began to see that they were all only very ingenious shufflings and combinations and phases of the same old cards of Pantheism, which could be made into Theism, Pietism, Atheism, or Materialism to suit any taste. I was advancing rapidly to pure science, though Evolution was as yet unknown by the name, albeit

the Okenites and others with their *Natur-philosophie* were coming closely to it.

In fact, I think it may be truly said that, as regarded deducing man and all things from a *prima materia* or protoplasm by means of natural selection and vast study of differentiation, they were exactly where Darwin, and Wallace, and Huxley were when we began to know the latter. I do not agree with Max Müller in his very German and very artfully disguised and defended theory that the religious idea originated in a vague sense of the Infinite in the minds of savages; for I believe it began with the bogeys and nightmares of obscure terror, hunger, disease, and death; but the Professor is quite right in declaring that Evolution was first created or developed in the German *Natur-philosophie*, the true beginning of which was with the Italian naturalists, such as Bruno and De Cusa. What is to be observed is this, yet few understand it, nor has even Symonds cleared the last barrier—that when a Pantheist has got so far as to conceive an identity between matter and spirit, while on the other hand a scientific materialist rises to the unity of spirit and matter, there is nothing to choose between them. Only this is true, that the English Evolutionists, by abandoning reasoning based on Pantheistic poetic bases, as in Schelling's case, or purely logical, as in Hegel's, and by proceeding on plainly prosaic, merely material, simply scientific grounds after the example of Bacon, swept away so much rubbish that people no longer recognised the old temple of Truth,

and really thought it was a brand new workshop or laboratory. But I can remember very distinctly that to me Evolution did *not* come as if I had received a new soul, or even a new body, but had merely had a bath, and put on new garments. And as I became an English Evolutionist in due time, I had this great advantage, that by beginning so young I succeeded in doing very thoroughly what Symonds and Maudsley and many more clearly understand is *most* difficult—that is, not merely to accept the truth, but to get rid of the old *associations* of the puzzle of a difference between spirit and matter, which thing caused even the former to muddle about "God," and express disgust at "Materialism," and declare that there is "an insoluble problem," which is all in flat contradiction to pure Evolution, which does not meddle with "the Unknowable."

There was a Jewish professor named Karl Friedrich Neumann, who was about as many-sided a man as could be found even in a German university. He was a great Chinese scholar—had been in China, and also read on mathematics and modern history. I attended these lectures (not the mathematics) and liked them: so we became acquainted. I found that he had written a very interesting little work on the visit recorded in the Chinese annals of certain Buddhist monks to Fusang—probably Mexico—in the fifth century. I proposed to translate it, and did so, he making emendations and adding fresh matter to the English version.

Professor Neumann was a vigorous reader, but he

soon found that I was of the same kind. One day he lent me a large work on some Indian subject, and the next I brought it back. He said that I could not have read it in the time. I begged him to examine me on it, which he did, and expressed his amazement, for he declared that he had never met with anything like it in all his life. This from him was praise indeed. Long after, in America, George Boker in closer fashion tested me on this without my knowing it, and published the result in an article.

I became acquainted with a learned writer on art named Foerster, who had married a daughter of Jean Paul Richter, and dined once or twice at his house. I also saw him twenty years later in Munich. George Ward came in from Berlin to stay some weeks in Munich. I saw Taglioni several times at the opera, but did not make her acquaintance till 1870. The great, tremendous celebrity at that time in Munich was also an opera-dancer, though not on the stage. This was Lola Montez, the King's last favourite. He had had all his mistresses painted, one by one, and the gallery was open to the public. Lola's was the last, and there was a blank space still left *for a few more*. I thought that about twenty-five would complete the collection.

Lola Montez had a small palace, and was raised to be the Countess of Landsfeldt, but this was not enough. She wished to run the whole kingdom and government, and kick out the Jesuits, and kick up the devil, generally speaking. But the Jesuits and the mob were too much for her.

I knew her very well in later years in America, when she deeply regretted that I had not called on her in Munich. I must have had a great moral influence on her, for, so far as I am aware, I am the only friend whom she ever had at whom she never threw a plate or book, or attacked with a dagger, poker, broom, chair, or other deadly weapon. We were both born at the same time in the same year, and I find by the rules of sorcery that she is the first person who will meet me when I go to heaven. I always had a great and strange respect for her singular talents; there were very few indeed, if any there were, who really knew the depths of that wild Irish soul. Men generally were madly fascinated with her, then as suddenly disenchanted, and then detracted from her in every way.

There were many adventuresses in later years who passed themselves about the world for Lola Montez. I have met with two friends, whom I am sure were honest gentlemen, who told me they had known her intimately. Both described her as a large, powerful, or robust woman. Lola was in reality very small, pale, and thin, or *frêle*, with beautiful blue eyes and curly black hair. She was a typical beauty with a face full of character, and a person of remarkably great and varied reading. One of her most intimate friends was wont to tell her that she and I had many very strange characteristics in common, which we shared with no one else, while we differed utterly in other

respects. It was very like both of us, for Lola, when defending the existence of the soul against an atheist, to tumble over a great trunk of books of the most varied kind, till she came to an old vellum-bound copy of Apuleius, and proceed to establish her views according to his subtle Neo-Platonism. But she romanced and embroidered so much in conversation that she did not get credit for what she really knew.

I once met with a literary man in New York, who told me he had long desired to make my acquaintance, because he had heard her praise me so immeasurably beyond anybody else she had ever known, that he wanted to see what manner of man I could be. I heard the same from another, in another place long after. Once she proposed to me to make a bolt with her to Europe, which I declined. The secret of my influence was that I always treated her with respect, and never made love or flirted.

An intimate of both of us who was present when this friendly proposal was made remarked with some astonishment, "But, Madame, by what means can you two *live?*" "Oh," replied Lola innocently and confidingly, "people like us" (or "who know as much as we") "can get a living anywhere." And she rolled us each a cigarette, with one for herself. I could tell a number of amusing tales of this Queen of Bohemia, but Space, the Kantean god, forbids me more. But I may say that I never had more really congenial and wide-embracing conversations with

any human being in my life than with Her Majesty. There was certainly no topic, within my range, at least, on which she could not converse with some substance of personal experience and reading. She had a mania for meeting and knowing all kinds of peculiar people.

I lived in the main street near the Karlsthor, opposite a tavern called the Ober-Pollinger, which was a mediæval tavern in those days. My landlady was a nice old soul, and she had two daughters, one of whom was a beauty, and as gentle and Germanly good as a girl could be. Her face still lives in a great picture by a great artist. We lived on the third floor; on the ground was a shop, in which cutlery and some fireworks were sold. It befell that George Ward and I were very early in the morning sitting on a bench before the Ober-Pollinger, waiting for a stage-coach, which would take us to some place out of town. When bang! bang! crack! I heard a noise in the firework shop, and saw explosions puffing smoke out of the bursting windows. Great God! the front shop was on fire; it was full of fireworks, such as rockets and crackers, and I knew there was a barrel of gunpowder in the back-shop! I had found it out a few days before, when I went there to buy some for my pistols. And the family were asleep. In an instant I tore across the street, rushed screaming upstairs, roused them all out of bed, howling, "It burns—there's gunpowder!" Yet, hurried as I was, I caught up a small hand-

bag, which contained my money, as I got the girls and their mother downstairs. I was just in time to see a gigantic butcher burst open the two-inch door with an axe, and roll out the barrel containing two hundred pounds of gunpowder, as the flames were licking it. I saw them distinctly.

It was the awful row which I made which had brought the people out betimes, including the butcher and his axe. But for that, there would have been a fearful blow-up. But the butcher showed himself a man of gold on this occasion, for he it was who really saved us all. A day or two after, when I was jesting about myself as a knightly rescuer of forlorn damsels, in reply to some remark on the event, George Ward called me to order. There was, as he kindly said, too much that he respected in that event to make fun of it.

George Ward is deeply impressed on my memory. He was a sedate young fellow, with a gift of dry humour, now and then expressed in quaint remarks, a gentleman in every instinct, much given to reading and reflecting. When he said anything, he meant it, and this remark of his struck me more than the event itself had done.

And to think that I quite forgot in narrating my Princeton experiences to tell of something very much like this incident. It was in my last year, and my landlady had just moved into a new house, when, owing to some defect in the building, it caught fire, but was luckily saved after it had received some damage. I awoke in the night, flames

bursting into my room, and much smoke. It happened that the day before a friend in Alabama had sent me eleven hundred dollars wherewith to pay for him certain debts. My first thought was for this money, so I hurried to get the key of the secretary in which it was—keys never can be found in a hurry—and when found, I could not find the right one in the bunch. And then it stuck in the lock and would not open it, till finally I succeeded and got the money out. And then, not finding myself quite dead, I in a hurry turned the contents of three drawers in my bureau and my linen on to the bed, threw on it my coats and trousers, tied the four corners of a sheet together in one bundle, caught up my boots, fencing-foils, &c., to make another, and so rescued all I had. I verily believe I did it all in one minute. That day the President, old Dr. Carnahan, when I pled "not prepared" for failing at recitation, excused me with a grim smile. I had really that time some excuse for it. During the Munich incident I thought of the sheets. But I had gunpowder and two girls to look after in the latter place, and time and tide—or gunpowder and girls—wait for no man.

And so with study and art and friends, and much terrible drinking of beer and smoking of Varinas-Kanaster, and roaming at times in gay greenwoods with pretty maids alway, and music and dancing, the Munich semester came to an end. I proposed to travel with an English friend named Pottinger to Vienna, and thence by some adventurous route

or other through Germany to Paris. Which was a great deal more to undertake in those days than it now is, entailing several hundred per cent. more pain and sorrow, fasting, want of sleep and washing, than any man would encounter in these days in going round the world and achieving *la grande route;* or the common European tour, to boot. For it befell me ere I reached my journey's end to pass eighteen nights in one month in Eilwagen or waggons, the latter being sometimes without springs. And once or twice or thrice I was so utterly worn and wearied that I slept all night, though I was so tossed about that I awoke in the morning literally bruised from head to foot, with my chimney-pot hat under my feet. Which was worse than even a forced march on short commons—as I found in after years—or driving in a Russian *telega*, or jack-assing in Egypt, or any other of the trifles over which pampered tourists make such heart-rending howls now-a-days.

So we went to Prague, and thence to Vienna, which, in the year 1847, was a very different place indeed to what it is at present. For an unbounded gaiety and an air of reckless festivity was apparent then all the time to everybody everywhere. Under it all lurked and rankled abuses, municipal, social, and political, such as would in 1893 be deemed incredible if not unnatural (as may be read in a clever novel called *Die schöne Wienerinn*), but on the surface all was brilliant foam and sunshine and laughing sirens. What new thing Strauss would

play in the evening was the great event of the day. I saw and heard the great Johann Strauss—this was the grandfather, and in after years his son, and the *schöne Edie* his grandson. Everywhere one heard music, and the Prater was a gay and festive paradise indeed. There was no business—the town lived on the Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Russian, and other nobility, who in those days were extravagant and ostentatious to a degree now undreamed of, and on strangers. As for free and easy licentiousness, Paris was a trifle to it, and the police had strict orders to encourage everything of the kind; the result being that the seventh commandment in all its phases was treated like pie-crust, as a thing made to be broken, the oftener the better. Even on our first arriving at our hotel, our good-natured landlord, moved by the principle that it was not good for a young man to be alone, informed us that if we wished to have damsels in our rooms, no objection would be interposed. "Why not?" he said; "this is not a church;" the obvious inference being that to a Viennese every place not a church must necessarily be a temple to Venus. And every Wiener, when spoken to, roared with laughter, and there were minstrels in the streets, and musicians in every dining-place and café, and great ringing of bells in chimes, and 'twas merry in hall when beards wagged all, and "the world went very well in those days." Vienna is a far finer town now, but it is a Quaker meeting-house compared to what it was for gaiety forty years ago.

This change of life and manners has spread, and will continue to spread, all over the world. In feudal times the people were kept quiet by means of holidays, carnivals, processions, fairs, fairy-tales, treats, and indulgences; even the common childish instinct for gay dress and picturesqueness of appearance was encouraged, and at high tides everybody was fed and given to drink: so that if the poor toiled and fasted and prayed, it might be for months, they had their joyous revellings to anticipate, when there were free tables even for strangers. In those days—

> "A Christmas banquet oft would cheer
> A poor man's heart for half the year."

This Middle Age lasted effectively until the epoch of the Revolution and railroads, or, to fix a date, till about 1848. And then all at once, as at a breath, it all disappeared, and now lives, so to speak, only in holes and corners. For as soon as railroads came, factories sprang up and Capital began to employ Labour, and Labour to plot and combine against Capital; and what with scientific inventions and a sudden stimulus to labour, and newspapers, the multitude got beyond fancy dresses and the being amused to keep them quiet like children, and so the *juventus mundi* passed away. "It is a perfect *shame!*" say the dear young lady-tourists, "that the peasantry no longer wear their beautiful dresses; they ought to be *obliged* to keep them up." "But how would *you* like, my dear, if you were of the lower orders, to wear a dress which proclaimed it?"

Here the conversation ceaseth, for it becomes too deep for the lady-tourist to follow.

How it was we wandered, I do not distinctly remember, but having visited Nuremberg, Prague, and Dresden, we went to Breslau, where a fancy seized us to go to Cracow. True we had not a special *visé* from a Russian minister to enter the Muscovite dominions, but the police at Breslau, who (as I was afterwards told) loved to make trouble for those on the frontier, bade us be of good cheer and cheek it out, neither to be afraid of any man, and to go ahead bravely. Which we did.

There was a sweet scene at the frontier station on the Polish-Russian line at about three o'clock in the morning, when the grim and insolent officials discovered that our passports had only the police *visé* from Breslau! I was asked why I had not in my native country secured the *visé* of a Russian minister; to which I replied that in America the very existence of such a country as Russia was utterly unknown, and that I myself was astonished to find that Russians knew what passports were. Also that I always supposed that foreigners conferred a great benefit on a country by spending their money in it; but that if I could not be admitted, that was an end of it; it was a matter of very trifling consequence, indeed, for we really did not care twopence whether we saw Russia or not; a country more or less made very little difference to such travellers as we were.

Cheek is a fine thing in its way, and on this

occasion I developed enough brass to make a pan, and enough "sass" to fill it; but all in vain. When I visited the Muscovite realm in after years, I was more kindly received. On this occasion we were closely searched and re-searched, although we were not allowed to go on into Russia! Every square inch of everything was examined as with a microscope—even the small scraps of newspaper in which soap or such trifles were wrapped were examined, a note made as to each, and all put under paper-weights; and whatever was suspected—as, for instance, books or pamphlets—was confiscated, although, as I said, we were turned back! And this robbery accomplished, we were informed that the stage-coach, or rather rough post-waggon, in which we came, would return at five o'clock P.M., and that we could in it go back to Dresden, and might pass the time till then on a bench outside the building—reflecting on our sins! I had truly some papers about me which I did not care to have examined, but these were in my cravat, and even Russian ingenuity had not at that time got beyond picking pockets and feeling the linings of coats. It has since been suggested to me by something which I read that I was under suspicion. I had in Munich aided a Swiss student who was under police surveillance for political intriguing to escape, by lending him money to get away. It is probable that for this my passport was marked in a peculiar manner. My companion, Pottinger, was not much searched, all suspicion seemed to fall on me.

The stage went on, and Pottinger and I sat on the bench in a mild drizzle at half-past three in the morning, with as miserable a country round about as mortal man ever beheld. By and by one of the subs., a poor Pole, moved by compassion and the hope of reward, cautiously invited us to come into his den. He spoke a very little German and a little Latin (Pottinger was an Oxford man and knew several heavy classics, Greek and Latin, perfectly by heart). The Pole had a fire, and we began to converse. He had heard of America, and that Polish exiles had been well treated there. I assured him that Poles were admired and cherished among us like pet-lambs among children, and the adored of the adored. Then I spoke of Russian oppression, and the Pole in utmost secrecy produced a sabre which had been borne under Kosciusko, and showed us a silver coin —utterly prohibited—which had been struck during the brief period of the Polish Revolution.

The Pole began to prepare *his* coffee—for one. I saw that something must be done to increase the number of cups. He took up his book of prayers and asked of what religion we were. Of Pottinger I said contemptuously, "He is nothing but a heretic," but that as for myself, I had for some time felt a great inclination towards the *Panna*—Holy Virgin —and that it would afford me great pleasure to conform to the Polish Catholic Church, but that unfortunately I did not understand the language. To which he replied, that if *he* were to read the morning service in Polish and I would repeat it

word by word, that the *Panna* would count it to my credit just as if I had. And as I was praying in good earnest for a breakfast, I trust that it was accepted. Down on our knees we went and began our orisons.

"Leland! you —— humbug!" exclaimed Pottinger.

"Go away, you infernal heretic, and don't disturb Christians at their devotions!" was my devout reply. So, prayers concluded, there *was* coffee and rolls for three. And so in due time the coach returned; I rewarded our host with a thaler, and we returned to Breslau, of which place I noted that the natives never ate anything but sweet cakes for their first morning meal.

We stopped at Görlitz, where I asked a woman standing in the half-doorway of the house of Jacob Böhme if that was his house. But she had never heard of such a man!

Dresden we thoroughly explored, and were at Leipzig during the great annual fair. These fairs, in those days, were sights to behold. Now they are succeeded by stupendous Expositions, which are far finer and inconceivably greater, yet which to me lack that kind of gypsy, side-show, droll, old-fashioned attraction of the ancient gatherings, even as Barnum's Colossal Moral Show of half-a-dozen circuses at once and twenty-five elephants does not *amuse* anybody as the old clown in the ring and one elephant did of yore.

Thence to Berlin, where we were received with joy by the American students, who knew all about

one another all over Germany. I very much enjoyed the great art-gallery and the conversation of those who, like myself, followed lectures on æsthetics and the history of art. Thence to Magdeburg and Hanover, Dusseldorf—to cut it short, Holland and the chief cities in Belgium.

I noted one little change of custom in Berlin. In South Germany it was a common custom for students, when calling on a friend, to bring and leave generally a small bouquet. When I did this in Berlin my friends were astonished at it. This was an old Italian custom, as we may read in the beautiful One Hundred and Fifty *Brindisi* or Toasts of Minto—

> "Porto a voi un fior novello,
> Ed, oh come vago e bello!"

In 1847 even a very respectable hotel in Holland was in any city quite like one of two centuries before. You entered a long antiquely-brown room, traversed full length by a table. Before every chair was placed a little metallic dish with hot coals, and a churchwarden pipe was brought to every visitor at once without awaiting orders. The stolid, literal, mechanical action of all the people's minds was then *wonderful;* an average German peasant was a genius compared to these fresh, rosy-fair, well-clad Hollanders. It was to me a new phase of human happiness in imbecility, or rather in undisturbed routine; for it is written that no bird can fly like a bullet and doze or sleep sweetly at the same time. Yet, as from the Huns, the most hideous wretches

in the world, there arose by intermixture the Hungarians, who are perhaps the handsomest, so from the Knickerbocker Dutch sprang the wide-awake New Yorkers! The galleries in Holland and Belgium were to me joys unutterable and as the glory of life itself. Munich and Thiersch still inspired me; I seemed to have found a destiny in æsthetics or art, or what had been wanting in Princeton; that is, how the beautiful entered into life and was developed in history and made itself felt in all that was worth anything at all. Modern English writers on this subject — with exceptions like that of J. A. Symonds, whose Essays I cannot commend too highly—are in the same relation to its grand truth and higher inspiration as Emerson and Carlyle to Pantheism in its mightiest early forms. For several years the actual mastery of æsthetics gave me great comfort, and advanced me marvellously in thought to wider and far higher regions.

I forget where I parted with Pottinger; all that I can remember was, that early in November I arrived alone in Paris, going to some small hotel or other, and that as all the fatigues of the past many weeks of weary travel seemed to come upon me all at once, I went to bed, and never left the house till four o'clock P.M. the next day. On the next I found my way into the Latin Quarter, and secured a *not* very superior room in the Place Saint-Michel, near the Ecole de Médecine, to which I moved my luggage.

I was very much astonished, while sitting alone and rather blue and overcast in my room, at the sudden entrance of a second cousin of mine named Frank Fisher, who was studying medicine in Paris. He had by some odd chance seen my name registered in the newspapers as having arrived at the hotel, and lost no time in looking me up. He lived on the other side of the Seine in the Boule Rouge, near the Rue Helder, a famous happy hunting-ground for *les biches*—I mean kids or the very dear. I must go forthwith to his quarters and dine, which I did, and so my introduction to Paris was fairly begun.

I attended at the Collége Louis le Grand, and at the Sorbonne, all or any lectures by everybody, including a very dull series on German literature by Philarete Châsles. I read books. *Inter alia*, I went through Dante's "Inferno" in Italian aided by Rivarol's translation, of which I possessed the *very copy* stamped with the royal arms, and containing the author's autograph, which had been presented to the King. I picked it up on the Quai for a franc, for which sum I also obtained a first edition of *Melusine*, which Mr. Andrew Lang has described as such a delightful rarity. And I also ran a great deal about town. I saw Rachel, and Frédéric Lemaitre, and Mlle. Déjazet, and many more at the great theatres, and attended assiduously at Bobinot's, which was a very small theatre in the Quartier Latin, frequented entirely by students and grisettes. I went to many a ball, both great and small, in-

cluding the masked ones of the Grand Opera, and other theatres, at which there was dissipation and diablerie enough to satisfy the most ardent imagination, ending with the *grande ronde infernale.* I made many acquaintances, and if they were not by any means all highly respectable, they were at least generally very singular or notorious. One day I would dine at a place outside the Barrier, where we had a plain but fairly good dinner for a franc, *vin compris*, and where the honoured guest at the head of the table was the *chef des claqueurs* or head of the paid applauders at all the theatres. Then it would be at a private *table-d'hôte* of *lorettes*, where there was after dinner a little private card-playing. I heard afterwards that two or three unprincipled gamblers found their way into this nest of poor little innocents and swindled them out of all their money. When I was well in funds I would dine at Magny's, where, in those days, one could get such a dinner for ten francs as fifty would not now purchase. When *au sec*, I fed at Flicoteau's—we called him *l'empoisonneur*—where hundreds of students got a meal of three courses with half a bottle of ordinaire, and not so bad either, for thirty sous.

It happened one night at Bobinot's that I sat in the front row of the stage-box, and by me a very pretty, modest, and respectable young girl, with her elder relations or friends. How it happened I do not know, but they all went out, leaving the young lady by me, and I did not speak to her.

Which "point" was at once seized by the house. The pit, as if moved by one diabolical inspiration, began to roar, "*Il l'embrassera!*" (He will kiss her), to which the gallery replied, "*Il ne l'embrassera pas.*"

So they kept it up and down alternately like see-sawing; to an intonation; and be it remarked, by the way, that in French such a monotonous bore is known as a *scie* or saw, as may be read in my romance in the French tongue entitled *Le Lutin du Château*, which was, I regret to say, refused by Hachette the publisher on account of its freedom from strait-laced, blue-nosed, Puritanical conventionalism, albeit he praised its literary merit and style, as did sundry other French scholars, if I may say it—who should not!

I saw that something must be done; so rising, I waved my glove, and there was dead silence. Then I began at the top of my voice, in impassioned style in German, an address about matters and things in general, intermingled with insane quotations from Latin, Slavonian, anything. A change came o'er the spirit of the dream of my auditors, till at last they "took," and gave me three cheers. I had *sold* the house!

There was in the Rue de la Harpe a house called the Hôtel de Luxembourg. It was the fragment of a very old palace which had borne that name. It had still a magnificent Renaissance staircase, which bore witness to its former glory. Washington Irving, in one of his earlier tales, describes this

very house and the rooms which I occupied in it so accurately, that I think he must have dwelt there. He tells that a student once, during the Revolution, finding a young lady in the street, took her home with him to that house. She had a black ribbon round her neck. He twitched it away, when —off fell her head. She had been guillotined, and revived by sorcery.

I soon removed to this house, where I had two very good-sized rooms. In the same establishment dwelt a small actress or two, and divers students, or men who were extremely busy all the winter in plotting a revolution. It was considered as a nest of rather doubtful and desperate characters, and an American *carabin* or student of medicine told me of another who had fled from the establishment after a few days' experience, "for fear lest he should have his throat cut." But this was very silly, for none of us would have cut anybody's throat for any consideration. Some time ago I read the "Memoirs of Claude," who was the head of police in Paris during my time, and I was quite startled to find how many of the notorieties chronicled in his experiences had been known to me personally. As, for instance, Madame Marie Farcey, whom he declares had a heart of gold, and with whom I had many a curious conversation. She was a handsome, very lady-like, suave sort of person, who was never known to have an intrigue with any man, but who was "far and away" at the very head of all the immorality in Paris, as is well

known to everybody who was deeply about town in the Forties. Claude himself I never knew, and it was to his possible great loss; for there came a time when I could, had I chosen, have given him information which would have kept him in office and Louis Philippe on the throne, and turned the whole course of the events of 1848, as I will now clearly and undeniably prove.

I did not live in the Hôtel de Luxembourg for nothing, and I knew what was going on, and what was coming, and that there was to be the devil to pay. Claude tells us in his "Memoirs" that the Revolution of February 24 took him so much by surprise that he had only three hours' previous notice of it, and really not time to remove his office furniture. Now, *one month* before it burst out, I wrote home to my brother that we were to have a Revolution on the 24th of February, and that it would certainly succeed. Those who would learn all the true causes and reasons of this may find them in my forthcoming translation of "Heine's Letters from Paris," with my notes. The police of Paris were very clever, but the whole organisation was in so few hands, and we managed so well, that they never found us out. It was beyond all question the neatest, completest, and cheapest Revolution ever executed. Lamartine himself was not allowed to know anything about it till he was wanted for President. And all over the Latin Quarter, on our side of the river, in cafés and balls and in shops, and talking to everybody, went the mysterious dwellers

of the Hôtel de Luxembourg, sounding public opinion and gathering signs and omens, and making recruits and laying trains, which, when fired, caused explosions all over Europe, and sounds which still live in history. And all the work was duly reported at head-quarters. The great secret of the success of the Revolution was that it was in the hands of so few persons, who were all absolutely secret and trustworthy. If there had been a few more, the police would have found us out to a certainty. One who was suspected was "squared."

At last the ball opened. There was the great banquet, and the muttering storm, and angry mobs, and small *émeutes*. There is a mere alley—I forget its name—on the right bank, which runs down to the Seine, in which it is said that every Paris Revolution has broken out. Standing at its entrance, I saw three or four shots fired and dark forms with guns moving in the alley, and then came General Changarnier with his cavalry and made a charge, before which I fled. I had to dodge more than one of these charges during the day. Before dark the rioting was general, and barricades were going up. The great storm-bell of Nôtre Dame rung all night long.

The next morning I rose, and telling Leonard Field, who lived in the same hotel with me, that I was going to work in earnest, loaded a pair of duelling-pistols, tied a sash round my waist *en révolutionnaire*, and with him went forth to business. First I went to the Café Rotonde, hard by,

and got my breakfast. Then I sallied forth, and found in the Rue de la Harpe a gang of fifty insurgents, who had arms and a crowbar, but who wanted a leader. Seeing that I was one of them, one said to me, "Sir, where shall we make a barricade?" I replied that there was one already to the right and another farther down, but that a third close at hand was open. Without a word they handed me the crowbar, and I prized up the stones out of the pavement, while they undertook the harder work of piling them up. In a few minutes we had a solid wall eight feet high. Field had on light kid gloves, which formed an amusing contrast to his occupation. Then remembering that there was a defenceless spot somewhere else, I marched my troop thither, and built another barricade—all in grim earnest without talking.

I forgot to say that on the previous day I had witnessed a marvellously dramatic scene in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, by the market-house. There was across it an immense barricade, made of literally everything, old beds, waggons, stones, and rubbish, and it was guarded by a dense crowd of insurgents, armed or unarmed, of whom I was one. All around were at least three thousand people singing the *Marseillaise* and the *Chant des Girondins.* There was a charge of infantry, a discharge of muskets, and fifteen fell dead, some almost touching me, while the mob around never ceased their singing, and the sounds of that tremendous and terrible chorus, mingled with the dying

groans and cries of the victims, and the great roar of the bell of Nôtre Dame. It was like a scene in the opera. This very barricade has been described by Victor Hugo in detail, but not all which took place there, the whole scene being, in fact, far more dramatic or picturesque than he supposed it to have been.

It seemed to be predestined that I should see every great event in that drama, from the charge of Changarnier down to the very end, and I hereby declare that on my honour I set forth exactly what I saw with my own eyes, without a shade of colour off the truth.

There was a garçon named Edouard, who always waited on me in the Café Rotonde. While I was working for life at my second barricade, he came out holding a napkin, and examining my labour critically, waved it, exclaiming approvingly, "*Très bien, Citoyen Charles—très bien!*" It was his little joke for some days after to call me Citoyen Charles.

Returning down the Rue de la Harpe before our house, my landlady exclaimed to me in alarm, "Hide your pistols; there is a *mouchard* (spy of the police) following you." I believe that I, my blood being up, said something to the effect, that if she would point him out, I would shoot him forthwith, but the *mouchard* had vanished. We had all got into cool earnestness by that time as regards shooting, having been in it constantly for three days.

Over the barricade came sprawling a tall ungainly red-haired Yankee, a student of medicine, whom I had met before, and who began to question me as to what I was doing. To which I replied, "What the devil do you want here, anyhow?" not being in a mood to be trifled with. To which he replied, "Nawthin', only a kinder lookin' reound. But what on airth——" "But are you for us, or against?" I cried. "Wäll, I ain't on no side." "See here!" I cried in a rage; "those who are not for us are against us. Any one of those fellows you see round here would shoot you at once if I told him to, and if you don't clear out in double quick time, by God I will." And at this he made himself scarce forthwith, "nor does he come again into this story."

Then I went down the street, and as a large supply of ammunition came to us from our friends, with the aid of a student of the Ecole Polytechnique, I distributed it to the mob. I had principally boxes of percussion-caps to give. I mention this because that young man has gone into history for it, and I have as good a right to a share in this extremely small exploit as he. Besides, though not wounded by the foe, I got a bad cut on my hand from a sharp paving-stone, and its scar lasted for many years.

I had that day many a chance to knock over a *piou-piou* or shoot a soldier, as Field said, but I must confess that I felt an invincible repugnance to do so. The poor devils were, after all, only

fighting unwillingly against us, and I well knew that unless they came over to our side, all would be up with us. Therefore it was our policy to spare them as much as possible. I owe it to Field to state that through all the stirring scenes of the Revolution he displayed great calmness and courage.

All at once we heard a terrible outcry down the street. There was a tremendous massing of soldiers there, and to defend that barricade meant death to all defenders. I confess that I hesitated *one instant*, and then rushed headlong to join the fight. Merciful God! the troops had fraternised with us, and they were handing over their muskets to the mob, who were firing them in the air.

The scene was terribly moving. My men, who a minute before, had expected to be shot, rushed up, embraced and kissed the soldiers, wept like children—in short, everybody kissed and embraced everybody else, and all my warriors got guns, and therewith I dismissed them, for I knew that the war was now about at an end.

There was a German-French student named Lenoir, and he, with Field and I, hearing that there was sharp work at the Tuileries, started thither in haste. And truly enough, when we got there, the very devil was loose, with guns firing and the guard-house all in a blaze. The door was burst open, and Field and I were among the very first who entered. We behaved very well,

and did not steal anything. I remember that there was a great pile of plate and jewellery soon laid by the door.

I went into the throne-room. There was a great silver inkstand on the table, paper and pens, and we wrote, "Respect Property;" "Liberty for Italy and Hungary!" and hung the papers up around the room. I wrote one or two myself, and *touched* the inkstand for luck, in case I should ever write about the event.

It was a great, and indeed a very touching and beautiful sight, for all present were inspired with a feeling like that of men who have passed a terrible, racking crisis. *Nous avons vaincu!* Yes, we had conquered. And the Revolution had marched sternly on through years of discontent unto the year of aggravation, Forty-Eight, when there was thunder all round in Europe—and after all, France at one desperate bound had again placed herself in the van! And it was first decided by the taking of the Tuileries!

Let me dwell an instant on some minor incidents. Many of the insurgents had been all night without food. The royal dinner was cooking in the kitchen, and it was droll to see the men helping themselves and walking off with the chickens and joints on their bayonets. I had never seen a royal kitchen before. Soon all along the street loafers were seen with jars of preserved cherries, &c., emptying them into their caps. I went into the burning guard-house. A savage fellow offered me a great tin pail,

containing about two gallons of wine, which he offered me to drink. I was very thirsty, but I had a scruple against plunder. Grasping his sword, he cried, "*Buvez, citoyen; c'est du vin royal.*" Not wishing to have a duel *à l'outrance* with a fellow-patriot, and, as I said, being thirsty, I took a good long pull. We mutually winked and smiled. He took a pull also to my health and Liberty. We both "pulled."

I forgot to mention how my cohort had partially armed themselves that morning. They burst into every house and carried off all the arms they could find, and then wrote in chalk over the doors—"*Armes données.*" The Musée Cluny was very near my hotel, and I saw it plundered. Such a sight! I saw one vagabond on a fine stolen horse, with a mediæval helmet on his head, a lance in his hand, and a six-feet double-handed sword or flamberg hanging behind his back. He appeared to be quite drunk, and reared about in eccentric *gambades.* This genius of Freedom reappeared at the Tuileries. Mortal man was never under such temptation to steal as I was—just one fifteenth-century poignard as a souvenir—from that Museum—in fact, it was my *duty* at that instant to do so, whispered the tempter in my ear. But I resisted; and lo! it came to pass in later years that I became possessed, for a mere trifle, in Dresden, of the court dagger, in exquisite carved ivory, which was originally made for Francis II. of France, and which has been declared by competent authority to be authentic.

Owing to his short reign there are very few relics of this monarch.

Some of the blackguards in the mob drew out the royal carriages, set fire to them, and rolled them gaily along the *quai*.

A noble-looking very old gentleman in military costume spoke to me before the Tuileries, and saying that he had seen all of the old Revolution and Napoleon's wars, actually with tears in his eyes implored me to use my influence to prevent any plundering. "*Respectez la properté.*" There were very few gentlemen indeed among the insurgents. I only observed two or three in our quarter, and they were all from our hotel, or rather lodgings. But the next day every swell in Paris came out as an insurgent. *They* had all worked at barricades—so they said. I certainly had not seen any of them at work.

That afternoon I strolled about with Field. We came to a barricade. A very pretty girl guarded it with a sword. She sternly demanded the parole or countersign. I caught hold of her and kissed her, and showed my pistols. She laughed. As I was armed with dirk and pistols, wore a sash, and was unmistakably a Latin Quarter *étudiant*, as shown by long hair, rakish cap on one side, red neck-tie, and single eye-glass, I was everywhere treated as a man and brother, friend and equal, warrior, and—by the girls—almost like a first-cousin. Field shared the glory, of course. And we made a great deal out of it, and were thought all the more of in consequence. *Vive la jeunesse!*

Coming to a corner, we heard three or four musket-shots. We turned the corner, and saw a man lying dead or dying in the last quiver, while at his head there was at once placed a stick with a paper on it, on which was written with lead-pencil, "*Mort aux voleurs!*"

The day before, one insurgent had offered me a beautiful old silver-mounted sword for one of my pistols, fire-arms being so much in demand, but I declined the offer.

The day after, I went into a café. There were some students there who had laid their arms on a table. There was a very notorious little *lorette*, known as Pochardinette, who was so called because she was always half-tipsy. She was even noted in a popular song as—

> "La Pochardinette,
> Qui ne sait refuser
> Ni la ponche a pleine verre,
> Ni sa bouche à baiser."

Pochardinette picked up a horse-pistol, when its owner cried, "Let that be! That is not the kind of weapon which *you* are accustomed to manage!" I stared at him with respect, for he had actually translated into French an epigram by Jacopo Sannazar, word for word!

I should here mention that on the 24th there was actually a period of two hours during which France had no Government—that is, none that it knew of. Then there appeared on the walls all at once small placards giving the list of names of the *Gouvernement*

Provisoire. Now, during this period of suspense there appeared at the Hôtel de Ville a mysterious stranger; a small, bustling, active individual who came in and announced that a new Government had been formed, that he himself had been appointed Minister, that France expected every man to do his duty, and that no one should lose their places who conformed to his orders. "I appoint," he said, "So-and-so to take command of Vincennes. Here, you—*Chose!* notify him at once and send orders. I believe that *Tel-et-tel* had better take Marseilles. Do any of you fellows know of a good governor for Mauritius?" So *he* governed France for half-an-hour and then disappeared, and nobody ever knew to this day who this stupendous joker was. A full account of it all appeared some time after, and the cream of the joke was that some of his appointed ones contrived to keep their places. This brief dynasty has not been recorded in any work save this!

It was a droll fact that I had, the year before, at Heidelberg, drawn a picture of myself as an insurgent at a barricade, and written under it, "The Boy of the Barricades." I had long had a strange presentiment as to this event. I gave the picture to Peter A. Porter, then a student, and owner of a singular piece of property—that is, Niagara Falls, or at least Goat Island and more or less of the American side. Some time after the 24th he showed me this picture in Paris. He himself, I have heard, died fighting bravely in our Civil War. His men were so much attached to him that they made, to

recover his body, a special sally, in which twelve of them were killed. He was *bon compagnon*, very pleasant, and gifted with a very original, quaint humour.

If our ungrateful temporary stepmother, France, did not know it, at least the waiters in the cafés, shopkeepers, and other people in the Latin Quarter were aware that Field and I were among the extremely small and select number of gentlemen who had operated at the barricades for the health of Freedom, and for some time we never entered a restaurant without hearing admiring exclamations from the respectful waiters of "*Ces sont les Américains!*" or "*Les Anglais.*" And indeed, to a small degree, I even made a legendary local impression; for a friend of mine who went from Philadelphia to Paris two years later, reported that I was still in the memory of the Quarter as associated with the Revolution and life in general. One incident was indeed of a character which French students would not forget. I had among my many friends, reputable and demi-reputable, a rather remarkable *lorette* named Maria, whose face was the very replica of that of the Laughing Faun of the Louvre—or, if one can conceive it, of a very pretty "white nigger." This young lady being either *ennuyée* or frightened by the roar of musketry—probably the former—and knowing that I was a Revolutionist and at work, conceived the eccentric idea of hiring a coach, just when the fighting was at the worst, and driving over from the Rue Helder to visit me. Which she actually did.

When she came to a barricade, she gave five francs to the champions of liberty, and told them she was bearing important political orders to one of their leaders. Then the warriors would unharness the horses, lift the carriage and beasts somehow over the barricade, re-harness, hurrah, and "*Adieu, madame! Vive la liberté!*" And so, amid bullets and cheers, and death-stroke, and powder-smoke—*hinc et inde mors et luctus*—Maria came to my door in a carriage, and found me out with a vengeance—for I was revelling at the time in the royal halls of the Bourbons, or at least drinking wine out of a tin pail in the guard-house, whereby I escaped the expense of a truffled champagne dinner at Magny's—while the young lady was about fifty francs out of pocket by her little drive, probably the only one taken that day in Paris. But she had a fearfully jolly time of it, and saw the way that guns were fired to perfection. This, too, became one of the published wonders of the day, and a local legend of renown.

Of course all these proceedings put an end to lectures and study for the time. Then Mr. Goodrich, our Consul, as I have before said, organised a deputation of Americans in Paris to go and congratulate the new *Gouvernement Provisoire* on the new Republic, of which I was one, and we saw all the great men, and Arago made us a speech. Unfortunately all the bankers stopped paying money, and I had to live principally on credit, or sailed rather close to it, until I could write to my father and get a draft on London.

But when the Revolution of June was coming, I determined to leave Paris. I had no sympathy for the Socialists, and I knew very well that neither the new Government, nor the still newer Louis Napoleon, who was looming up so dangerously behind it, needed *my* small aid. There was a regulation in those days that every foreign resident on leaving Paris must give twenty-four hours' notice to the police before he could obtain his passport. But when I applied for mine, it was handed out at once "over the counter," with a smile and a wink, as if unto one who was merrily well known, with an intimation that they were rather glad that I was going, and would do everything to facilitate my departure. I suspect that my *dossier* must have been interesting reading! M. Claude, or his successor, was probably of the same mind regarding me as the old black preacher in Philadelphia regarding a certain convert, "De Lawd knows we don' want no sitch bredderin in *dis* congregation!"

So I went to Rouen and saw the cathedral and churches, it was a very quaint old town then, and thence to Havre, where I took passage on a steamboat for London. The captain had a very curious old Gnostic-Egyptian ring, with a gem on which were four animal heads in one, or a chimæra. I explained what it was and that it meant the year. But the captain could not rest till he had got the opinion of a fussy old Frenchman, who, as a doctor, was of course supposed to know more than I. He looked at it, and, with a great air, remarked, "*C'est*

grecque!" Then the captain was *quite* satisfied. It was Greek!

I went in London to a very modest hotel, where I was, however, very comfortable. In those days a bottle of the very vilest claret conceivable, and far worse than "Gladstone," cost four or five shillings; therefore I took to pale ale. Ewan Colquhoun soon found me out, and, under his guidance, and that of two or three others whom I had met, I soon explored London. Firstly, he took me daily to his house in St. James' Street, where I can recall his mother, Mrs. Colquhoun, and father, and brothers, Patrick and James. Patrick was a remarkable young man. He had graduated at Cambridge and Heidelberg, and filled diplomatic capacities in the East, and was familiar with many languages from Arabic to Gaelic, and was the first amateur light-weight boxer in England, and first sculler on the Thames, and had translated and annotated the principal compendium of Roman law. He took me to see a grand rowing match, where we were in the *Leander* barge. So here and there I was introduced to a great many people of the best society. Meanwhile, with Ewan, I visited the Cider Cellars, Evans', the Judge and Jury Club, Cremorne, and all the gay resorts of those days, not to mention the museums, Tower, and everything down to Madame Tussaud's. I went down in a diving-bell in the Polytechnic, and over Barclay and Perkins' Brewery.

One night Colquhoun and I went to Drury Lane, and, after hearing Grisi, Mario, and Lablache

together, saw the great *pas de quatre* which became a historical marvel. For it was danced by Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucile Grahn. In after years, when I talked with Taglioni about it, she assured me that night I had witnessed what the world had never seen since, the greatest and most perfect execution conceivable. For the four great artists, moved by rivalry, were inspired to do their best before such an audience as was seldom seen. Colquhoun kept pointing out one celebrity after another to me; I verily believe that I saw most of the great men and women of the time. And afterwards I saw a great number in Parliament.

There was a rather distinguished-looking Frenchman very much about town in London while I was there. He was always alone, and always dressed in a long light overcoat. Wherever I went, to Cremorne or the Park, there he was. When Louis Napoleon came up in the world and I saw his photograph, I at once recognised my Frenchman.

There roomed next to me in our hotel a German from Vienna named Becker. He was an opera-singer, and the newspapers said that he was fully equal to the first baritone of the day. I forget who that was: was it Pischek? I liked him very much; he was always in my room, and always singing little bits, but I was not much impressed by them, and once told him that I believed that I could sing as loudly as he. He never said a word, but at once let out his whole voice in a tremendous *aria*. I clapped my hands to my ears; I verily believed that

he would shatter the windows! I have heard of a singer who actually broke a goblet by vibration, and I now believe that it is possible. I was once shown in the Hague Museum a goblet which rang marvellously in accompaniment when one sang to it, and have met with others like it.

I was invited by a young friend named Hunt (a son of the great Chartist), who had been a friend of mine in Heidelberg, where he had taken his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, to pass a week in the country at a charming old Elizabethan place, said to have been the original Bleak House. Everything there was perfectly delightful. There were two or three charming young ladies. I remember among them a Miss Oliphaunt. There was a glorious piçnic, to which I and all walked eight miles and back. I admired on this occasion for the first time the pedestrian powers of English girls.

I visited Verulamium and St. Alban's Abbey, not then "restored," and other beautiful places. It all seemed like a fairy-tale, for the charm of my early reading came over me like enchantment. One night Hunt and I went into a little wayside inn. There were assembled a number of peasants—hedgers and ditchers, or such like. We treated them to ale, and they sang many strange old songs. Then I was called on, and I sang "Sir Patrick Spens," which was well received.

I returned to London, and found, to my dismay, that I had not enough money to take me home! I had received a bill of exchange on a merchant

in London, and, in my innocence, never dreamed that it constituted no claim on him whatever for a further supply. I called at his office, saw his son, who naturally informed me that they could advance me no more money, but referred me to his father. The old gentleman seemed to be amused, and questioned me all about myself. When he found that his Philadelphia correspondent was very well known to my father, and that the son of the correspondent was a fellow-student of mine at Heidelberg and Paris, he asked me how much I wanted. When I replied, "Only enough to pay my passage," he replied, "Is that all?" and at once gave me the money. Then he questioned me as to my friends in London, and said, "You have seen something of the aristocracy, I would like you to see some of the business people." So he invited me to a dinner at the Reform Club, to meet a few friends. Among these was a Mr. Birch, son of the celebrated Alderman Birch. He had directed the dinner, being a famous *gourmet*, and Soyer had cooked it. That dinner cost my host far more than he had made out of me. We had six kinds of choicest wines, which impressed me *then*.

Mr. Birch was a man of literary culture, and we went deeply into books. The next day he sent me a charming work which he had written on the religious belief of Shakespeare, in which it was fairly proved that the immortal bard had none. And I was so well pleased with England,

that I liked it better than any country I had ever visited.

In 1870, when I came to London, and found my character of "Hans Breitmann" on three stages at once, I received of course a great deal of attention. Somebody said to me, "Oh, of course; you come here well known, and are made a great deal of." I replied, "Twenty years ago, I came to London without a single letter of introduction, and had only two or three student friends, and received just as much kind hospitality." I think that like generally finds its like, so long as it is honest and can pay its bills.

I left Portsmouth for New York in a sailing-vessel or packet. I could have returned by steamer, but preferred the latter, as I should now, if there were any packets crossing the ocean. In old times, travel was a pleasure or an art; now it is the science of getting from place to place in the shortest time possible. Hence, with all our patent Pullman cars and their dentist's chairs, Procrustean sofas, and headlong passages, we do *not* enjoy ourselves as we did when the coach went on the road so slowly as to allow us to see the country, when we halted often and long, many a time in curious old villages. But "the idea of dragging along in that way!" Well, and what, O tourist, dost thou travel *for*?

There was on the vessel in which I sailed, among the few passengers, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, a well-known dramatic couple, who were extremely

agreeable and genial, the husband abounding in droll reminiscences of the stage: a merry little German musician named Kreutzer, son of the great composer; and a young Englishwoman with a younger brother. I rather doubted the "solidity" of this young lady. By and by it was developed that the captain was in love with her. Out of this, I have heard, came a dreadful tragedy; for the love drove him mad, the insanity developing itself on the return voyage. The captain had to be imprisoned in his own state-room, where he committed suicide in a terrible manner by tearing his throat open with the point of a candlestick or sconce. The second mate, who was as coarse a brute as a common sailor could be, took command, and as he at once got drunk, and kept so, the passengers rose, confined him, and gave command to the third, who was very young.

"Thus woman is the cause of fearful deeds."

However, I freely admit that this incident resulted from a long voyage, for we were thirty-five days in going from port to port. In only a week, with three or four days' preliminary sea-sickness, there is hardly time for "flirtation and its consequences." Nor was it so much a stormy trip as one with long sunny calms. Then we hauled up Gulf-weed with little crabs—saw Portuguese men-of-war or sea-anemones sailing along like Cleopatra's barges with purple sails, or counted flying-fish. Apropos of this last I have something to say.

During my last trip, I once devoted an afternoon to closely observing these bird-like creatures, and very distinctly saw two cases in which the fish turned and flew against the wind or tacked, a fact which has been denied.

One day I saw a few rudder-fish playing about the stern. They weigh perhaps some six or seven pounds; so, standing on velvet cushions in the cabin, I fished out of the stern-window. Then came a bite, and in a second I had my fish flapping about on the carpet under the table, to the great amazement of the steward, who had probably never had a live fish jump so promptly before into his hands. And we had it for dinner. One day a ship made to us a signal of distress, and sent a boat, saying that they were completely out of fuel; also that their passengers consisted entirely of the celebrated Ravel troupe of acrobats and actors. It would have been an experience to have crossed in that packet with their chief, Gabriel!

Gabriel Ravel—it is one of my brother's published tales—was a good boxer as well as a marvellous acrobat, and he could *look* like what he pleased. One morning a muscular and vain New York swell saw in a gymnasium one whom he supposed to be a very verdant New Jersey rustic gaping about. The swell exhibited with great pride his skill on the parallel bars, horizontal pole, *etcetera*, and seeing the country-man absolutely dumbfounded with astonishment, proposed to the latter to put on the gloves. "Jersey" hardly seemed to know

what gloves were, but with much trouble he was got into form and set to milling. But though he was as awkward as a blind cow, the swell pugilist could not for a very long time get in a blow. Jersey dodged every hit "somehow" in a manner which seemed to be miraculous. At last, one told on his chest, and it appeared to be a stunner, for it knocked him into the air, where he turned a double sommersault, and then fell on his feet. And it seemed as if, during this flight, he had been suddenly inspired with a knowledge of the manly art, for on descending, he went at the swell, and knocked him from time. It was Gabriel Ravel.

We saw an iceberg far away, and lay off on the Grand Banks (where our steerage passengers caught cod-fish), and beheld a water-spout—I once saw two at a time in the Mediterranean—and whales, which were far commoner then than now, it being rumoured that the one, and no more, which is regularly seen by passengers now, is a tame one belonging to the White Star or some other line, which keeps him moored in a certain place on exhibition; also that what Gulf-weed there is left is grown near New York and scattered by night from certain boats. It may be so—this is an artificial age. All that remains is to learn that the flying-fish are No. 3 salt mackerel set with springs, and I am not sure that I should doubt even *that*.

IV.

THE RETURN TO AMERICA.

1848–1862.

IV.

THE RETURN TO AMERICA.

1848–1862.

Home — Studying law with John Cadwallader — Philadelphia as I found it—Richard B. Kimball—"Fusang"—Literal reporting in German—First experiences in magazines and newspapers—Father Matthew—Dr. Rufus Griswold—Engaged to be married—A journey North—Colonel Colt and pistol-practice with him—Alfred Jaell—Editor of Barnum's *Illustrated News*—Dr. Griswold and his MS.—Bixby's—Mr. Barnum—My first books—New York society in the early Fifties—Alice and Phœbe Carey—Washington Irving—Bayard Taylor—N. P. Willis—J. G. Saxe—H. C. Carey—Emily Schaumberg—I become assistant-editor of the *Bulletin*—George H. Boker—Cremation—Editorial life—Paternal enterprise—My father renews his fortune—I am married—The Republican Convention—First great dissension with the South—Translating Heine—The lady in the burning hotel—The writing of "Hans Breitmann's Barty"—Change to New York—Appleton's *Cyclopædia*—G. W. Ripley and Charles A. Dana—Foreign editing of *New York Times*—"Vanity Fair"—The Bohemians—Artemus Ward—Lincoln's election—The Civil War—My political work in the *Knickerbocker*—Emancipation—I become sole editor of the *Continental Magazine*—What I did in 1862 and 1863 in aid of the Union cause.

So we arrived in New York, and within an hour or two after my arrival I was in the train *en route* for Philadelphia. On the way, I entrusted a newsboy with an English shilling to go and get me change. I still await that change. And in Philadelphia the hackman who drove me to my father's house, as soon as the trunks were removed, departed

suddenly, carrying away with him a small hand-bag containing several valuable objects, which I never recovered. I began to think that if the object of travel be to learn to keep one's eyes open and avoid being swindled, that I had better have remained at home.

My father had removed to another house in Walnut Street, below Twelfth Street. After this he only changed dwellings once more before his death. This constant change from one rented house to another, like the changes from school to school, is very unfortunate, as I have before said, for any family. It destroys all the feeling and unity of character which grow up in a settled *home*.

I pass over the joy of again seeing my parents, the dear sisters, and brother Henry. I was soon settled down, soon visiting friends, going to evening parties, making morning or afternoon calls, and after a little while was entered as a law-student in the office of John Cadwallader in Fourth Street.

I cannot pass over the fact, for it greatly influenced my after life, that though everybody was very kind to me, and I was even in a small way a kind of lion, the change from my late life was very hard to bear. I have read a wonderful story of a boy who while at a severe school had a marvellous dream. It seemed to last for years, and while it lasted he went to the University, graduated, passed into diplomatic life, was a great man and beloved; when all at once he awoke and found himself at school again and birchable. After the freedom of

student life in Heidelberg and Munich and Paris, and having been among the few who had carried out a great Revolution, and much familiarity with the most cosmopolite type of characters in Europe, and existing in literature and art, I was settled down to live, move, and have all being henceforth and perhaps for ever in Philadelphia! Of which city, at that time, there was not one in the world of which so little evil could be said, or so much good, yet of which so few ever spoke with enthusiasm. Its inhabitants were all well-bathed, well-clad, well-behaved; all with exactly the same ideas and the same ideals. A decided degree of refinement was everywhere perceptible, and they were so fond of flowers that I once ascertained by careful inquiry that in most respectable families there was annually much more money expended for bouquets than for books. When a Philadelphian gave a dinner or supper, his great care was to see that everything *on the table* was as good or perfect as possible. I had been accustomed to first considering what should be placed *around* it on the chairs as the main item. The lines of demarcation in "society" were as strongly drawn as in Europe, or more so, with the enormous difference, however, that there was not the slightest perceptible shade of difference in the intellects, culture, or character of the people on either side of the line, any more than there is among the schoolboys on either side of the mark drawn for a game. Very trifling points of difference, not perceptible to an outsider, made the whole

difference between the exclusives and the excluded; just as the witch-mark no larger than a needle-point indicates to the judge the difference between the saved and the damned.

I had not been long engaged in studying law when I made the acquaintance of Richard B. Kimball, a lawyer of New York, who had written a few novels which were very popular, and are still reprinted by Tauchnitz. He knew everybody, and took a great interest in me, and opened the door for me to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. To this I had contributed articles while at Princeton. I now sent it my translation of Professor Neumann's "Chinese in Mexico in the Fifth Century." I forget whether this was in 1849 or 1850. In after years I expanded it to a book, of which a certain Professor said, firstly in a paper read before the American Asiatic Society, and secondly in a pamphlet, that there was nothing of any importance in it which had not already appeared in Bancroft's work on the Pacific. I wrote to him, pointing out the fact that Bancroft's work did not appear till many years after my article in the *Knickerbocker*. To which the Sinologist replied very suavely and apologetically indeed that he was "very sorry," but had never seen the article in the *Knickerbocker*, &c. But he did not *publish* the correction, as he should have done. For which reason I now vindicate myself from the insinuated accusation that I borrowed from Bancroft. I had, indeed, almost forgotten this work "Fusang," when, in 1890, Prince Roland

Bonaparte, at a dinner given by him to the Congrés des Traditions Populaires, startled me by recurring to it and speaking of it with great praise. For it vindicates the claim of the French that Desguignes first discovered the fact that the Chinese were the first to discover America. If any one doubts this, let him read the truly great work of Vinton on the whole. Prince Roland had been in China and earnestly studied the subject. Von Eichthal had endorsed my views, and wrote to me on Fusang. I have been for many years well acquainted with his nephew, Baron von Eichthal, and his remarkably accomplished wife, who is expert in all the minor arts.

My father's resources became about this time limited, and I, in fact, realised that he had taxed himself more than I had supposed to maintain me abroad. His Congress Hall property did not pay much rent. For my position in the world, friends, studies, and society, I found myself very much and very often in great need of money. As at that time we were supposed to be much richer than we really were, this was an additional source of trial. I began to see clearly that in the law, as in all business or professions, I should have to wait for years ere I could make a living. For the instances are very few and far between in which a young man, who has not inherited or grown up to a practice, can make one himself at once.

More than this, I was not fitted for law at all. From my birth I had absolutely one of those pecu-

liar temperaments which really disqualify men for "business." If I had entered a law-office in which there was much office-work or practice, I might have acquired a practical interest in the profession, but of this there was in ours literally none whatever. I had a great fondness for copying deeds, &c., but Mr. Cadwallader, though he very much admired my quaint round hand, being the very soul of honour, observing that I was eager for such work, would not give me much of it, though it would have been to his profit, because, as he said, "Students who paid should not be employed as clerks only, much less as copying machines." As it had always been deeply impressed on my mind by every American friend that I had "no business capacity," and, moreover, as I greatly dreaded speaking in court, I had from the beginning a great fear that I could never live by the law. I mention this because there are many thousands of young men who suffer terribly from such apprehension, and often ruin life by it. A few months' practice in a mercantile college will go far to relieve the first apprehension, while as regards *stage fright*, it can be easily educated out of anybody, as I have since those days educated it out of myself, so that rising to debate or speak inspires in me a *gaudium certaminis*, which increases with the certainty of being attacked. Let the aspirant begin by reading papers before, let us say, a family or school, and continue to do so frequently and at as short intervals as possible before such societies or lyceums as will listen to him. Then let him speak from

memory or improvise and debate. This should form a part of all education whatever, and it should be *thorough*. It is specially needed for lawyers and divines, yet a great proportion of both are most insufficiently trained in it; and while I was studying law it was never mentioned to me. I was never so much as once taken into court or *practically* employed in any manner whatever.

I remember an amusing incident in the office. Mr. Cadwallader asked me one day to call, returning from my lunch, on a certain Mr. Dimpfel, one of his clients, leave a certain message and his request as follows:—"I want you, Mr. Leland, to be *very careful*. I have observed that you are sometimes inaccurate in such matters, therefore be sure that you give me Mr. Dimpfel's *very words*." Mr. Cadwallader knew French and Spanish perfectly, but not German, and was not aware that I always conversed with Mr. Dimpfel in the latter language. When I returned my teacher said—

"Now, Mr. Leland, can you repeat accurately *word for word* what Mr. Dimpfel said?" I replied:

"Yes. *Der Herr Dimpfel lässt sich grüssen und meldet das er Montag kommen wird um halb drei. Und er sagt weiter . . .*"

"That will do," cried Mr. Cadwallader; "you must give it in English."

"I beg your pardon," was my grave reply, "but you asked for his very words."

I began to write for publication in 1849. Mr. John Sartain, a great engraver, established a maga-

zine, to which I contributed several articles on art subjects, subsequently many more on all subjects, and finally every month a certain number of pages of humorous matter. A man named Manuel Cooke established in Philadelphia a *Drawing-Room Journal.* For this I wrote a great deal for a year or two. It paid me no money, but gave me free admission to theatres, operas, &c., and I learned a great deal as to the practical management of a newspaper.

The first summer after my return we went to Stonington, and thence, to visit our friends in New England, as of yore. At Dedham I had an attack of cholera; my uncle, Dr. Stimson, gave me during the night two doses of laudanum of fifty drops each, which cured me. Father Matthew came to Dedham. I went with a very pretty young cousin of mine named Marie Lizzie Fisher, since deceased, to hear him preach. After the address, meeting the Father, I went boldly up and introduced myself to him and then Miss Fisher. I think that his address must have deeply affected me, since I was obliged to stop on my way home to take a drink to steady my nerves. It was against the law at that time to sell such "poison," so the hotel-keeper took me and my paternal uncle, George, who treated, down into the cellar, where he had concealed some Hollands. I can remember that that pleasant summer in Dedham I, one Sunday morning in the church during service, composed a poem, which in after years even found its way

into "The Poets and Poetry of America." It began with the words—

> "O'er an old ruined doorway
> Philosophus hung,
> And madly his bell-cap
> And bauble he swung."

It was a wild mixture of cosmopolitanism and Hamletism, and it indicates accurately the true state of my *cor cordium* at that time. Earnest thought, or a yearning for truth, and worldly folly, were playing a game of battledore and shuttlecock, and I was the feathered cork. There is a song without words by Mendelssohn which sets forth as clearly as Shakespeare or Heine could have done in words, deep melancholy or unavoidable suffering expressing itself merrily and gaily in a manner which is both touching and beautiful or sweet and sad. Without any self-consciousness or display of sentimentalism, I find deep traces of this in many little poems or sketches which I wrote at that time, and which have now been forgotten. I had been in Arcadia; I was now in a very pleasant sunny Philistia; but I could not forget the past. And I never forgot it. Once in Paris, in the opera, I used in jest emphatically the Russian word *harrascho*, "good," when a Russian stranger in the next box smiled joyously, and rising, waved his glove to me. Once in a brilliant soiree in Philadelphia there was a Hungarian Count, an exile, and talking with him in English, I let fall for a joke "*Bassama teremtete!*" He grasped my hand,

and, forgetting all around, entered into a long conversation. It was like the American who, on finding an American cent in the streets in Paris, burst into tears. So from time to time something recalled Europe to me.

I went now and then to New York, which I liked better than Philadelphia. I was often a guest of Mr. Kimball. He introduced me to Dr. Rufus Griswold, a strange character and a noted man of letters. He was to his death so uniformly a friend to me, and so untiring in his efforts to aid me, that I cannot find words to express his kindness nor the gratitude which I feel. He became the editor of a literary magazine which was really far in advance of the time. It did not last long; while it endured I supplied for it monthly reviews of foreign literature.

There were not many linguists on the American press in those days, and my reviews of works in half-a-dozen languages induced some one to pay a high compliment to the editor. It was Bayard Taylor, I believe, who, hearing this, declared honestly, and as a friend, that I alone deserved the credit. This was repeated by some one to Dr. Griswold in such a form that he thought *I* had been talking against him, though I had never spoken to a soul about it. The result was that the Doctor promptly dismissed me, and I felt hurt. Mr. Kimball met me and laughed, saying, "The next time you meet the Doctor, just go resolutely at him and *replace yourself*. Don't allow him a word." So, meeting Dr.

Griswold a few days after in Philadelphia, I went boldly up and said, "You must come at once with me and take a drink—immediately!" The Doctor went like a lamb—not to the slaughter, but to its milk—and when he had drunk a comforting grog, I attacked him boldly, and declared that I had never spoken a word to a living soul as to the authorship of the reviews, which was perfectly true, for I never broke the golden rule of "contributorial anonymity." So the Doctor put me on the staff again. But to the end of his life I was always with him a privileged character, and could take, if I chose, the most extraordinary liberties, though he was one of the most irritable and vindictive men I ever met, if he fancied that he was in any way too familiarly treated.

Kossuth came to America, and I was almost squeezed to death—right against a pretty German girl—in the crowd at his reception in Philadelphia. At the dinner in New York, I met at Kimball's house Franz Pulszky, and sat by his wife. I have since seen him many times in Buda-Pest.

There lived in Philadelphia a gentleman named Rodney Fisher. He had been for many years a partner in an English house in Canton, and also lived in England. He had long been an intimate friend of Russel Sturgis, subsequently of "Baring Brothers." He was a grand-nephew of Cæsar Rodney, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a son of Judge Fisher of Delaware. He was a man of refined and agreeable

manners and an admirable relater of his innumerable experiences in Europe and the East. His wife had been celebrated for her beauty. When I first met her in her own house, she seemed to me to be hardly thirty years of age, and I believed at first she was one of her own daughters. She was without exception the most amiable, I may say lovable person whom I ever met, and I never had a *nuance* or shade of difference of opinion with her, or know an instant during which I was not devoted to her. I visited his house and fell in love with his daughter Belle, to whom I became, after about a year, engaged. We were not, however, married till five years after. Thackeray, whom I knew well, said to a Mr. Curtis Raymond of Boston, not long before leaving for England, that she was the most beautiful woman whom he had seen in America. I cannot help recording this.

I need not say that, notwithstanding my terrible anxiety as to my future, from this time I led a very happy life. There was in Philadelphia a very wealthy lady called its Queen. This was Mrs. James Rush. She had built the finest house in our city, and placed in it sixty thousand dollars worth of furniture. "*E un bel palazzo!*" said an Italian tenor one evening to me at a reception there. This lady, who had read much, had lived long in Europe and "knew cities and men." To say that she was kind to me would feebly express her kindness. It is true that we were by much mutual knowledge rendered congenial. She invited me to attend her weekly receptions, &c.,

with Miss Fisher. There we met, and were introduced to all the celebrated people who passed through Philadelphia. One evening I had there, for instance, a conversation in German with Mme. Sontag, the great singer, as with Jerome Bonaparte, the nephew.

When the summer came, I joined Mr. Fisher and his two daughters—the second was named Mary—in a tour. We went to New York, thence up the Hudson, and eastward to Boston. After a day's travel we came to a town on the frontier line, where we had to stop for two hours. Mr. Fisher and I being very thirsty and fatigued, went into a saloon in which were two bars or counters. Advancing to the second of these, I asked for brandy. "We don't sell no brandy here," replied the man. "This is in Massachusetts: go to the other bar—that is in New York." In an instant we left New England for the Middle States, and refreshed ourselves. Thence we went to Springfield and saw the armoury, where guns are made. Thence to Boston, where we stopped at a hotel. I went with Miss Belle Fisher for a day's excursion to Dedham, where my mother and sisters were on a visit. It was very pleasant.

From Boston we went to Newport, and stayed at the Ocean House. There I found Milton Sanford, a connection of mine, and a noted character. He had lived in Florence and known Browning and his wife. He was, I believe, uncle of Miss Kate Field. He introduced me to Colonel Colt, the celebrated inventor or re-discoverer of the revolver; to Alf. Jaell, a very great pianist; and

Edward Marshall, a brother of Humphry Marshall. Sanford, Colt, Marshall, and I patronised the pistol-gallery every day, nor did we abstain from mint-juleps. I found that, in shooting, Colonel Colt could beat me *at the word*, but that I always had the best of it at a deliberate "take-your-time" shot. There, too, were the two brothers Burnett, whom I had met long before in Heidelberg. What with drives and balls and other gaiety, the time passed pleasantly enough.

As I spoke German, I became intimate with Jaell. He could not sing at all. Once I suggested to him that he should compose variations on an air, a German popular song. For a day or two he hummed it as well as he could. On the third morning he took me into a room where there was a piano, and asked me to sing while he played accompaniments. All at once he said, "Stop! I have got it!" and then he played the air with marvellously beautiful variations. He was a great genius, but I never heard him play in public as he played then. He was in a "high hour." It was wonderful. I may here say that in after years, while living at a hotel, I became well acquainted with Thalberg, and especially with Ole Bull, the violinist, who told me much about Heine.

So time rolled on for three years. I passed my examination and took an office in Third Street, with a sign proclaiming that I was attorney-at-law and *Avokat*. During six months I had two clients and made exactly three pounds. Then the house being

wanted, I left and gave up law. This was a very disheartening time for me. I had a great many friends who could easily have put collecting and other business in my hands, but none of them did it. I felt this very keenly. Quite apart from a young man's pushing himself, despite every obstacle, there is the great truth that sometimes the obstacles or bad luck become insuperable. Mine did at this time.

The author of "Gossip of the Century" has well remarked that "it has been said that however quickly a clever lad may have run up the ladder, whether of fame or fortune, it will always be found that he was lucky enough to find some one who put his foot on the first rung." Which is perfectly true, as I soon found, if not in law, at least in literature.

I went more than once to New York, hoping to obtain literary employment. One day Dr. Rufus Griswold came to me in great excitement. Mr. Barnum —the great showman—and the Brothers Beech were about to establish a great illustrated weekly newspaper, and he was to be the editor and I the assistant. It is quite true that he had actually taken the post, for which he did not care twopence, only to provide a place for me, and he had tramped all over New York for hours in a fearful storm to find me and to announce the good news.

Then work began for me in tremendous earnest. Let the reader imagine such a paper as the London *Illustrated News* with one editor and one assistant! Three men could not have read our exchanges, and

I was expected to do that and all the minor casual writing for cuts, or cutting down and occasional outside work. And yet even Mr. Barnum, who should have had more sense, one day, on coming in, expressed his amazement on seeing about a cart-load of country exchanges which I had not opened. But there was something in Philadelphia which made all work seem play to me, and I long laboured from ten in the morning till midnight. My assiduity attracted attention.

Dr. Griswold was always a little "queer," and I used to scold and reprove him for it. He had got himself into great trouble by his remarks on Edgar A. Poe. Mr. Kimball and others, who knew the Doctor, believed, as I do, that there was no deliberate evil or envy in those remarks. Poe's best friends told severe stories of him in those days—*me ipso teste*—and Griswold, naught extenuating and setting down naught in malice, wrote incautiously more than he should. These are the words of another than I. But when Griswold was attacked, then he became savage. One day I found in his desk, which he had committed to me, a great amount of further material collected to Poe's discredit. I burnt it all up at once, and told the Doctor what I had done, and scolded him well into the bargain. He took it all very amiably. There was also much more matter to other men's discredit—*ascensionem expectans*—awaiting publication, all of which I burned. It was the result of long research, and evidently formed the mate-

rial for a book. Had it ever been published, it would have made Rome howl! But as I said, I was angry, and I knew it would injure Dr. Griswold more than anybody. It is a pity that I had not always had the Doctor in hand—though I must here again repeat that, as regards Poe, he is, in my opinion, not so much to blame as a score of writers have made out. The tales, which were certainly most authentic, or at least apparently so, during the life of the latter, among his best friends regarding him, were, to say the least, discreditable, albeit that is no excuse whatever for publishing them. I have always much disliked the popular principle of judging men's works entirely by their lives, and deciding against the literary merit of *Sartor Resartus* because Carlyle put his wife's money to his own account *in banco*.

And it is, moreover, cruel that a man, because he has been a poet or genius or artist, must needs have every weakness (real or conjectured) in his life served up and grinned at and chattered over, as if he forsooth were a clergyman or some kind of make-believe saint. However, the more vulgar a nature is, the more it will gloat on gossip; and herein the most pretentious of the higher classes show themselves no better than the basest.

I lived at Dan Bixby's, at the corner of Park Place and Broadway, where I came very near being shot one night by a man who mistook me, or rather my room, for that of the one below, in which his wife was, or had been, with another person.

Being very tipsy, the injured individual went one storey too high, and tried to burst in to shoot me with a revolver, but I repelled him after a severe struggle, in which I had sharp work to avoid being shot. I would much rather fight a decent duel any time than have such a "hog-fight." I only had a loaded cane. The worst of it was that the injured husband having traced his wife, as he erroneously thought, to my room, went to Bixby and the clerk, and asked who lived in it. But as they were my friends, they dismissed him gruffly, yet believed all the same that *I* had "a petticoat in my wardrobe." Hence for a week all my friends kept making cruel allusions in my presence to gay deceivers and Don Juan, *etcetera*, until in a rage I asked what the devil it all meant, when there was an explanation by a clergyman, and I swore myself clear. But I thought it was hard lines to have to stand the revolver, endure all the scandal for a week, and be *innocent* all the time withal! That was indeed bitter in the cup!

Apropos of this small affair, I can recall a droll scene, *de eodem genere*, which I witnessed within a week of the other. There was a rather first-class saloon, bar, and restaurant on Broadway, kept by a good-looking pugilistic-associated individual, named George Shurragar. As he had black eyes, and was a shoulder-hitter, and as the name in Romany means "a captain," I daresay he was partly gypsy. And, when weary with editorial work, I

sometimes dropped in there for refreshment. One night an elderly, vulgar individual, greatly exalted by many brandies, became disorderly, and drawing a knife, made a grand Malay charge on all present, *à la mok*. George Shurragar promptly settled him with a blow, disarmed him, and "fired him out" into outer darkness. Then George exhibited the knife. It was such a dirty disreputable-looking "pig-sticker," that we were all disgusted, and George cast it with contempt into the street. Does the reader remember the scene in "The Bohemian Girl," in which the dandy Count examines the nasty knife left behind by the gypsy Devilshoof? It was the very counterpart of this, the difference being that in this case it was the gypsy who despised the instrument!

Such trivial amusing incidents and rencontres as these were matters of almost daily occurrence to me in those days, and I fear that I incur the reproach of padding by narrating these. Yet, as I write this, I have just read in the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" that he too omits the description of a lot of exactly such adventures, as being, like the darkey's imprisonments for stealing, "not worf mentionin'"— and confess I felt great regret that he did so; for there is always a great deal of local and temporal colour in anything whose proper *finale* should be in a police-court.

Hawthorne used to stay at Bixby's. He was a moody man, who sat by the stove and spoke to no one. Bixby had been a publisher, and was proud

that he had first issued Hayward's "Faust" in America. He was also proud that his hotel was much frequented by literary men and naval officers. He was very kind to me. Once when I complained to the clerk that the price of my rooms was too high, he replied, "Mr. Leland, the prices of all the rooms in the house, excepting yours, were raised long ago, and Mr. Bixby charged me strictly *not to let you know it.*" Uncle Daniel was a gentleman, and belonged to my club—the Century. When he grew older, he lived on an annuity, and was a great and privileged favourite among actresses and singers. Thirty years later I called with him in New York on Ada Cavendish.

After a fortnight or so, Dr. Griswold began to be very erratic. He had a divorce case going on in Philadelphia. He went off, assuring me that everything was in order, and never returned. The foreman came to me saying that there was no copy, and nothing ready, and everything needed. Here was indeed a pretty kettle of fish! For I at that time absolutely distrusted my own ability to do all the work. I flew to Kimball, who said, "Just put it through by strong will, and you'll succeed."

Then I went to Mr. Barnum—Uncle Barnum—who was always "as good as gold" to me. I burst out into a statement of my griefs, mentioning incidentally that I really could not go on as full editor, and do such fearful work on the salary of an office-boy. He listened to it all, I am sure

with amusement, and placing his hand kindly on my shoulder as we walked up and down the hall of the Museum, said, "You *shan't* go. Don't get into a funk. I know that you can do the work, and do it *well*. And the salary shall be doubled —certainly!"

So the paper was brought out after all. I had great trouble for some time to learn to write editorials. I used to go to the office of a Sunday morn, and sit sometimes from ten till two turning over the exchanges and seeking for ideas. It was a dreadful ordeal. In fact, in after times it was several years before I could seize a pen, rattle up a subject and dash off a leader. *Now* I can write far more easily than I can talk. And it is a curious fact that soon after I became really skilled at such extempore work in the opinion of the best judges, such as Raymond, I no longer had any opportunity to practise it.

I had worked only a week or two when a rather queer, tall, roughish Yankee was brought into the office. He worked for a while, and in a day or two took possession of my desk and rudely informed me that he was my superior editor and master there. He had, as many men do, mistaken amiable politeness for humility. I replied, knowing that Mr. Beech, out of sight, was listening to every word, that there was no master there but Mr. Beech, and that I should keep my desk. We became affable; but I abode my time, for I found that he was utterly incompetent to do the work. Very soon he told me that he had an invitation to lecture in Philadelphia.

I told him that if he wished to go I would do all his work for him. So he went, and Mr. Beech coming in, asked where Mr. —— was. I replied that he had gone away to lecture, and that I was to do his work during his absence. This was really too much, and the Yankee was dismissed "in short order," the Beeches being men who made up their minds promptly and acted vigorously. As for me, I never shirked work of any kind. A gentleman on a newspaper never does. The more of a snob a man is, the more afraid he is of damaging his dignity, and the more desirous of being "boss" and captain. But though I have terribly scandalised my chief or proprietor by reporting a fire, I never found that I was less respected by the typos, reporters, and subs.

I had before leaving Philadelphia published two books. One was "The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams," which I dedicated to my fiancée, Miss Belle Fisher. The other was an odd melange, which had appeared in chapters in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. It was titled *Meister Karl's Sketch-book*. It had no great success beyond attaining to a second edition long after; yet Washington Irving praised it to everybody, and wrote to me that he liked it so much that he kept it by him to nibble ever and anon, like a Stilton cheese or a *paté de foie gras;* and here and there I have known men, like the late Nicolas Trübner or E. L. Bulwer, who found a strange attraction in it, but it was emphatically caviare to the general reader. It had at least a *style*

of its own, which found a few imitators. It ranks, I think, about *pari passu* with Coryatt's "Crudities," or lower.

There were two or three salons in New York where there were weekly literary receptions, and where one could meet the principal writers of the time. I often saw at Kimball's and other places the Misses Wetherell, who wrote the "Wide Wide World" and "Queechy." They were elderly, and had so very little of the "world" in their ways, that they occurred to me as an example of the fact that people generally write most on what they know least about. Thus a Lowell factory-girl likes to write a tale of ducal society in England, and when a Scotchman has less intelligence of "jocks" and "wut" than any of his countrymen, he compiles, and comments on, American humorists.

Once there was a grand publishers' dinner to authors where I went with Alice and Phœbe Carey, who were great friends of mine. There I met and talked with Washington Irving; I remember Bryant and N. P. Willis, *et tous les autres*. Just at that time wine, &c., could only be sold in New York "in the original packages as imported." Alice or Phœbe Carey lamented that we were to have none at the banquet. There was a large dish of grapes before her, and I said, "Why there you have plenty of it in the original packages!"

At that time very hospitable or genial hosts used to place a bottle of brandy and glass in the gentlemen's dressing-room at an evening reception, and I

remember it was considered a scandalous thing when a certain old retired naval officer once emptied the whole bottle single-handed.

Of course I was very intimate with Clarke of the *Knickerbocker*, Fred Cozzens, John Godfrey Saxe, and all the company of gay and festive humorists who circled about that merry magazine. There was never anything quite like the *Knickerbocker*, and there never will be again. It required a sunny genial social atmosphere, such as we had before the war, and never after; an easy writing of gay and cultivated men for one another, and not painfully elaborating jocosities or seriosities for the million as in—— But never mind. It sparkled through its summer-time, and oh! how its readers loved it! I sometimes think that I would like to hunt up the old title-plate with Diedrich Knickerbocker and his pipe, and issue it again every month to a few dozen subscribers who loved quaint odds and ends, till I too should pass away!

It was easy enough to foresee that a great illustrated weekly, with actually one young man, and generally no more, to do all the literary work could not last long. And yet the *New York Times*, or some such journal, said that the work was very well done, and that the paper did well until I left. Heaven knows that I worked hard enough on it, and, what was a great deal to boast of in those days, never profited one farthing beyond free tickets to plays, which I had little time to use. And yet my pay was simply despicably small. I had great tempta-

tions to write up certain speculative enterprises, and never accepted one. Our circulation sometimes reached 150,000. And if the publishers (excepting Barnum) had ever shown me anything like thanks or kindness for gratuitous zeal and interest which I took, I could have greatly aided them. One day, for instance, I was asked to write a description of a new ferry. I went there, and the proprietor intimated that he would pay a large sum for an article which would point out the advantage or profit which would accrue from investing in his lots. I told him that if it were really true that such was the case, I would do it for nothing, but that I never made money behind my salary. I began to weary of the small Yankee greed and griping and "thanklessness" which I experienced. There were editors in New York who, for less work, earned ten times the salary which I received. I was not sorry when I heard that some utterly inexperienced New England clergyman had been engaged to take my place. So I returned to Philadelphia. The paper very soon came to grief. I believe that with Barnum alone I could have made it a great success. We had Frank Leslie for chief engraver, and he was very clever and ambitious. I had a knowledge of art, literature, and foreign life and affairs, which could have been turned, with Leslie's co-operation, to great advantage. I needed an office with a few books for reference, at least three or four literary aids, and other ordinary absolutely necessary facilities for work. All that I literally had was a space

half-portioned off from the engine-room, where a dozen blackguard boys swore and yelled as it were at my elbow, a desk, a chair, and a pair of scissors, ink, and paste. This wretched scrimping prevailed through the whole business, and thus it was expected to establish a great first-class American illustrated newspaper. It is sometimes forgotten in the United States that to make a vast success, something is requisite beyond enterprise and economy, and that it is a very poor policy to screw your *employés* down to the last cent, and overwork them, and make business needlessly irksome, when they have it in their power to very greatly advance your interests. I dwell on this because it is a common error everywhere. I have in my mind a case in which an employer, who lived "like a prince," boasted to me how little he paid his men, and how in the long-run it turned out bitterly to his loss in many ways. Those who had no principle robbed him, while the honest, who would have made his interests their own, left him. I have seen business after business broken up in this way. While the principal is in vigour and life, he may succeed with mere servants who are poorly paid; then, after a time, some younger partner, who has learned his morals from the master, pushes him out, or he dies, and the business is worthless, because there is not a soul in it who cares for it, or who has grown up with any common sense of interest with the heirs.

I remember one day being obliged in New York to listen to a conversation between two men of

business. One owed the other a large sum, honestly enough—of that there was no question between them; but he thought that there was a legal way to escape payment, while the other differed from him. So they argued away for a long time. There was not a word of reproach; the creditor would have cheated the debtor in the same way if he could; the only point of difference was whether it could be done. An *employé* who can remain in such surroundings and be honest must be indeed a miracle of integrity, and, if he do not over-reach them in the long-run, one of stupidity. I might have made "house and land" out of the newspaper had I been so disposed.

Of all the men whom I met in those days in the way of business, Mr. Barnum, the great American humbug, was by far the honestest and freest from guile or deceit, or "ways that were dark, or tricks that were vain." He was very kind-hearted and benevolent, and gifted with a sense of fun which was even stronger than his desire for dollars. I have talked very confidentially with him many times, for he was very fond of me, and always observed that to engineer some grotesque and startling paradox into tremendous notoriety, to make something *immensely* puzzling with a stupendous *sell* as postscript, was more of a motive with him than even the main chance. He was a genius like Rabelais, but one who employed business and humanity for material instead of literature, just as Abraham Lincoln, who was a brother of the same band,

employed patriotism and politics. All three of them expressed vast problems, financial, intellectual, or natural, by the brief arithmetic of a joke. Mr. Barnum was fearfully busy in those days; what with buying elephants, wooing two-headed girls for his Grand Combination, laying out towns, chartering banks, and inventing unheard-of wonders for the unrivalled collection of one hundred and fifty million unparalleled moral marvels; but he always found time to act as unpaid contributor to a column of humorous items which I always published. I have said that I had no assistant; I forgot that I always had Mr. Barnum as assistant humorous editor for that department. All at once, when least expected, he would come smiling in with some curiosity of literature such as the "reverse"—

"Lewd did I live & evil I did dwel,"

or a fresh conundrum or joke, with all his heart and soul full of it, and he would be as delighted over the proof as if to see himself in print was a startling novelty. We two had "beautiful times" over that column, for there was a great deal of "boy" still left in Barnum; nor was I by any means deficient in it. One thing I set my face against firmly. I never would in any way whatever write up, aid, or advertise the great show or museum, or cry up the elephant. I was resolved to leave the paper first.

On that humorous column Barnum always deferred to me, even as a small school-boy defers to

an elder on the question of a game of marbles or hop-scotch. There was no affectation or play in it; we were both quite in earnest. I think I see him now, coming smiling in like a harvest-moon, big with some new joke, and then we sat down at the desk and "edited." How we would sit and mutually and admiringly read to one another our beautiful "good things," the world forgetting, by the world forgot! And yet I declare that never till this instant did the great joke of it all ever occur to me—that two men of our experiences could be so simply pleased! Those humorous columns, collected and republished in a book, might truly bear on the title-page, "By Barnum and Hans Breitmann." And we were both of the opinion that it really would make a very nice book indeed. We were indeed both "boys" over it at play.

The entire American press expected, as a matter of course, that the *Illustrated News* would be simply an advertisement for the great showman, and, as I represented to Mr. Barnum, this would ere long utterly ruin the publication. I do not now really know whether I was quite right in this, but it is very much to Mr. Barnum's credit that he never insisted on it, and that in his own paper he was conspicuous by his absence. And here I will say that, measured by the highest and most refined standard, there was more of the gentleman in Phineas T. Barnum than the world imagined, and very much more than there was in a certain young man in good society who once expressed in my

hearing disgust at the idea of even speaking to "the showman."

Henry Ward Beecher was a great friend of Barnum and the Beeches, of which some one wrote—

"No wonder Mr. Alfred Beech
Prefers, as noblest preacher,
A man who is not only Beech,
But even more so—Beecher."

He came very frequently into our office; but I cannot recall any saying of his worth recording.

There was also a brother of H. W. Longfellow, a clergyman, who often visited me, of whom I retain a most agreeable recollection.

The newsboys who clustered round the outer door were divided in opinion as to me. One party thought I was Mr. Barnum, and treated me with profound respect. The other faction cried aloud after me, "Hy! you —— ——!"

Mr. Barnum wanted me to write his Life. This would have been amusing work and profitable, but I shrunk from the idea of being identified with it. I might as well have done it, for I believe that Dr. Griswold performed the task, and the public never knew or cared anything about it. But my jolly companions at Dan Bixby's used to inquire of me at what hour we fed the monkeys, and whether the Great Gyascutus ever gave me any trouble; and I was sensitive to such insinuations.

At this time Mr. Barnum's great moral curiosity was a bearded lady, a jolly and not bad-looking

Frenchwoman, whose beard was genuine enough, as I know, having pulled it. My own beard has been described by a French newspaper as *une barbe de Charlemagne*, a very polite pun, but hers was much fuller. It was soft as floss silk. After a while the capillary attraction ceased to draw, and Mr. Barnum thought of an admirable plan to revive it. He got somebody to prosecute him for false pretences and imposture, on the ground that Madame was a man. Then Mr. Barnum had, with the greatest unwillingness and many moral apologies, a medical examination; they might as sensibly have examined Vashishta's cow to find out if it was an Irish bull. Then came the attack on the impropriety of the whole thing, and finally Mr. Barnum's triumphant surrebutter, showing he had most unwillingly been *goaded* by the attacks of malevolent wretches into an unavoidable course of defence. Of course, spotless innocence came out triumphant. Mr. Barnum's system of innocence was truly admirable. When he had concocted some monstrous cock-and-bull curiosity, he was wont to advertise that "it was with very great reluctance that he presented this unprecedented marvel to the world, as doubts had been expressed as to its genuineness—doubts inspired by the actually apparently incredible amount of attraction in it. All that we ask of an enlightened and honest public is, that it will pass a fair verdict and decide whether it be a humbug or not." So the enlightened public paid its quarters of a dollar, and decided that it

was a humbug, and Barnum abode by their decision, and then sent it to another city to be again decided on.

I returned to Philadelphia, and to my father's house, and occupied myself with such odds and ends of magazine and other writing as came in my way, and always reading and studying. I was very much depressed at this time, yet not daunted. My year in New York had familiarised me with characteristic phases of American life and manners; my father thought I had gone through a severe mill with rather doubtful characters, and once remarked that I should not judge too harshly of business men, for I had been unusually unfortunate in my experience.

A not unfrequent visitor at our house in Philadelphia was our near neighbour, Henry C. Carey, the distinguished scholar and writer on political economy, who had been so extensively robbed of ideas by Bastiat, and who retook his own, not without inflicting punishment. He was a handsome, black-eyed, white-haired man, with a very piercing glance. During the war, when men were sad and dull, and indeed till his death, Mr. Carey's one glorious and friendly extravagance was to assemble every Sunday afternoon all his intimates, including any distinguished strangers, at his house, round a table, in rooms magnificently hung with pictures, and give everybody, *ad libitum*, hock which cost him sixteen shillings a bottle. I occasionally obliged him by translating for him German letters,

&c., and he in return revised my pamphlet on Centralisation *versus* State Rights in 1863. H. C. Baird, a very able writer of his school, was his nephew. The latter had two or three sisters, whom I recall as charming girls while I was a law-student. There were many beauties in Philadelphia in those days, and prominent at the time, though as yet a school-girl, was the since far-famed Emily Schaumberg, albeit I preferred Miss Belle Fisher, a descendant maternally of the famous Callender beauties, and by her father's side allied to Miss Vining, the American Queen of Beauty during the Revolution at Washington's republican court. There was also a Miss Lewis, whose great future beauty I predicted while as yet a child, to the astonishment of a few, "which prophecy was marvellously fulfilled." Also a Miss Wharton, since deceased, on whom George Boker after her death wrote an exquisite poem. The two were, each of their kind, of a beauty which I have rarely, if ever, seen equalled, and certainly never surpassed, in Italy. How I could extend the list of those too good and fair to live, who have passed away from my knowledge!—Miss Nannie Grigg—Miss Julia Biddle!—*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Thus far my American experiences had not paid well. I reflected that if I had remained in Paris I should have done far better. When I left, I knew that the success of Louis Napoleon was inevitable. Three newspapers devoted to him had appeared on the Boulevards in one day. There

was money at work, and workmen such as lived in the Hôtel de Luxembourg, gentlemen who could not only plan barricades but fight at them, were in great demand, as *honest* men always are in revolutions. Louis Napoleon was very anxious indeed to attach to him the men of February, and many who had not done one-tenth or one-twentieth of what I had, had the door of fortune flung wide open to them. My police-*dossier* would have been literally a diploma of honour under the new Empire, for, after all, the men of February Forty-Eight were the ones who led off, and who all bore the highest reputation for honour. All that I should have required would have been some ambitious man of means to aid—and such men abound in Paris—to have risen fast and high. As it turned out, it was just as well in the end that I neither went in as a political adventurer under Louis Napoleon, nor wrote the Life of Barnum. But no one knew in those days how Louis would turn out.

I have but one word to add to this. The secret of the Revolution of February had been in very few hands, which was the secret of its success. Any one of us could have secured fortune and "honours," or at least "orders," by betraying it. But we would as soon have secured orders for the pit of hell as done so. This was known to Louis Napoleon, and he must have realised who these men of iron integrity were, for he was very curious and inquiring on this subject. Now, I here claim it as a great, as a surpassing honour for France, and

as something absolutely without parallel in history, that several hundred men could be found who could not only keep this secret, but manage so very wisely as they did. Louis Blanc was an example of these honest, unselfish men. I came to know him personally many years after, during his exile in London.

One morning George H. Boker came to me and informed me that there was a writing editor wanted on the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin.* Its proprietor was Alexander Cummings. The actual editor was Gibson Bannister Peacock, who was going to Europe for a six months' tour, and some one was wanted to take his place. Mr. Peacock, as I subsequently found, was an excellent editor, and a person of will and character. He was skilled in music and a man of culture. I retain grateful remembrances of him. I was introduced and installed. With all my experience I had not yet quite acquired the art of extemporaneous editorial composition. My first few weeks were a severe trial, but I succeeded. I was expected to write one column of leader every day, review books, and "paragraph" or condense articles to a brief item of news. In which I succeeded so well, that some time after, when a work appeared on writing for the press, the author, who did not know me at all, cited one of my leaders and one of my paragraphs as models. It actually made little impression on me at the time—I was so busy.

I had been at work but a short time, when, one day, Mr. Cummings received a letter from Mr.

Peacock in Europe, which he certainly had hardly glanced at, which he threw to me to read. I did so, and found in it a passage to this effect: "I am sorry that you are disappointed as to Mr. Leland, but I am confident that you will find him perfectly capable in time." This gave me a bitter pang, but I returned it to Mr. Cummings, who soon after came into the office and expressed frankly his great regret, saying that since he had written to Mr. Peacock he had quite changed his opinion.

I enjoyed this new life to the utmost. Mr. Cummings, to tell the truth, pursued a somewhat tortuous course in politics and religion. He was a Methodist. One day our clerk expressed himself as to the latter in these words:—"They say he is a Jumper, but others think he has gone over to the Holy Rollers." The Jumpers were a sect whose members, when the Holy Spirit seized them, jumped up and down, while the Holy Rollers under such circumstances rolled over and over on the floor. We also advocated Native Americanism and Temperance, which did not prevent Mr. Peacock and myself and a few *habitués* of the office from going daily at eleven o'clock to a neighbouring lager-beer *Wirthschaft* for a refreshing glass and lunch. One day the bar-tender, Hermann, a very nice fellow, said to me, "I remember when you always had a bottle of Rudesheimer every day for dinner. That was at Herr Lehr's in Heidelberg. I always waited on you."

Whoever shall write a history of Philadelphia from the Thirties to the end of the Fifties will record a popular period of turbulence and outrages so extensive as to now appear almost incredible. These were so great as to cause grave doubts in my mind whether the severest despotism, guided by justice, would not have been preferable to such Republican license as then prevailed in the city of Penn. I refer to the absolute and uncontrolled rule of the Volunteer Fire Department, which was divided into companies (each having clumsy old fire apparatus and hose), all of them at deadly feud among themselves, and fighting freely with pistols, knives, iron spanners, and slung shot, whenever they met, whether at fires or in the streets. Of these regular firemen, *fifty thousand* were enrolled, and to these might have been added almost as many more, who were known as runners, bummers, and hangers-on. Among the latter were a great number of incendiaries, all of whom were well known to and encouraged by the firemen. Whenever the latter wished to meet some rival company, either to test their mutual skill or engage in a fight, a fire was sure to occur,—the same always happened when a fire company from some other city visited Philadelphia.

This gave occasion to an incredible amount of blackmailing, since all house-owners were frequently called on to contribute money to the different companies, sometimes as a subscription for ball-tickets or repairs. It was well understood, and generally pretty plainly expressed, that those who refused to

pay might expect to be burned out or neglected. The result of it all was a general fear of the firemen, a most degrading and contemptible subservience to them by politicians of all kinds, a terrible and general growth and spread of turbulence and coarse vulgarity among youth, and finally, such a prevalence of conflagration, that no one who owned a house could hear the awful tones of the bell of Independence Hall without terror. Fires were literally of nightly occurrence, and that they were invariably by night was due to the incendiary "runner." A slight examination of the newspapers and cheap broadside literature of that time will amply confirm all that I here state. "Jakey" was the typical fireman; he was the brutal hero of a vulgar play, and the ideal of nineteen youths out of twenty. For a generation or more all society felt the degrading influences of this rowdyism in almost every circle—for there were among the vast majority of men not very many who respected, looked up to, or cared for anything really cultured or refined. I have a large collection of the popular songs of Philadelphia of that time, in all of which there is a striving downwards into blackguardism and brutality, vileness and ignorance, which has no parallel in the literature of any other nation. The French of the *Père Duchêne* school may be nastier, and, as regards aristocrats, as bloody, but for general all-round *vulgarity*, the state of morals developed among the people at the time of which I speak was literally without its like. It is very

strange that Pliny also speaks of the turbulence or rowdyism of the firemen of Rome.

I remember that even in Walnut Street, below Thirteenth Street, before my father's house (this being then by far the most respectable portion of Philadelphia), it happened several nights in succession that rival fire-companies, running side by side, fought as they ran, with torches and knives, while firing pistols. There was a young lady named Mary Bicking, who lived near us. I asked her one day if she had ever seen a man shot; and when she answered "No," I replied, "Why don't you look out of your window some night and see one?"

The southern part of the city was a favourite battle-ground, and I can remember hearing ladies who lived in Pine Street describe how, on Sunday summer afternoons, they could always hear, singly or in volleys, the shots of the revolvers and shouts of the firemen as they fought in Moyamensing.

Every effort to diminish these evils, or to improve the fire department in any way whatever, was vigorously opposed by the rowdies, who completely governed the city. The first fire-alarm electric telegraphs were a great offence to firemen, and were quietly destroyed; the steam-engines were regarded by them as deadly enemies. But the first great efficient reform in the Philadelphia fire department, and the most radical of all, was the establishment of a fire-detective department under a fire-marshal, whose business it was to investigate

and punish all cases of incendiarism. For it was simply incendiarism, encouraged and supported by the firemen themselves, which caused nineteen-twentieths of all these disasters; it was the *fires* which were the sole support of the whole system.

I was much indebted for understanding all this, and acting on it boldly, as I did, to the city editor and chief reporter on the *Evening Bulletin*, Caspar Souder. The Mayor of the city was Richard Vaux, a man of good family and education, and one who had seen in his time cities and men, he having once in his youth, on some great occasion, waltzed with the Princess—now Queen—Victoria. Being popular, he was called *Vaux populi*. I wrote very often leaders urging Mayor Vaux by name to establish a fire-detective department. So great was the indignation caused among the firemen, that I incurred no small risk in writing them. But at last, when I published for one week an article every day clamouring for a reform, Mayor Vaux—as he said directly to Mr. Souder, "in consequence of my appeals"—vigorously established a fire-marshal with two aids. By my request, the office was bestowed on a very intelligent and well-educated person, Dr. Blackburne, who had been a surgeon in the Mexican war, then a reporter on our journal, and finally a very clever superior detective. He was really not only a born detective, but to a marked degree a man of scientific attainments and a skilled statician. His anecdotes and comments as to pyromaniacs of different kinds were as entertain-

ing and curious as anything recorded by Gaboriau. Some of the most interesting experiences of my life were when I went with Dr. Blackburne from place to place where efforts had been made to burn houses, and noted the unerring and Red Indian skill with which he distinguished the style of work, and identified the persons and names of the incendiaries. One of these "fire-bugs" was noted for invariably setting fire to houses in such a manner as to destroy as many inmates as possible. If there were an exit, he would block it up. Dr. Blackburne took me to a wooden house, in which the two staircases led to a very small vestibule about three feet square before the front door. This space had been filled with diabolical ingenuity with a barrel full of combustibles, so that every one who tried to escape by the only opening below would be sure to perish. Fortunately, the combustibles in the barrel went out after being ignited. "I know that fellow by his style," remarked the Doctor, "and I shall arrest him at four o'clock this afternoon."

This fire-detective department and the appointment of Blackburne was the real basis and beginning of all the reforms which soon followed, leading to the abolition of the volunteer system and the establishment of paid *employés*. And as I received great credit for it then, my work being warmly recognised and known to all the newspaper reporters and editors in the city, who were the best judges of it, as they indeed are of all municipal matters,

I venture to record it here as something worth mentioning. And though I may truly say that at the time I was so busy that I made no account of many such things, they now rise up from time to time as comforting assurances that my life has not been quite wasted.

This reminds me that I had not been very long on the newspaper, and had just begun to throw out editorials with ease, when Mr. Cummings said to me one day that I did not realise what a power I held in my hand, but that I would soon find it out. Almost immediately after, in noticing some article or book which was for sale at No. 24 Chestnut Street, I inadvertently made reference to 24 Walnut Street. Very soon came the proprietor of the latter place, complaining that I had made life a burden to him because fifty people had come in one day to buy something which he had not. I reflected long and deeply on this, with the result of observing that to influence people it is not at all necessary to argue with them, but simply be able to place before their eyes such facts as you choose. It is very common indeed to hear people in England, who should have more sense, declare that "nobody minds what the newspapers say." But the truth is, that if any man has an eye to read and memory to retain, he *must*, willy-nilly, be influenced by reading, and selection from others by an able editor is often only a most ingenious and artful method of arguing. It has very often happened to me, when I wanted to enforce some important point, to clothe it as an anecdote

or innocent "item," and bid the foreman set it in the smallest type in the most obscure corner. And the reader is influenced by it, utterly unconsciously, just as we all are, and just as surely as all reflection follows sensation—as it ever will—into the Ages!

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

89503

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 687 401 0

Outline of His Life.

He was born in 1824, and had contributed verses and articles to newspapers before he was fifteen. He graduated from Princetown in 1846 and then studied at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris. On his return to America in 1848 he was called to the Bar, but went in strongly for journalism, advocating a nationalist policy as against the particularist policy then popular in the South. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania he was a private in Chapman Biddle's company of Artillery, and roughed it pretty thoroughly. Another private in the same company was Mr. Gilder, the present editor of the *Century Magazine*. Perhaps his best story of the war is the tale of the young officer who was riding on a caisson which was suddenly burst by a shell. He was blown up into the air, and by some miracle fell unhurt. He went to his commanding officer and said: "Please, sir, caisson number two is blown to Hades; please appoint me to another." His only big battle was Gettysburg. He returned to journalism after his short spell of prospecting, published pamphlets, verses, and essays in a never-ending stream, and took to the study of gypsy-lore.

His Services to Folk-lore.

In 1869 he settled in London, and was most popular in literary circles. Books flowed from his pen—translations from the German, an Egyptian Sketch Book, works on folk-lore (such as "English Gypsy Songs" and "Johnnnykin and the Goblins"), the ever-delightful "Pidgen-English Sing-Song," and finally, in 1882, his great work, and probably the greatest work on its subject, "The English Gypsies and their Language." He studied the Romany tongue with the zeal that seems to fire everyone who falls beneath the strange charms of "the Lords and Earls of Little Egypt." He writes: "To become intimate as I did in time, during years in Brighton, off and on, with all the gypsies who roamed the South of England . . . and to be much in tents involves a great deal of strangely picturesque rural life, night-scenes by firelight, in forests and by river banks, and marvellously odd reminiscences of other days." Indeed Mr. Leland had many entertaining adventures, which he tells entertainingly. But he learned the language as if it had been a classical tongue, and if he did not know his gypsies as well as Borrow he made a more systematic use of what he did know. Two years after the gypsy book he had learned Algonquin and put the legends of that tribe into a useful and pleasant book. Then he turned to Shelta, and afterwards discovered that the old Etruscan gods are still worshipped by the peasantry of Tuscany.